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4-238

TIDINGS

Of The

CROSS

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TIDINGS of the CROSS

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FOR

Church, Sunday School, Evangelistic, Chorus and Class Work

BY

WOODIE W. SMITH S. W. JONES
H. E. OGDEN and H. C. COMPTON, D. D.

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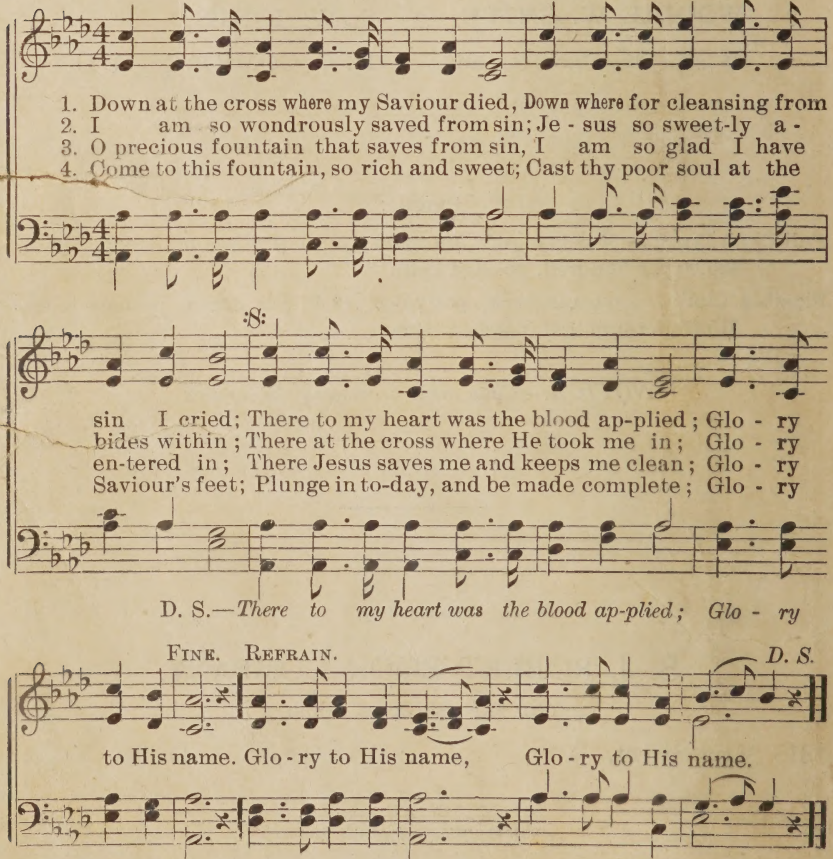
PREFACE.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. 6 : 14.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." Ps. 40 : 3.

Glory to His Name.

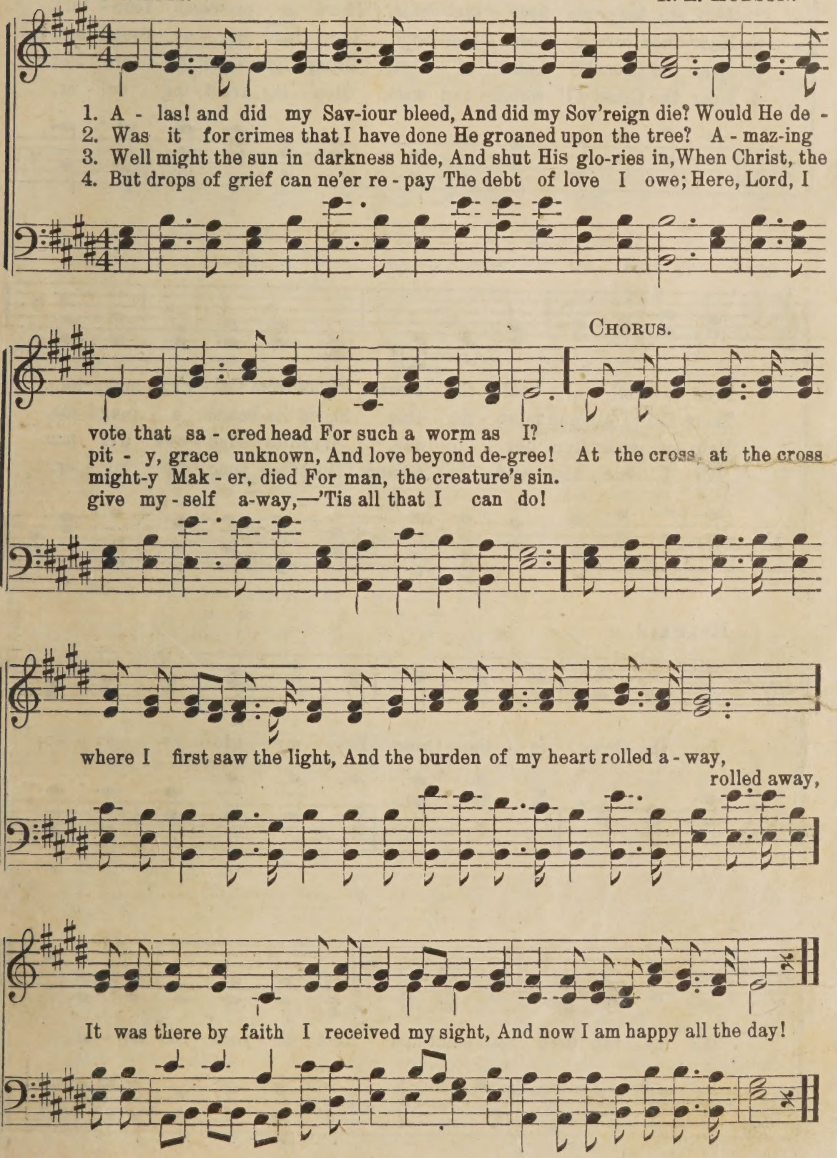
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



TIDINGS OF THE CROSS.

No. 1. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.



No. 2. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1:29

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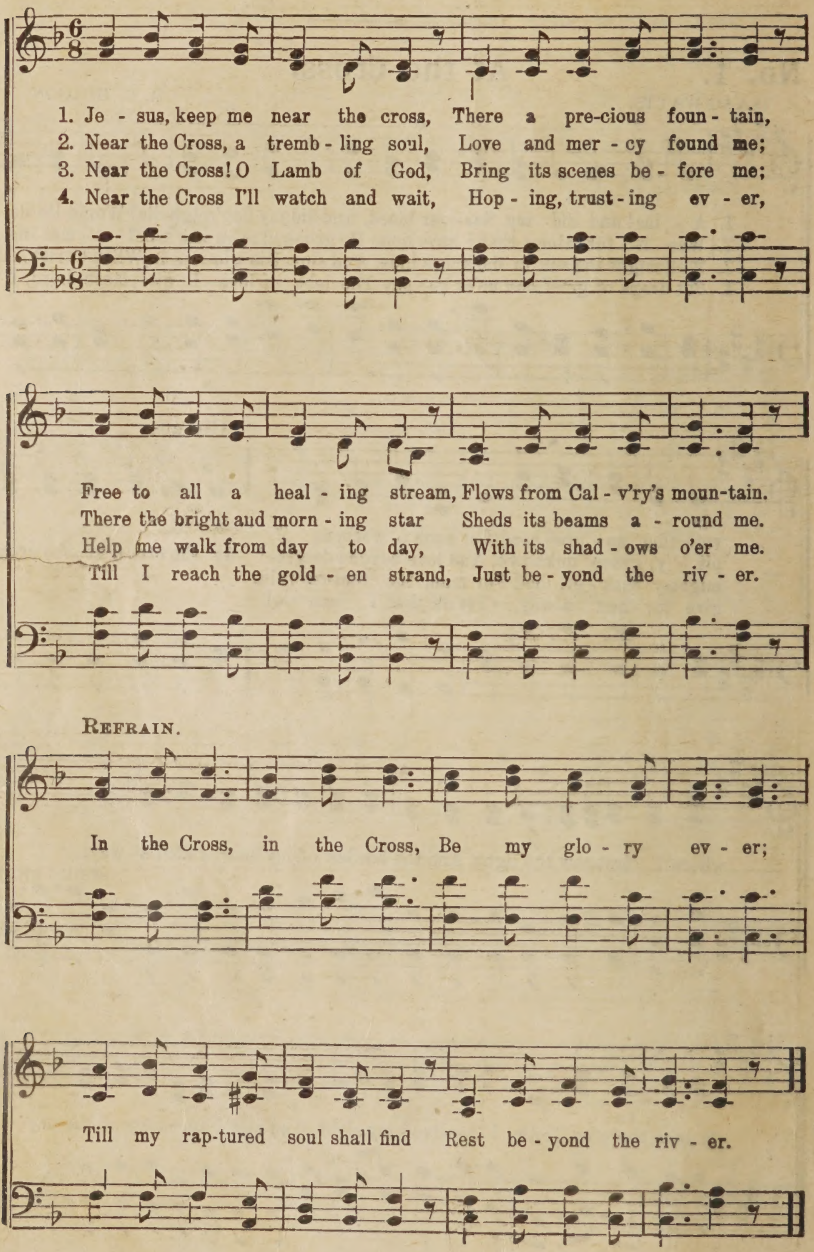

Why Should I Worry?

W. W. S.

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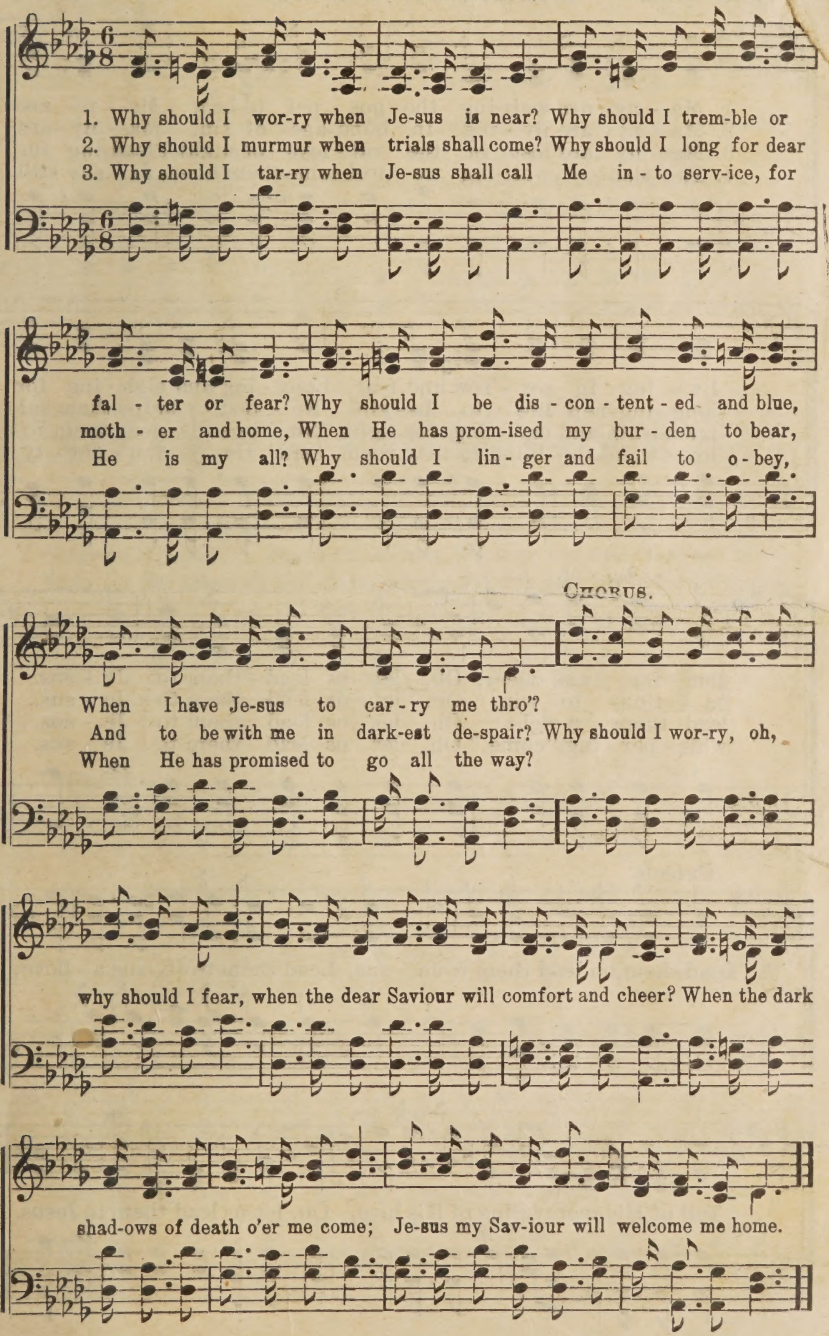
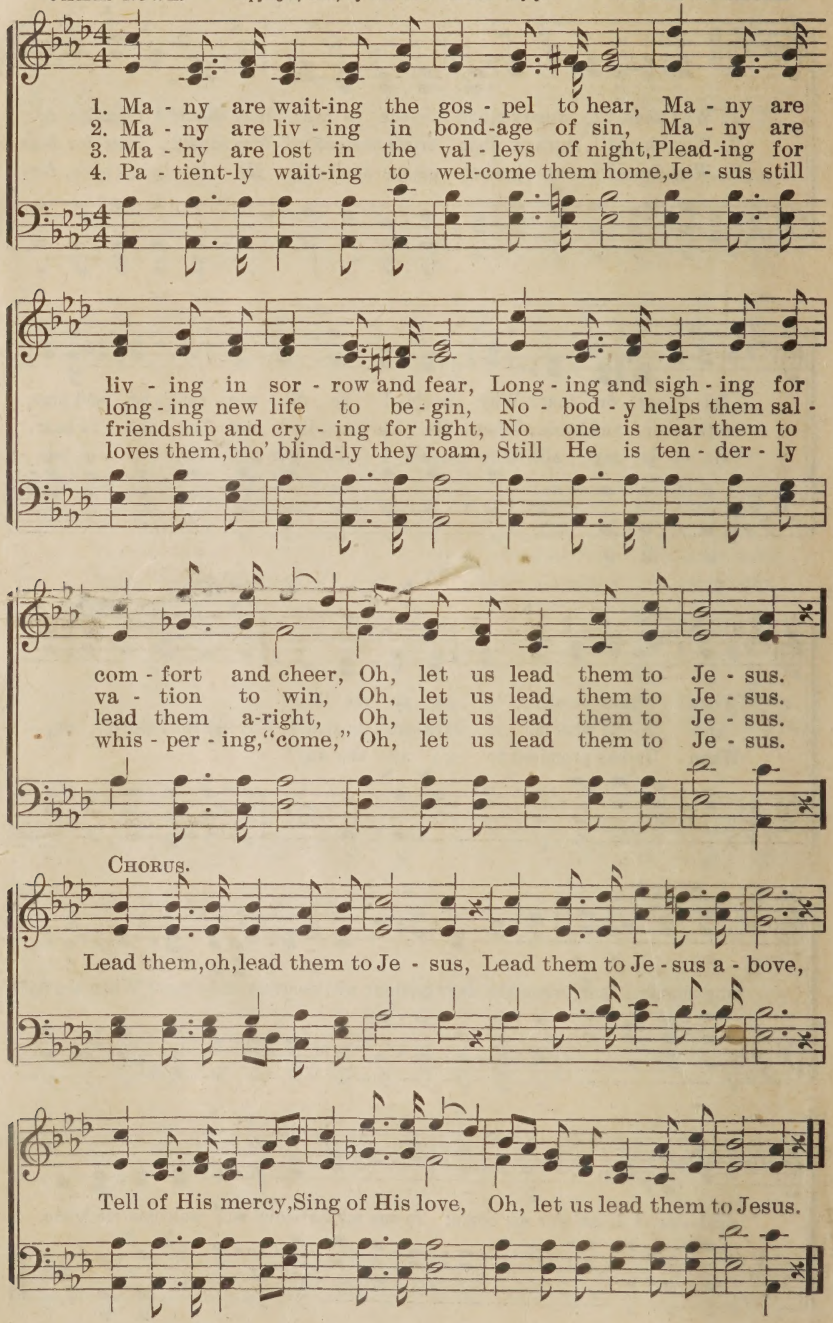


No. 4. Let Us Lead Them to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith. By per. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 5. Glorious Love.

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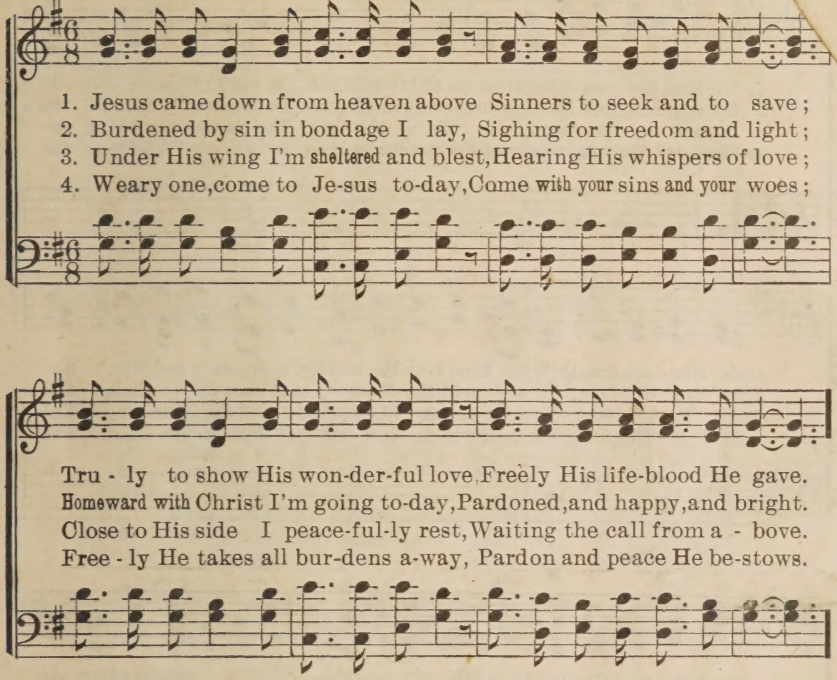
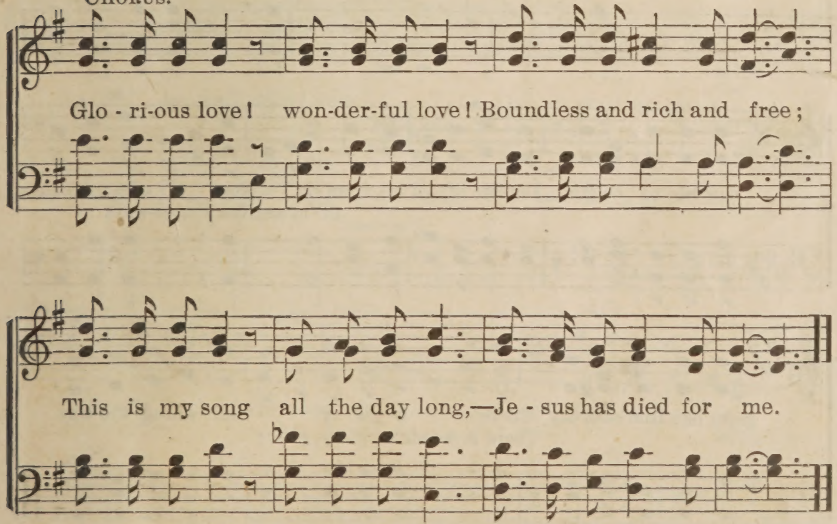
JAMES ROWE. S. W. JONES

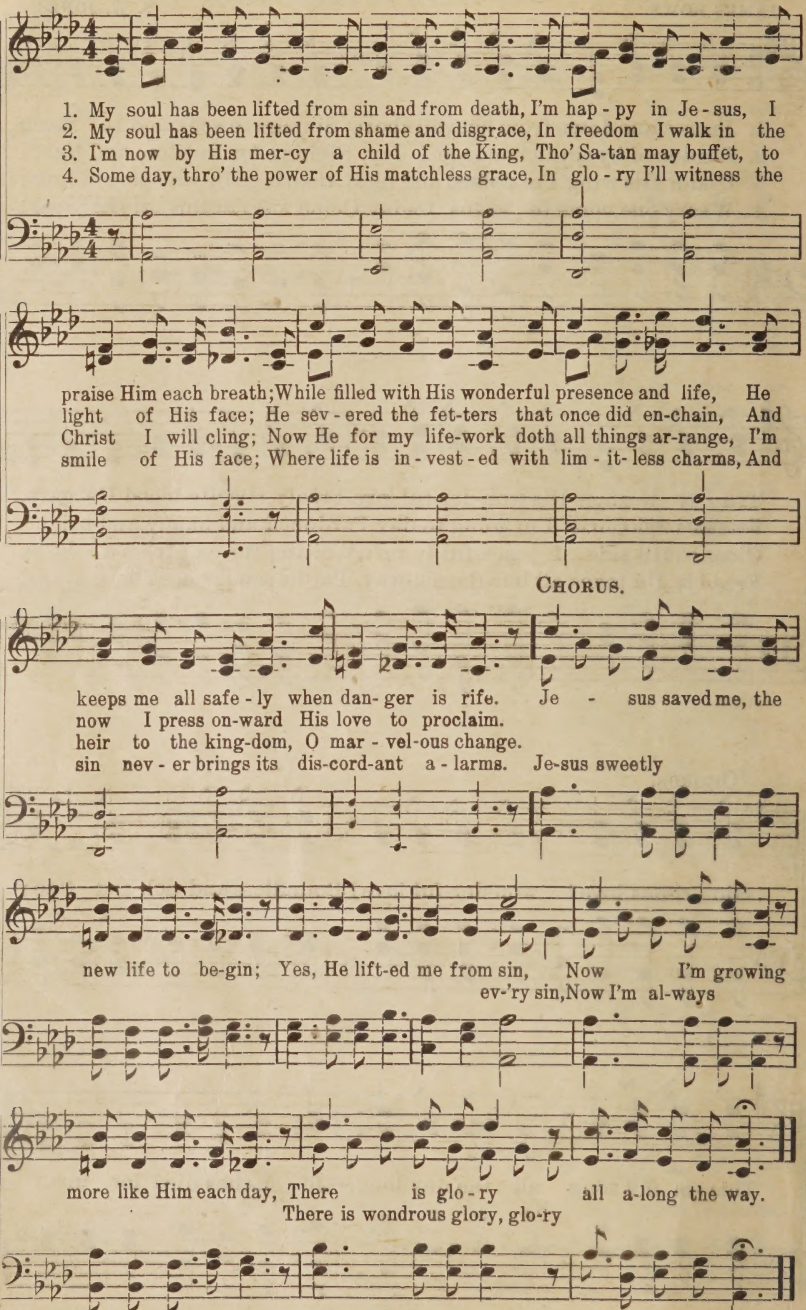


CHORUS.



No. 6. My Soul Has Been Lifted.

H. E. O. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. H. E. Ogden, owner. H. ELLIS OGDEN.



No. 7. All Is Well With Me.

"Walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you that it may be well unto you."
—JER. 7: 23.

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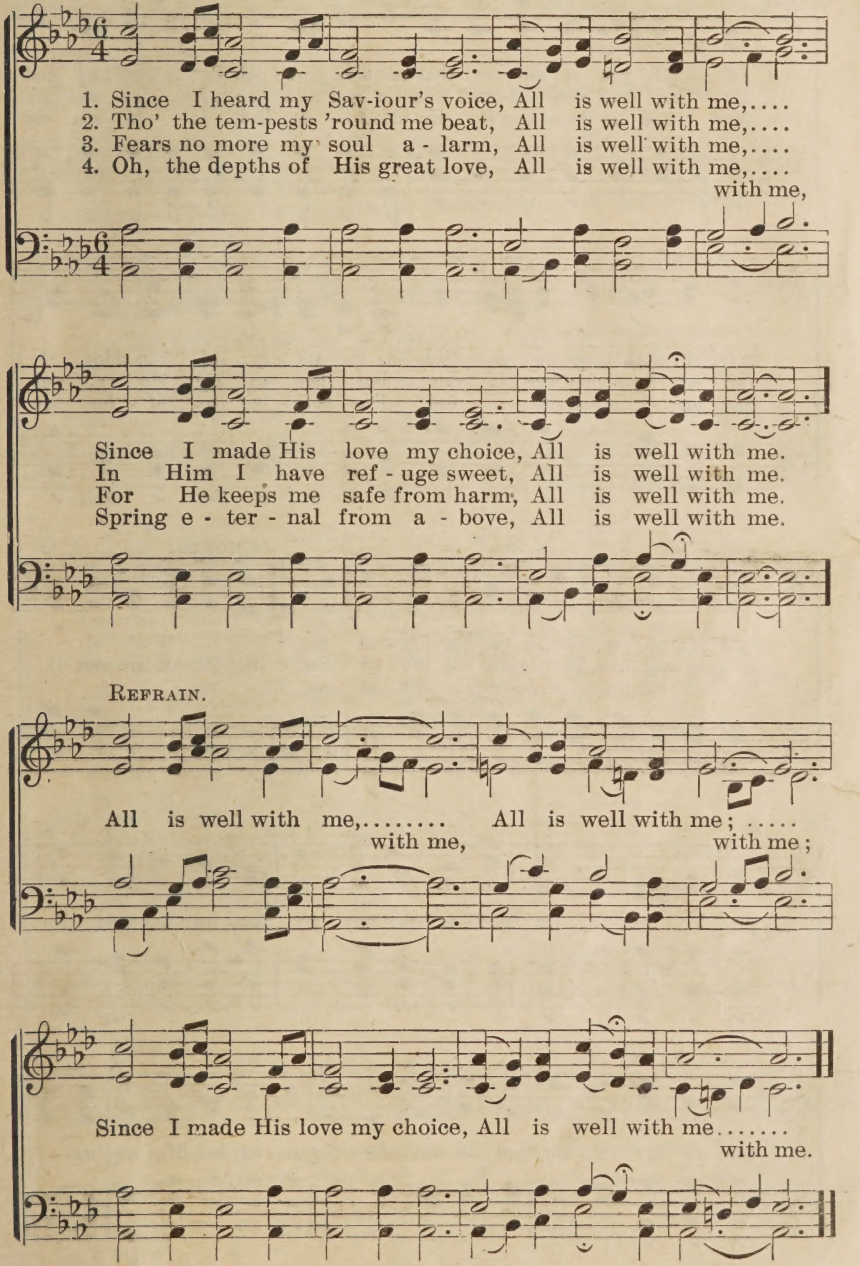

No. 8. Jesus Lifted Me.

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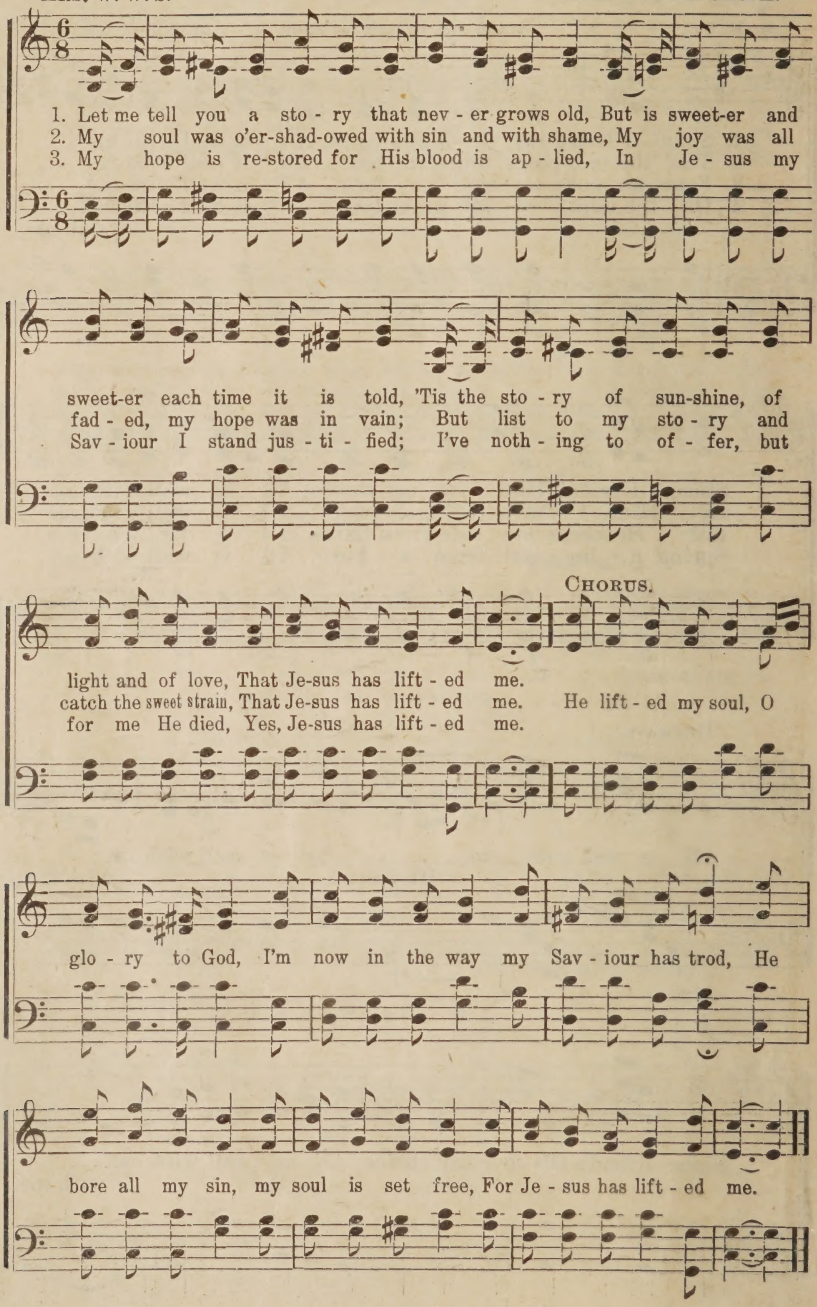
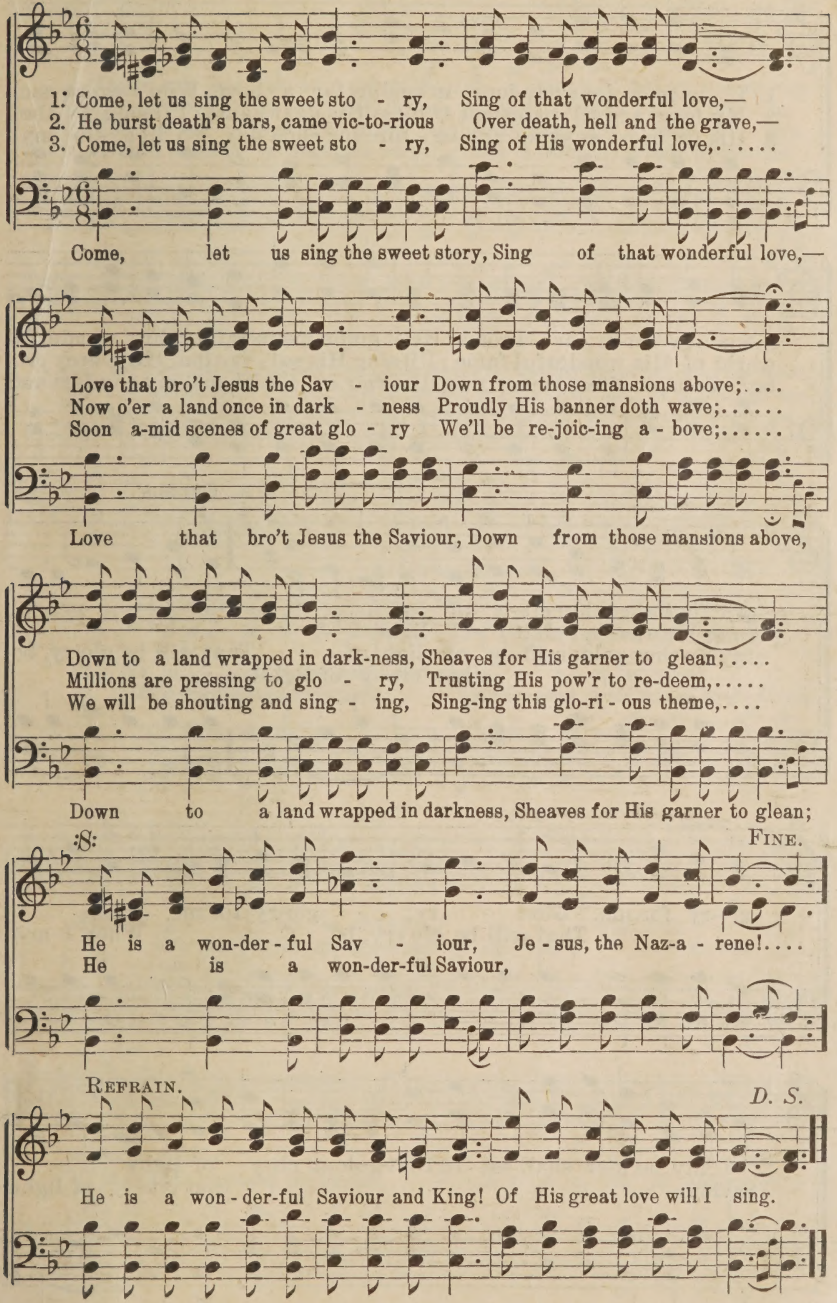


No. 9. He Is a Wonderful Saviour.

Controlled by M. D. Ussery.

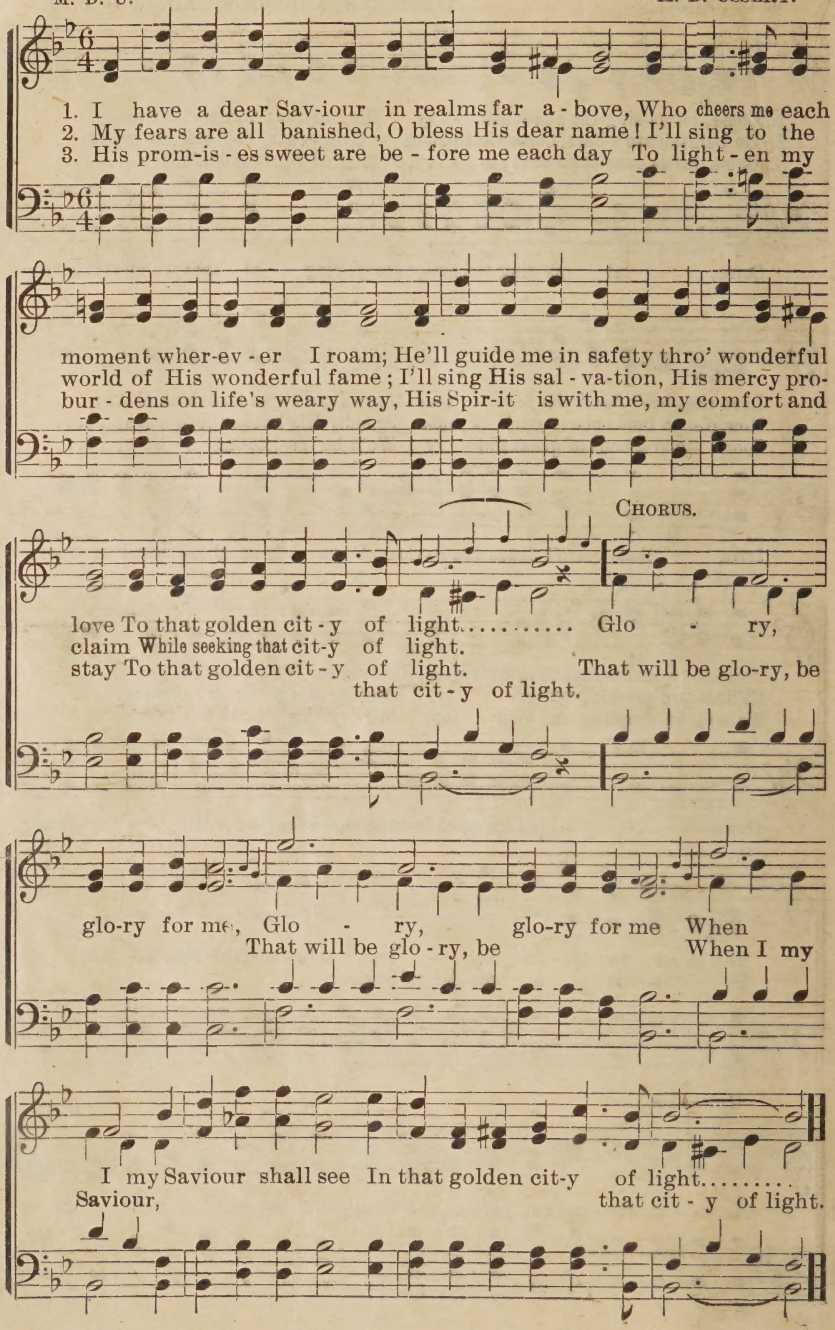
M. D. USSERY. VINCENT W. ANDERSON. Arr. by M. D. U.



No. 10. That Golden City of Light.

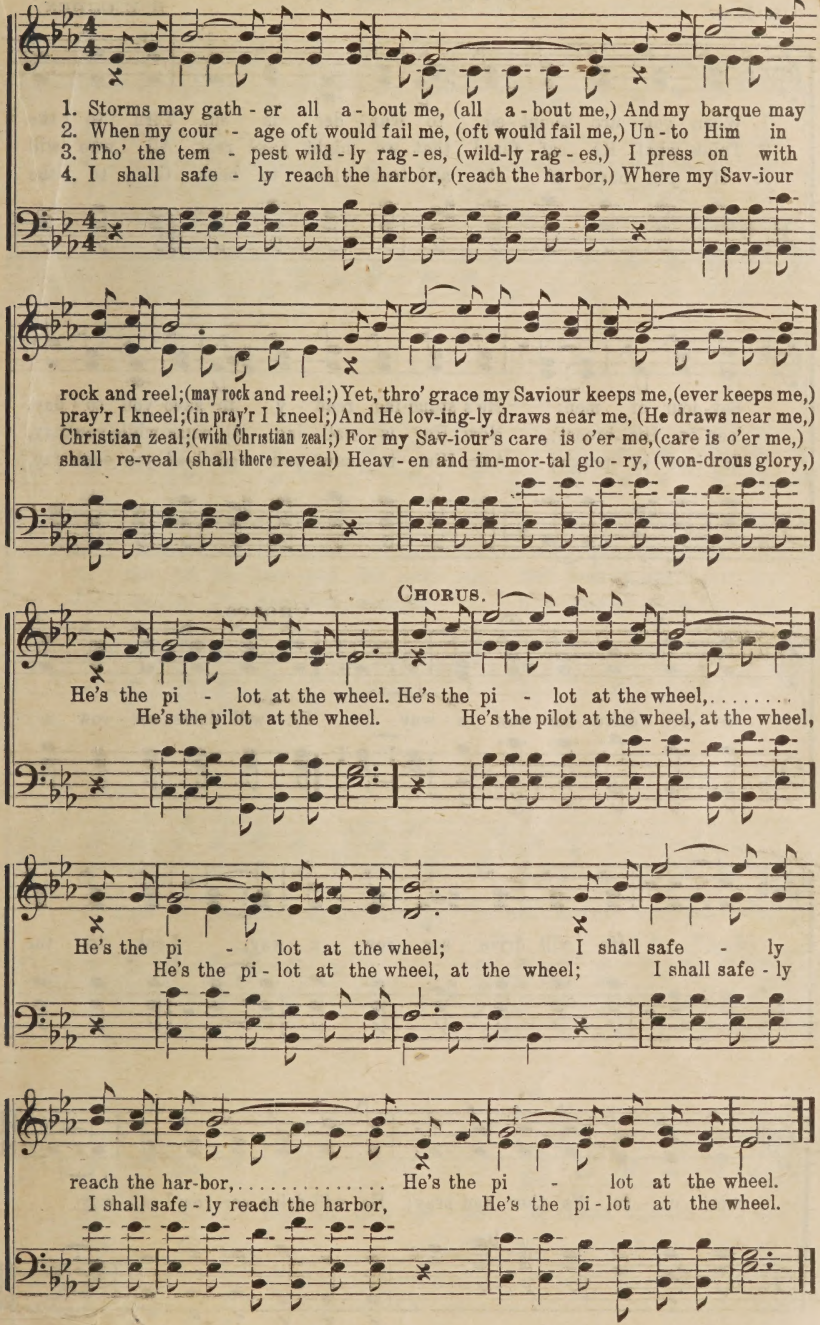
Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas.

M. D. U. M. D. USSERY.



No. 11. He's the Pilot At the Wheel.

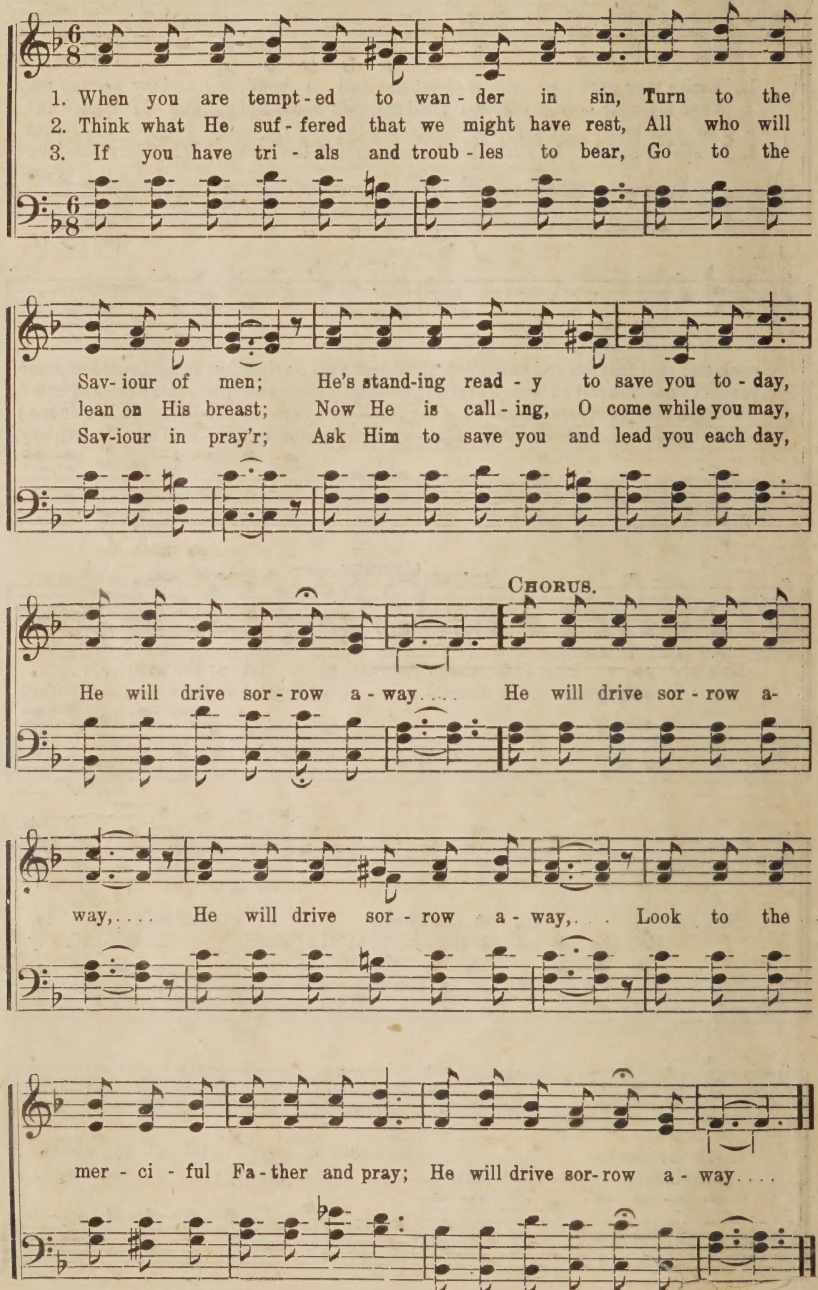
S. W. J. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. S. W. Jones, owner. S. W. JONES.



No. 12. He Will Drive Sorrow Away.

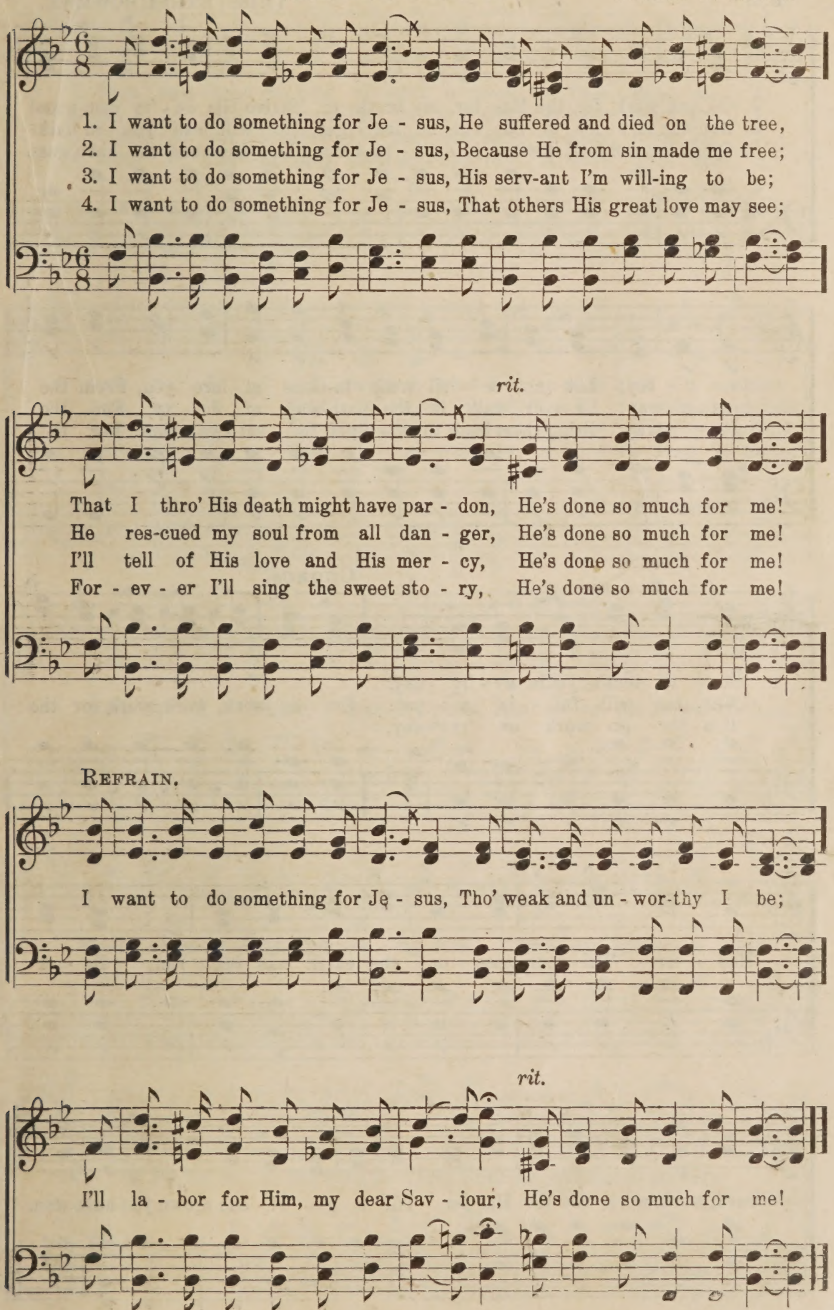
Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912.

H. E. O. H. E. OGDEN.



No. 13. I Want To Do Something For Jesus.

S. W. JONES. Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 14. Work For the Master.

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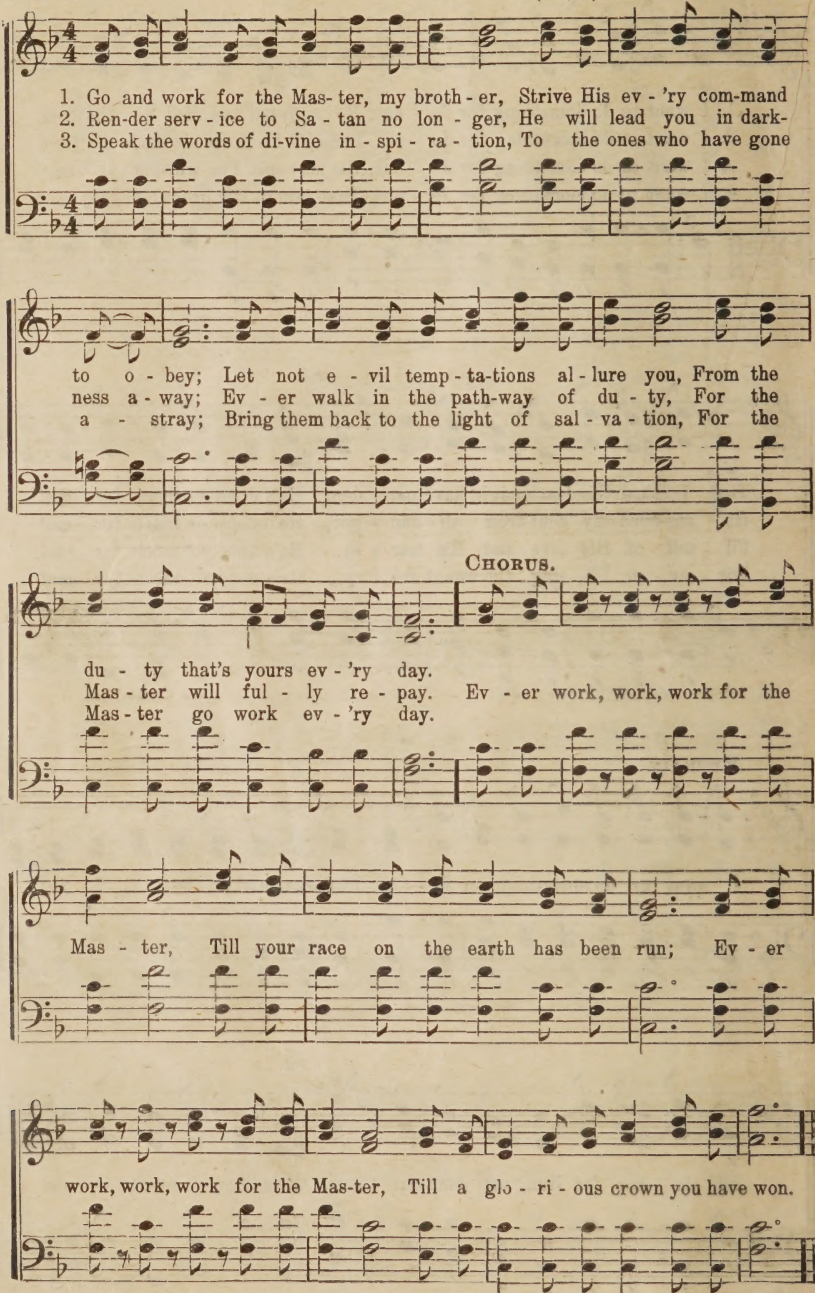

No. 15. Send Me Where I'm Needed Most.

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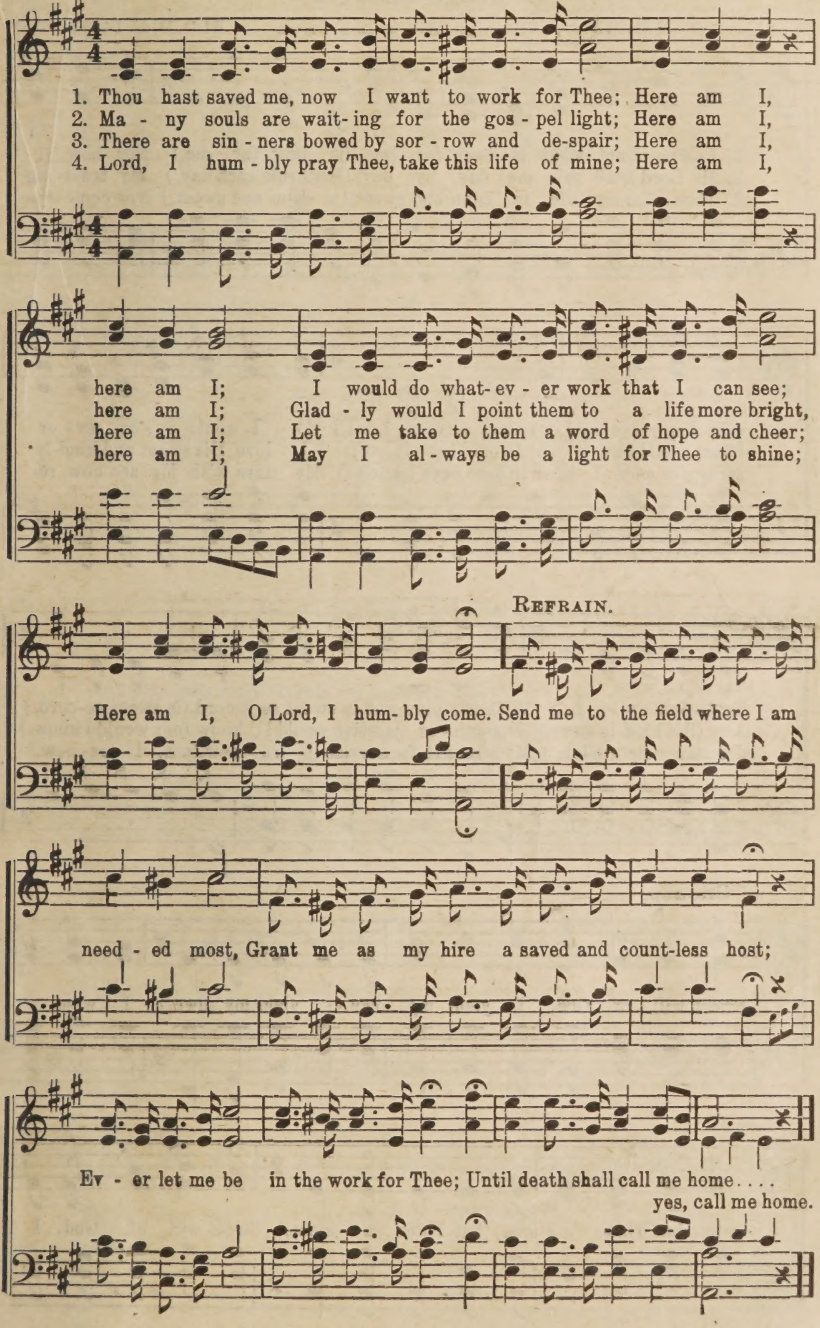
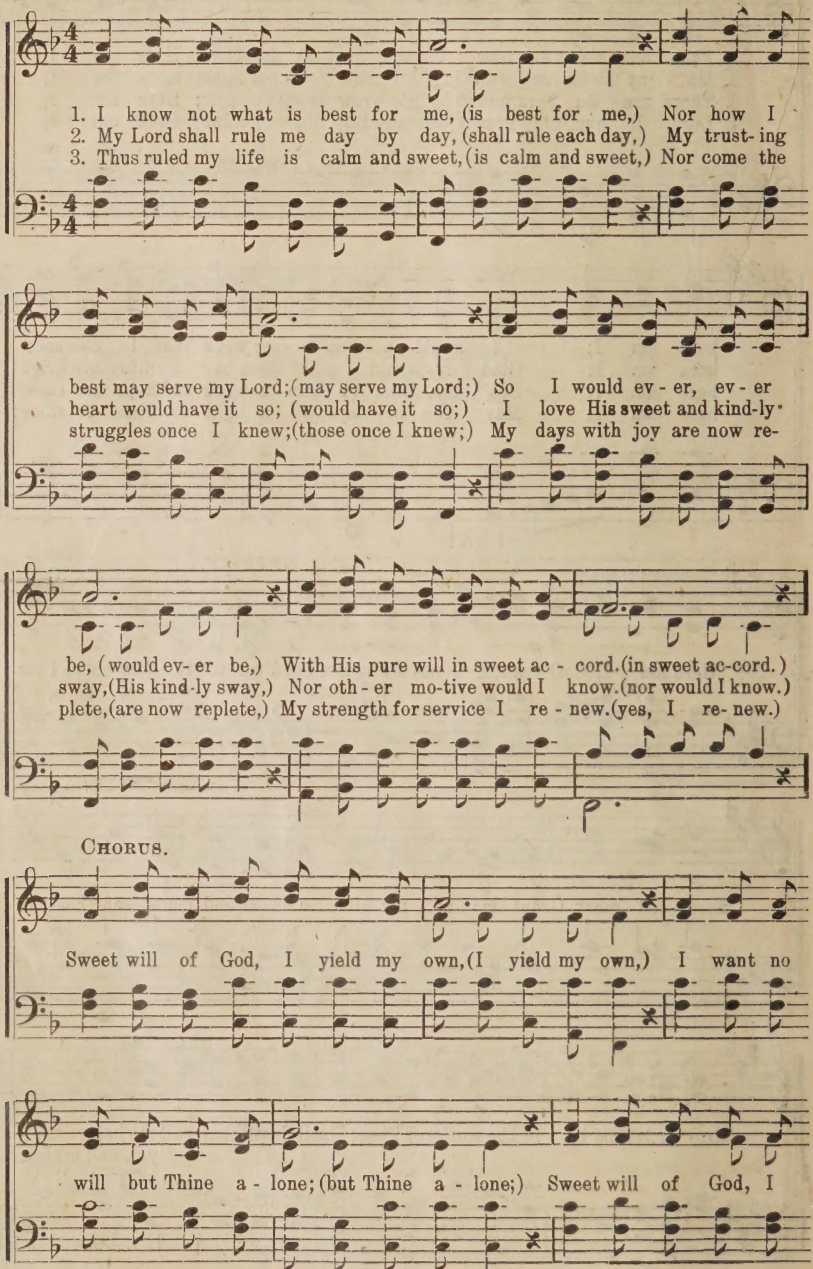
W. E. ROBERTS. A. E. DAVIS.

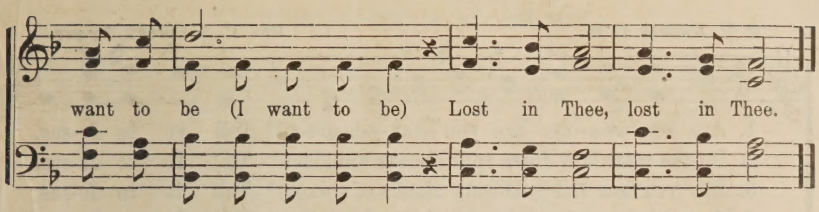


No. 16. Lost In God's Will.

"I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."—John 6: 38.

ELD. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.





No. 17. Palms Waving.

Rev. 7: 9-12.

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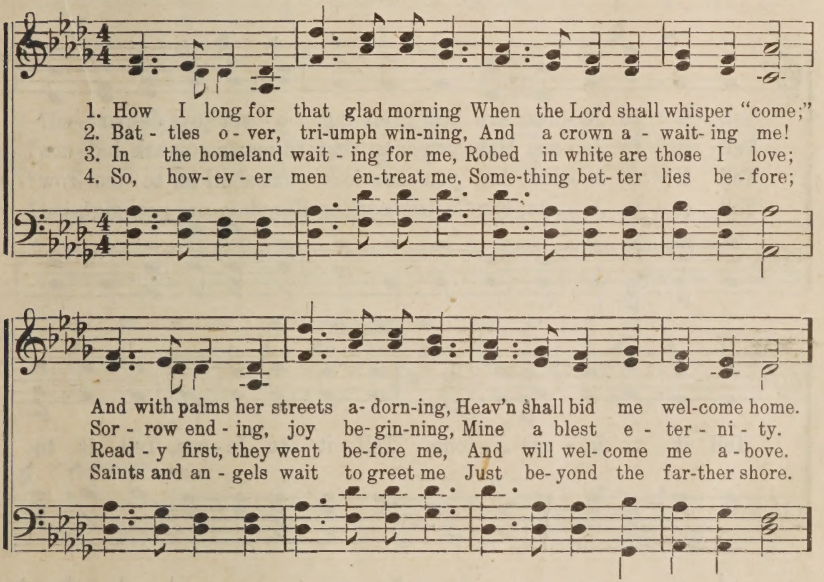
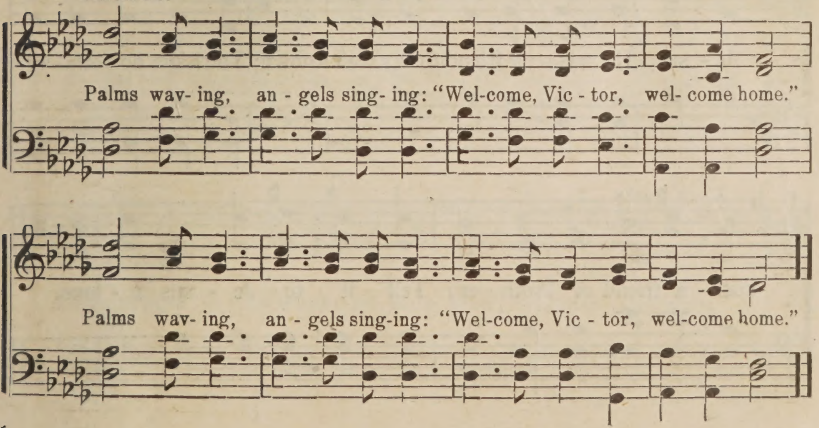
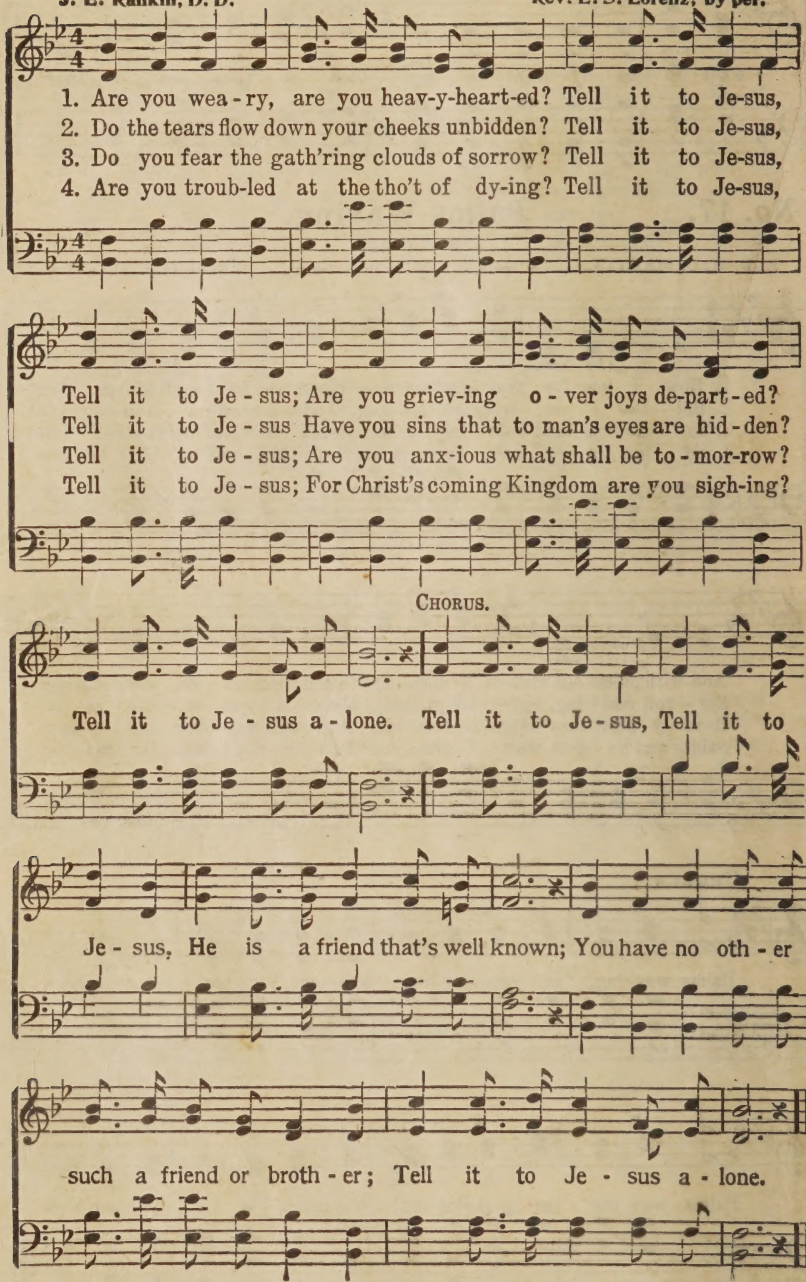


CHORUS.



Tell It to Jesus Alone.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, by per.



No. 19. Don't Let Your Light Burn Low.

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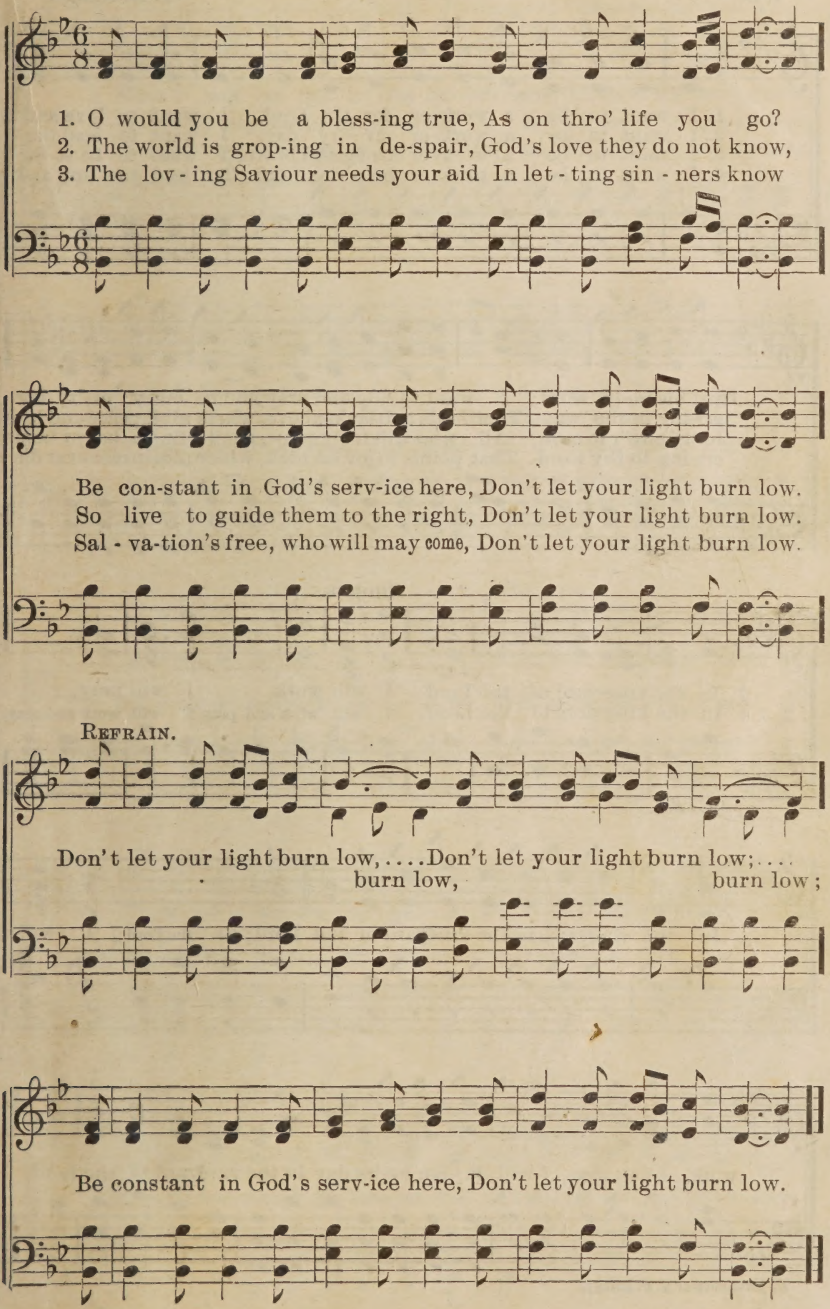
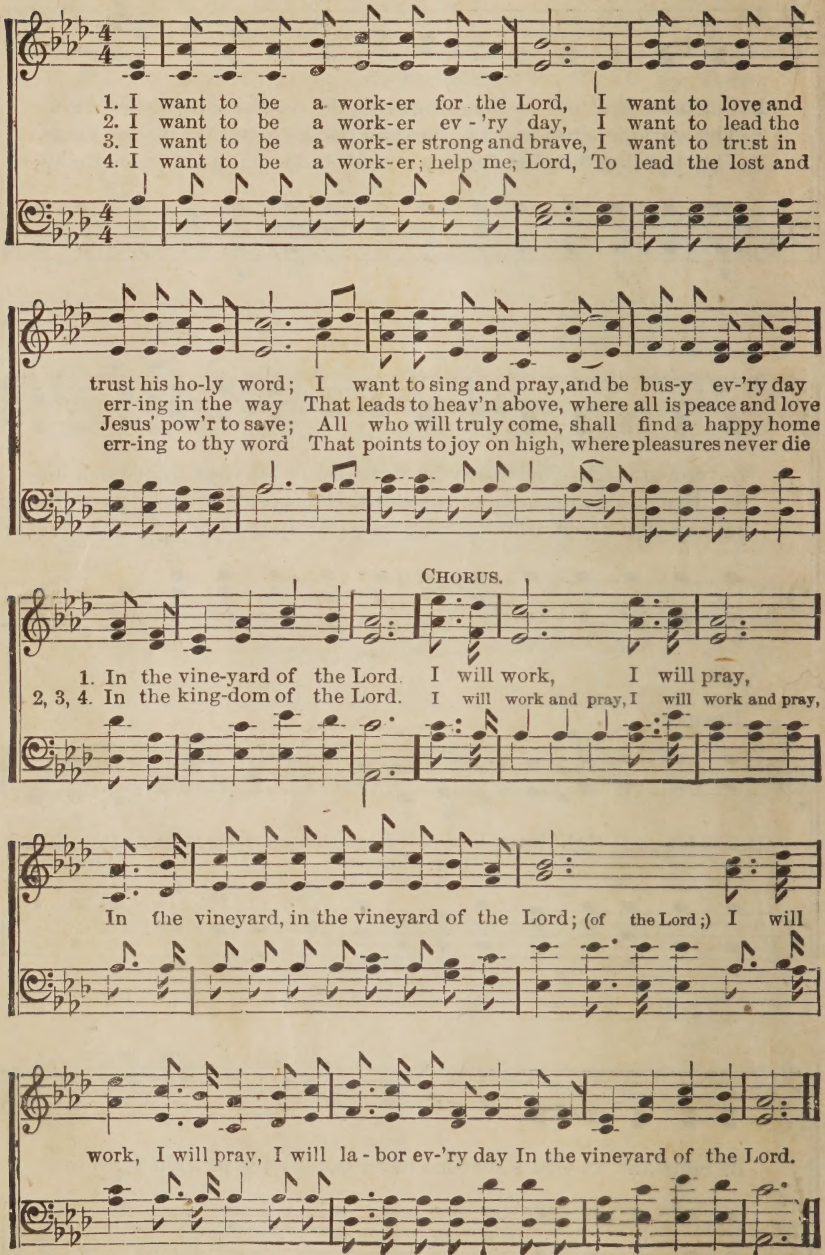
M. D. USSERY. J. E. WILLIAMS.



I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.



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No. 21. I'll Doubt His Love No More.

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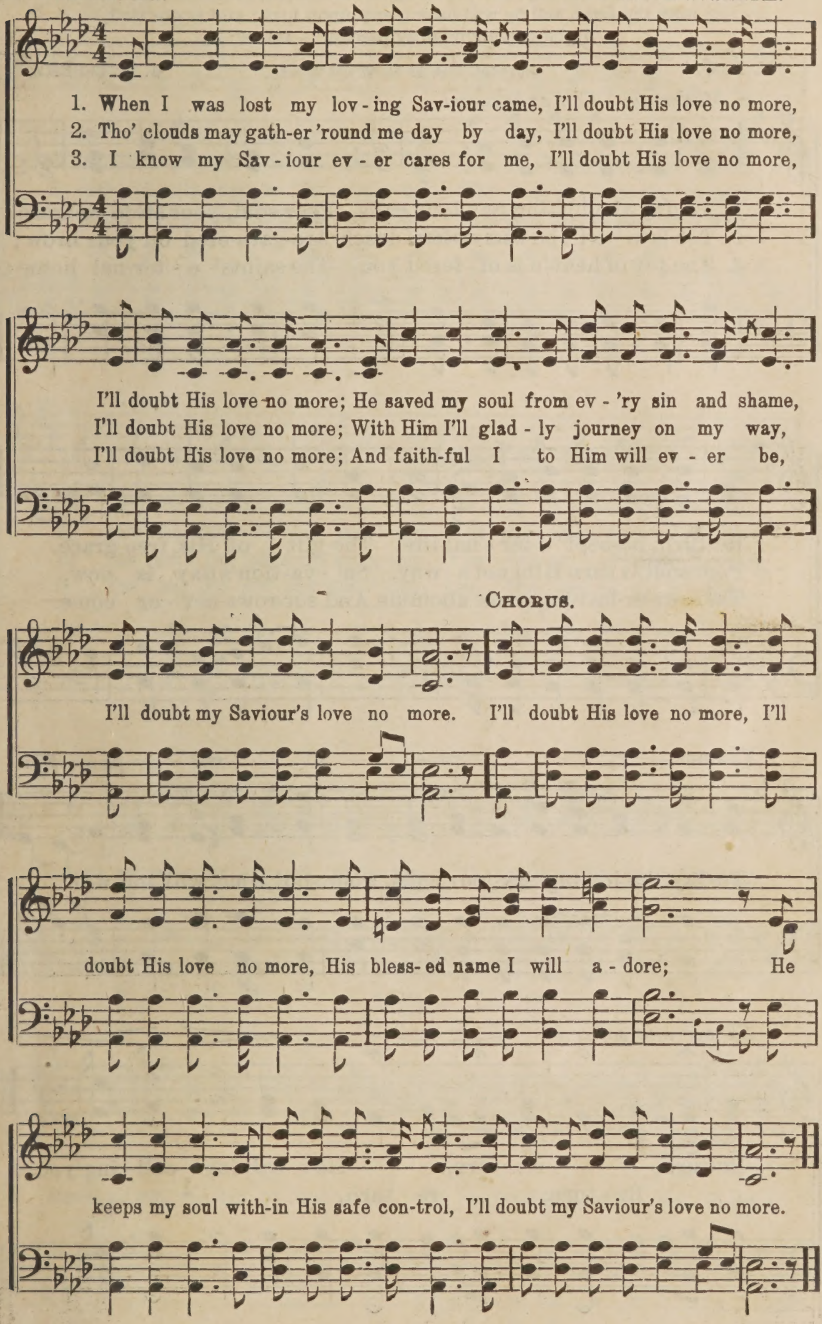
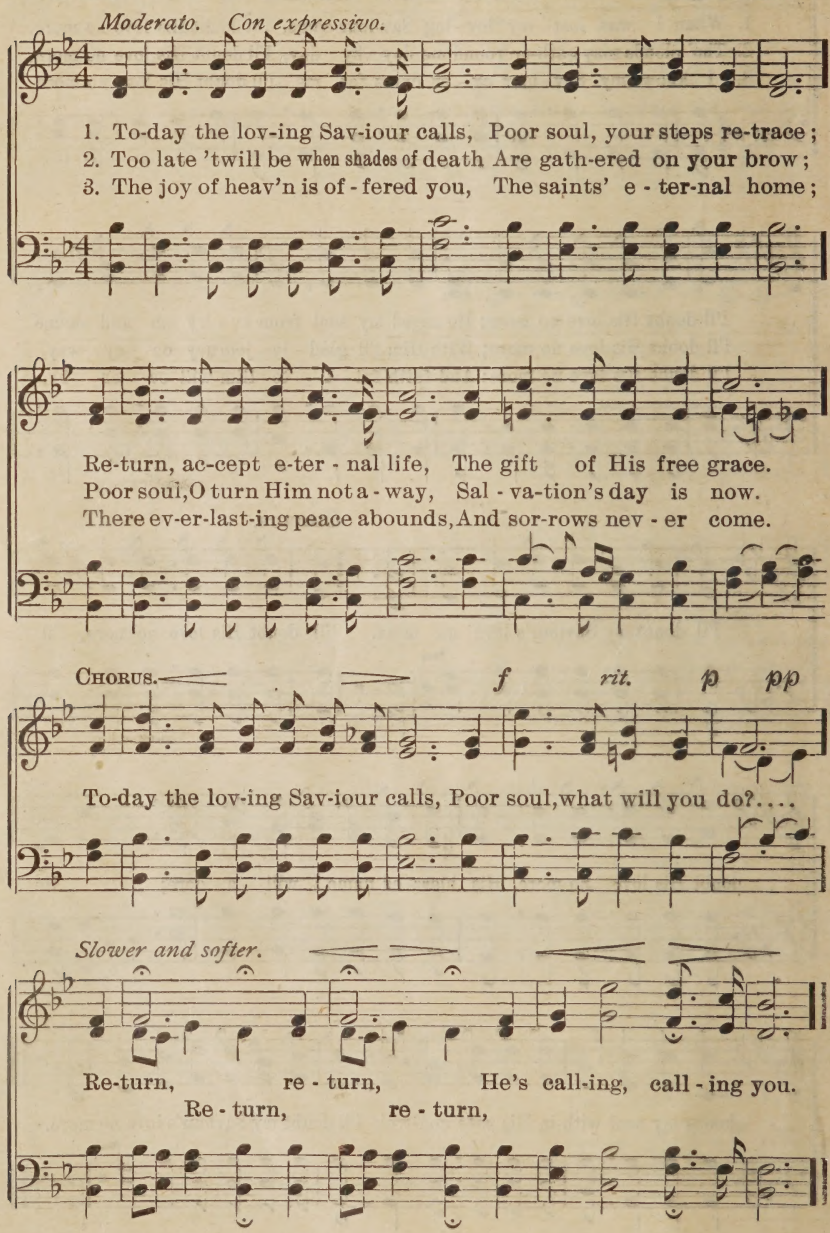
H. E. OGDEN. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 22. Return.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. USSERY.



No. 23. Tenderly Calling.

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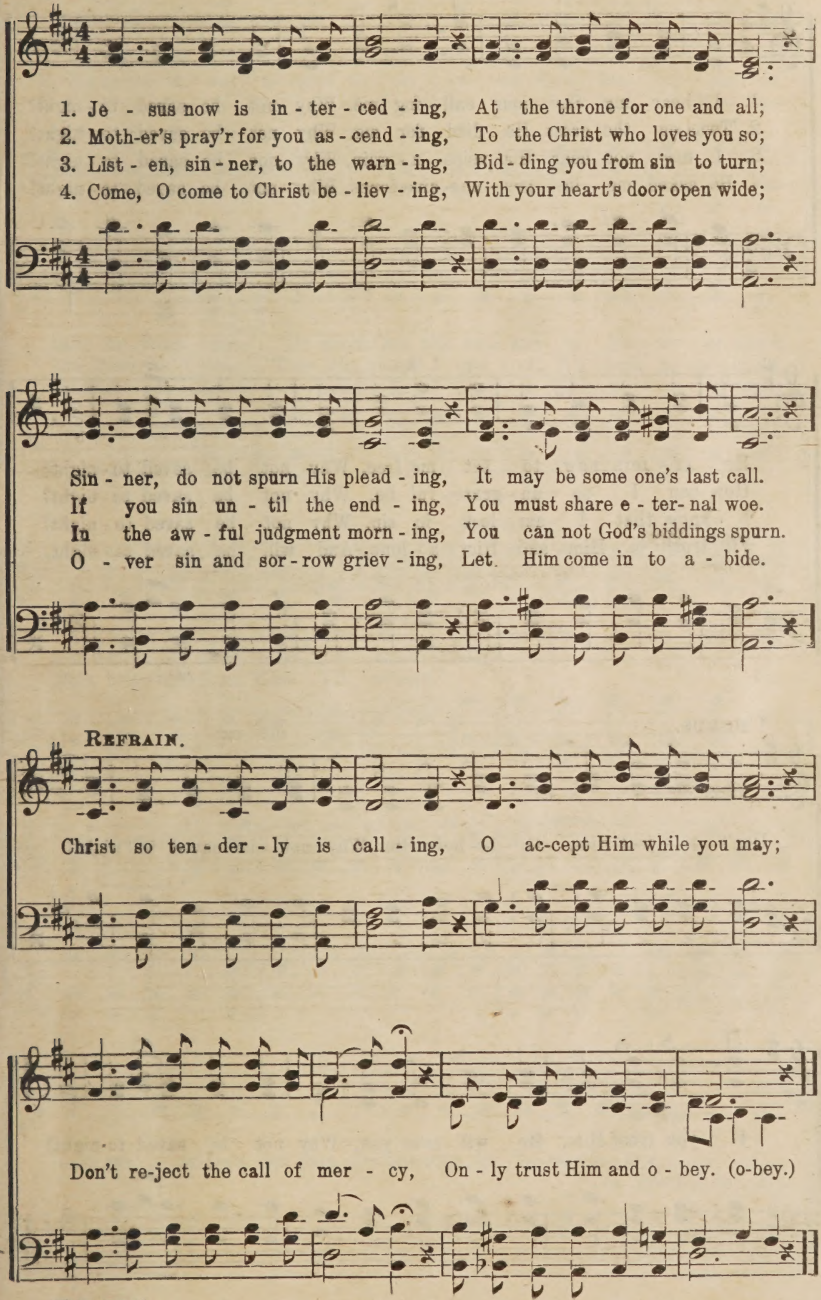

WILSON
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No. 24. Why Not Be Saved To-Night?

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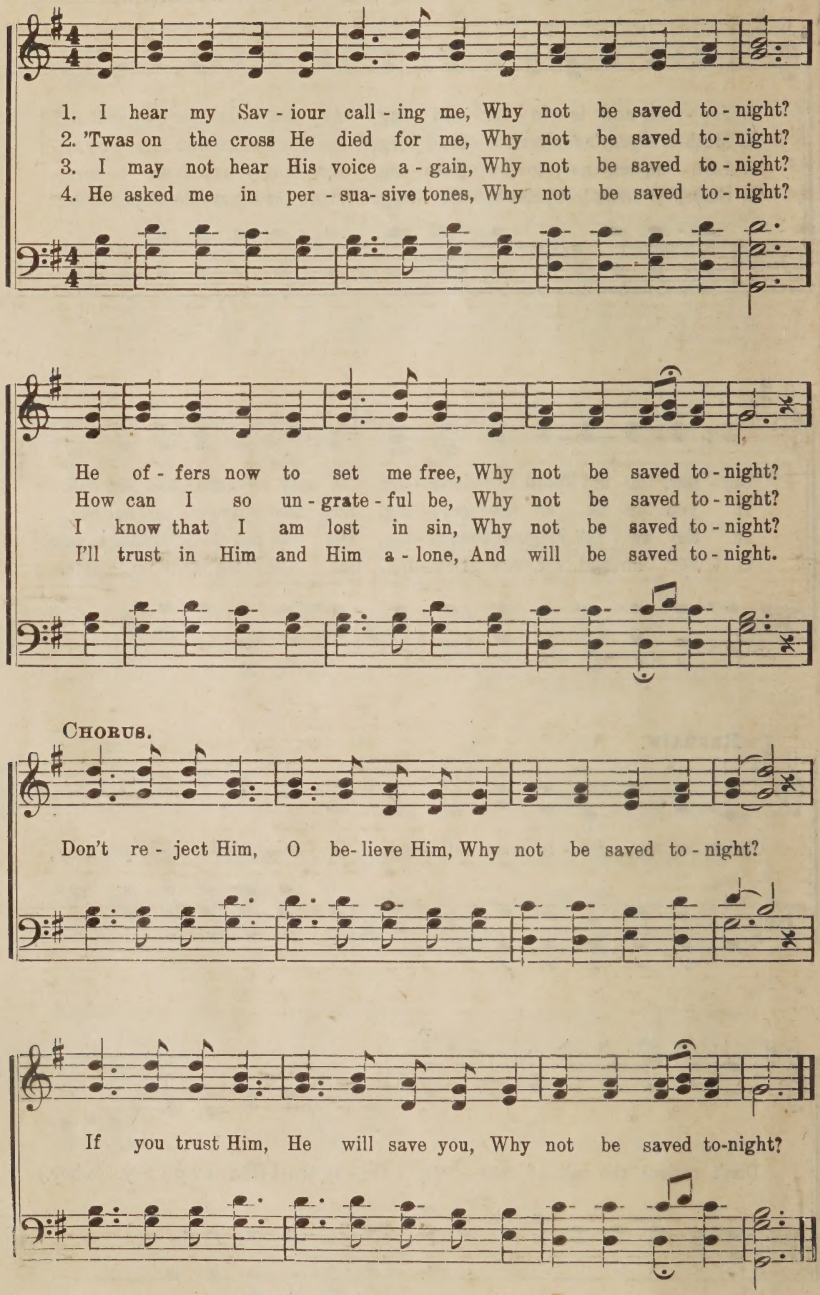
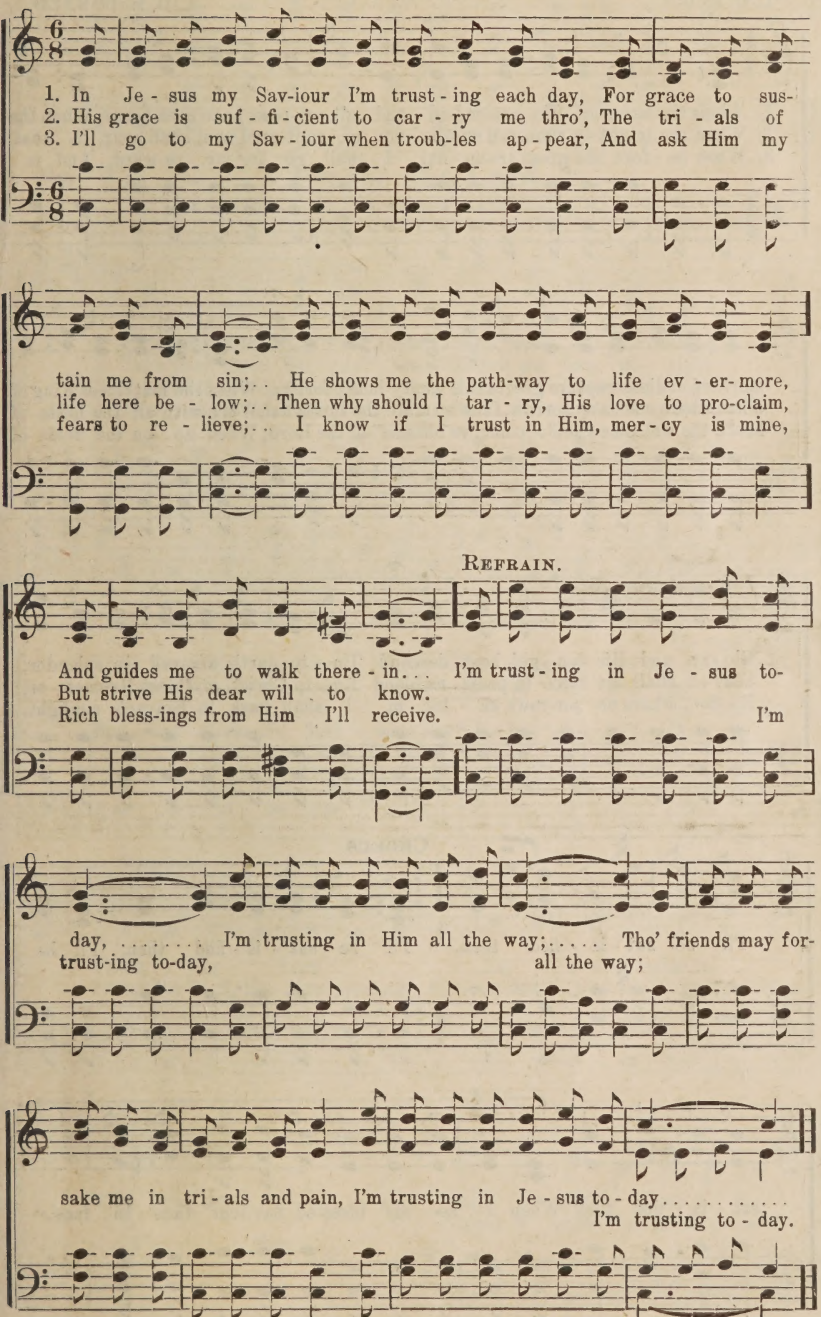
J. F. B. J. F. BRISTOW.



No. 25. I'm Trusting In Jesus To-day.

S. W. J. S. W. Jones, owner. 1912. S. W. JONES.



No. 26. Satisfied Then.

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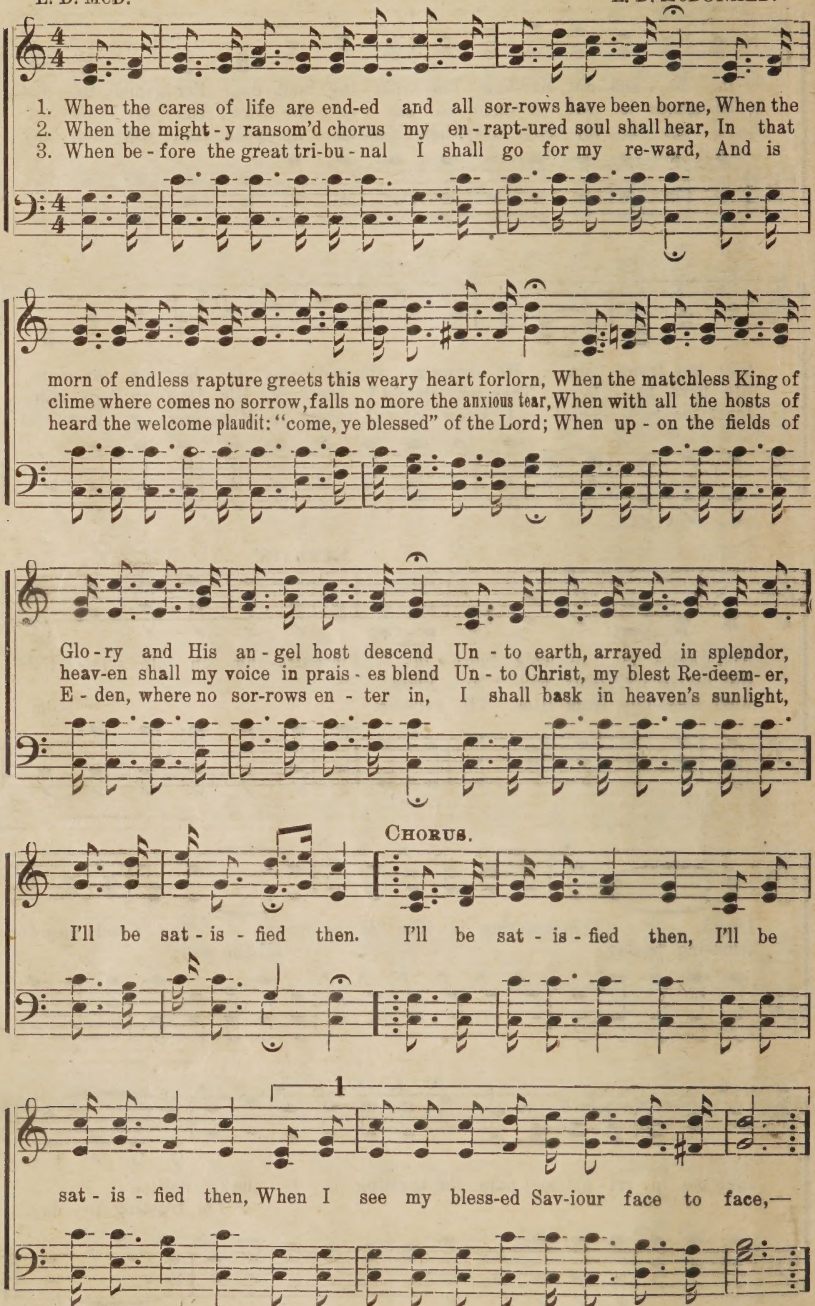
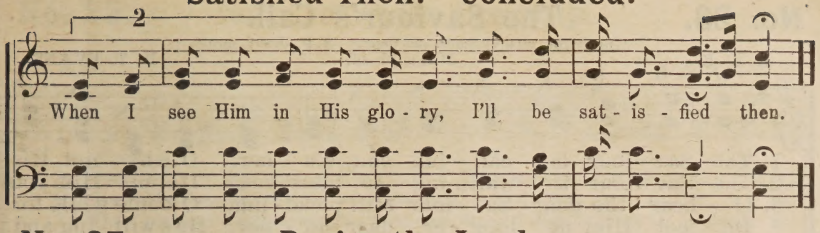
L. D. McD. L. D. McDONALD.



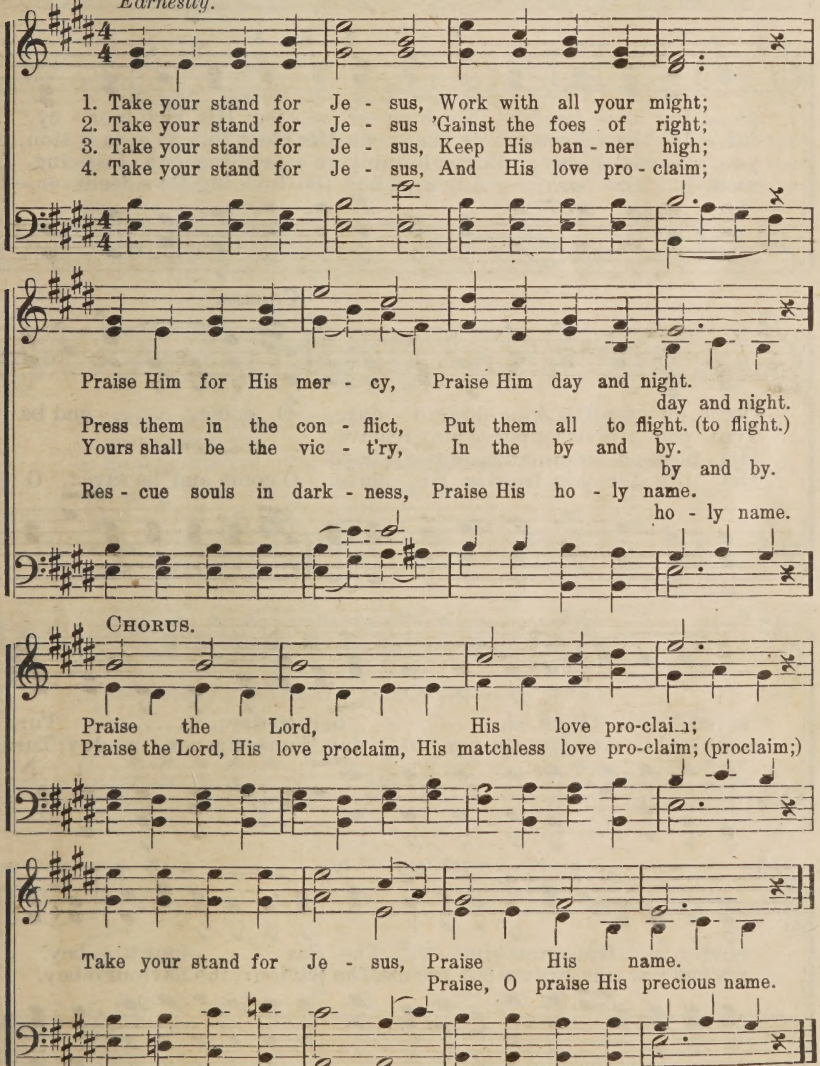


No. 27. Praise the Lord.

"Ye that fear the Lord, praise him."—Ps. 22: 23.

M. D, U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. USSERY.

Earnestly.



No. 28. The Saviour's Call.

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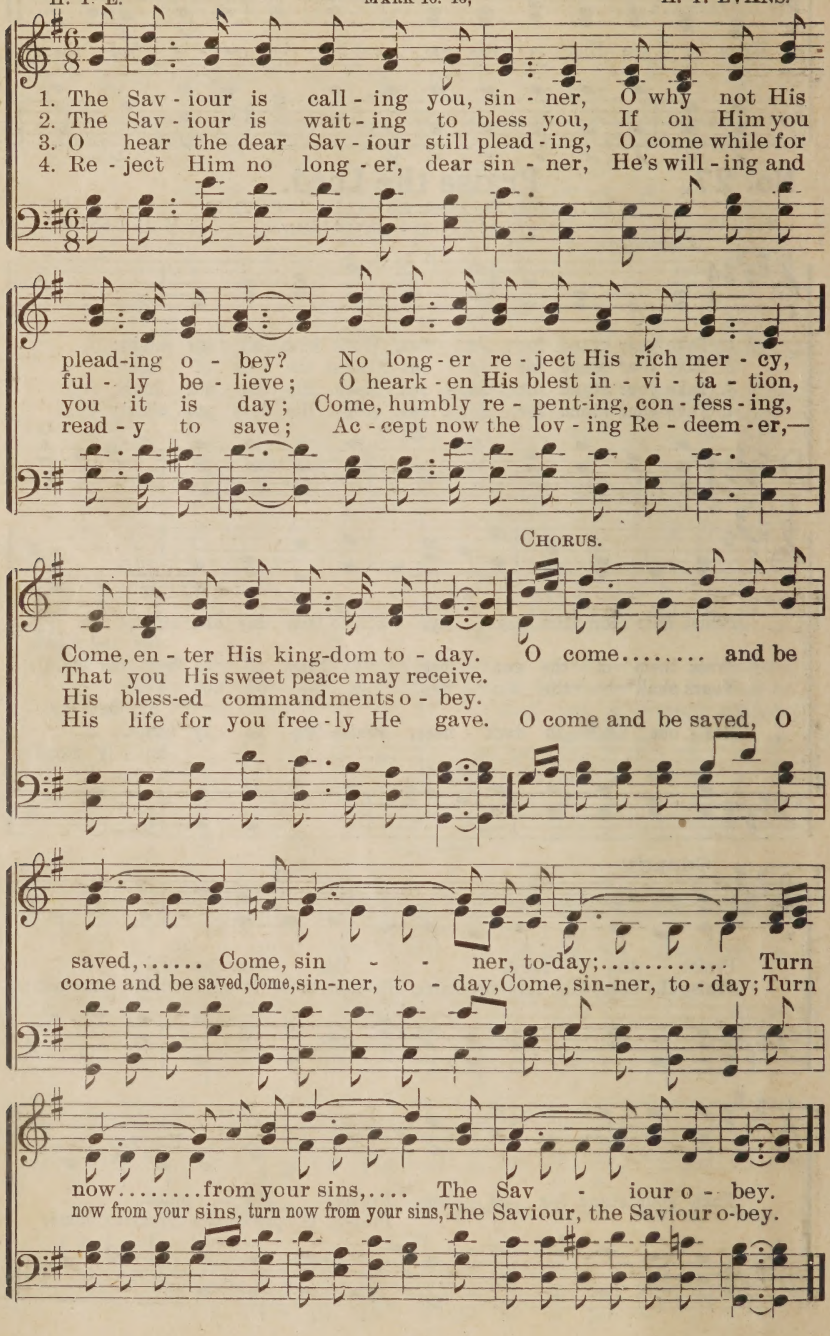
H. T. E. MARK 16: 16, H. T. EVANS.



No. 29. Take Jesus On the Ship.

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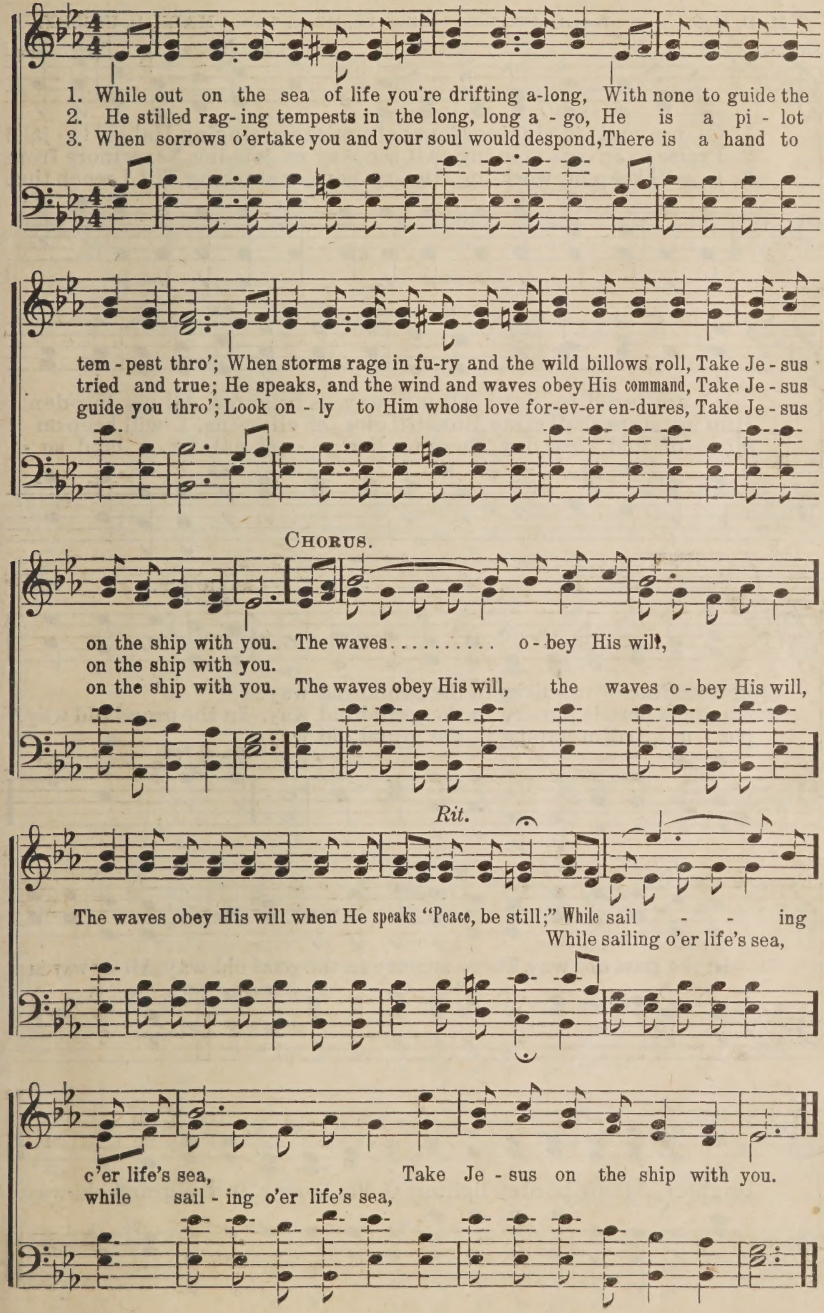
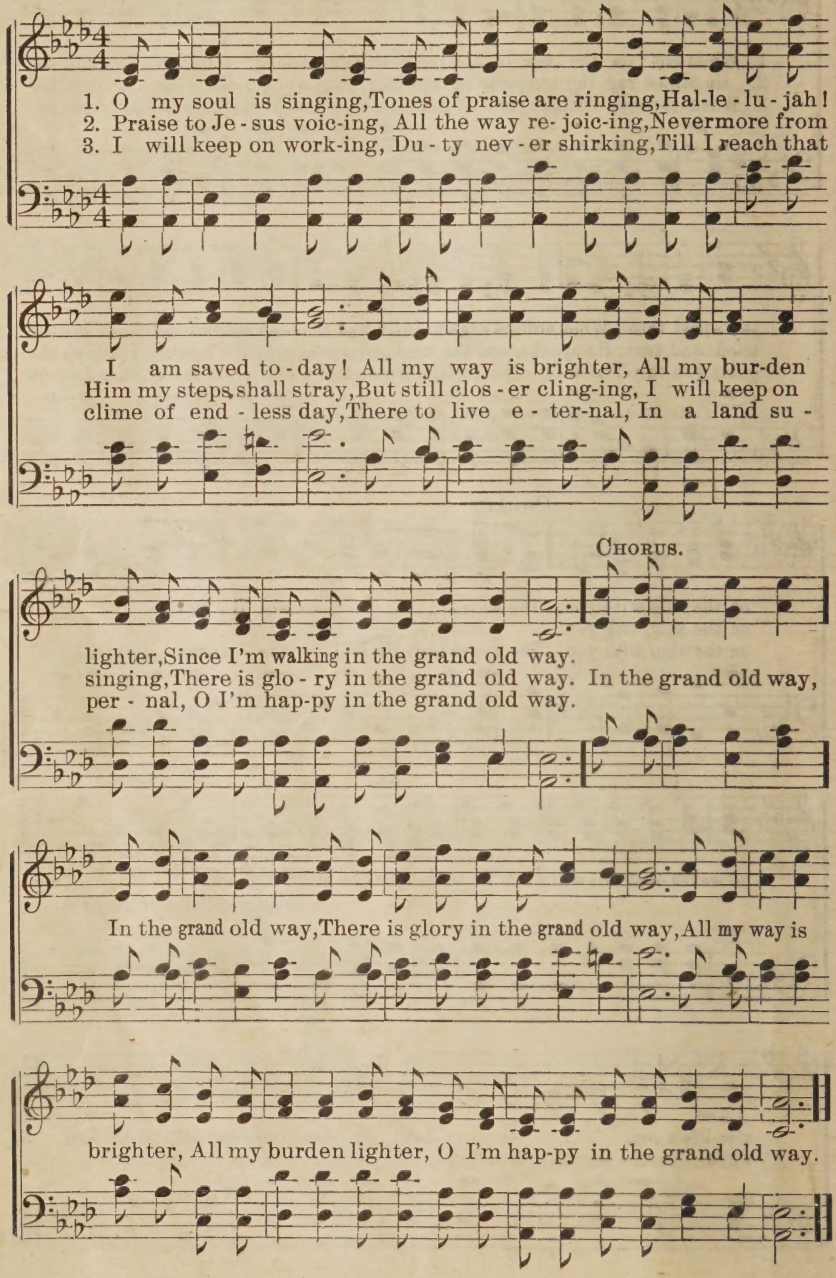
R. A. R. R. A. ROLLINS.



No. 30. In the Grand Old Way.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 3.

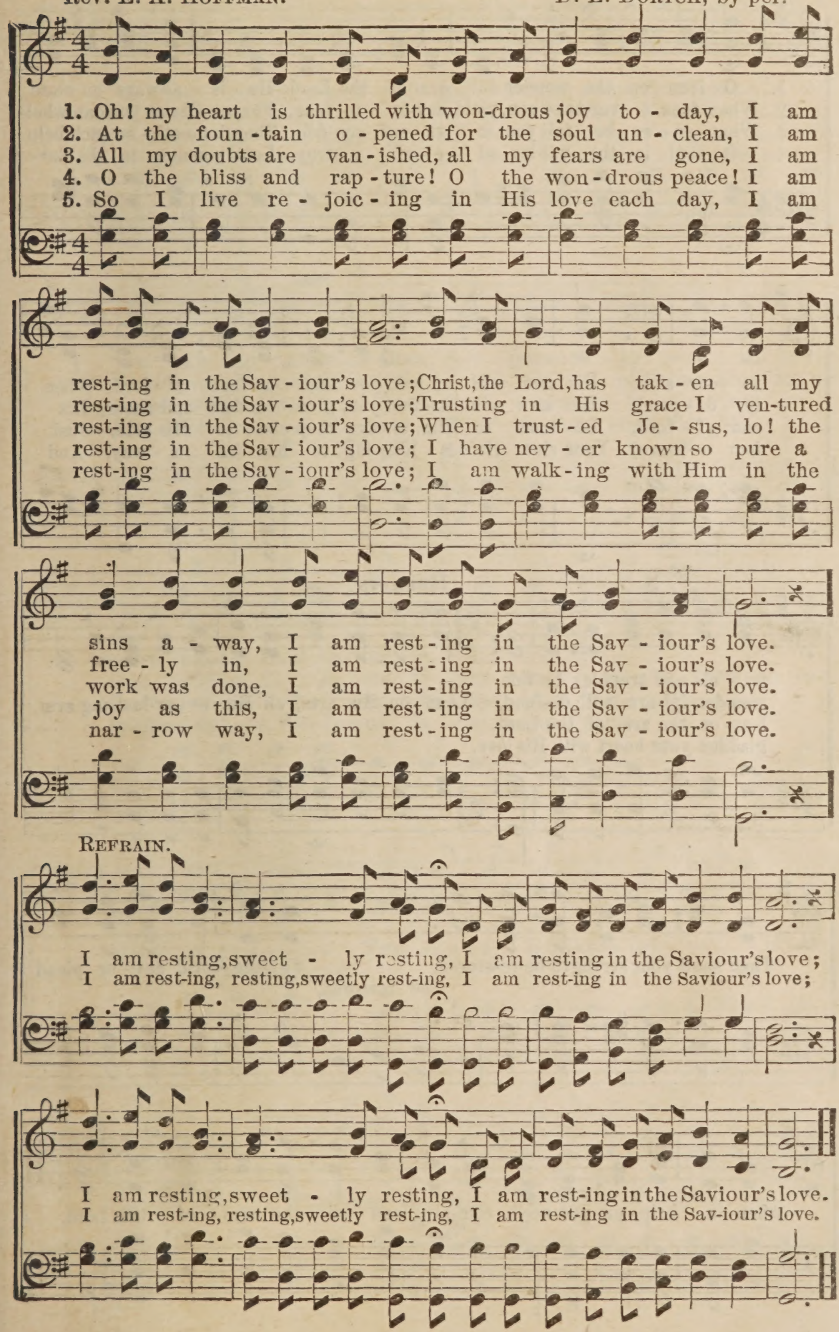
M. D. U. Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas. MARK D. USSERY.



31 I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

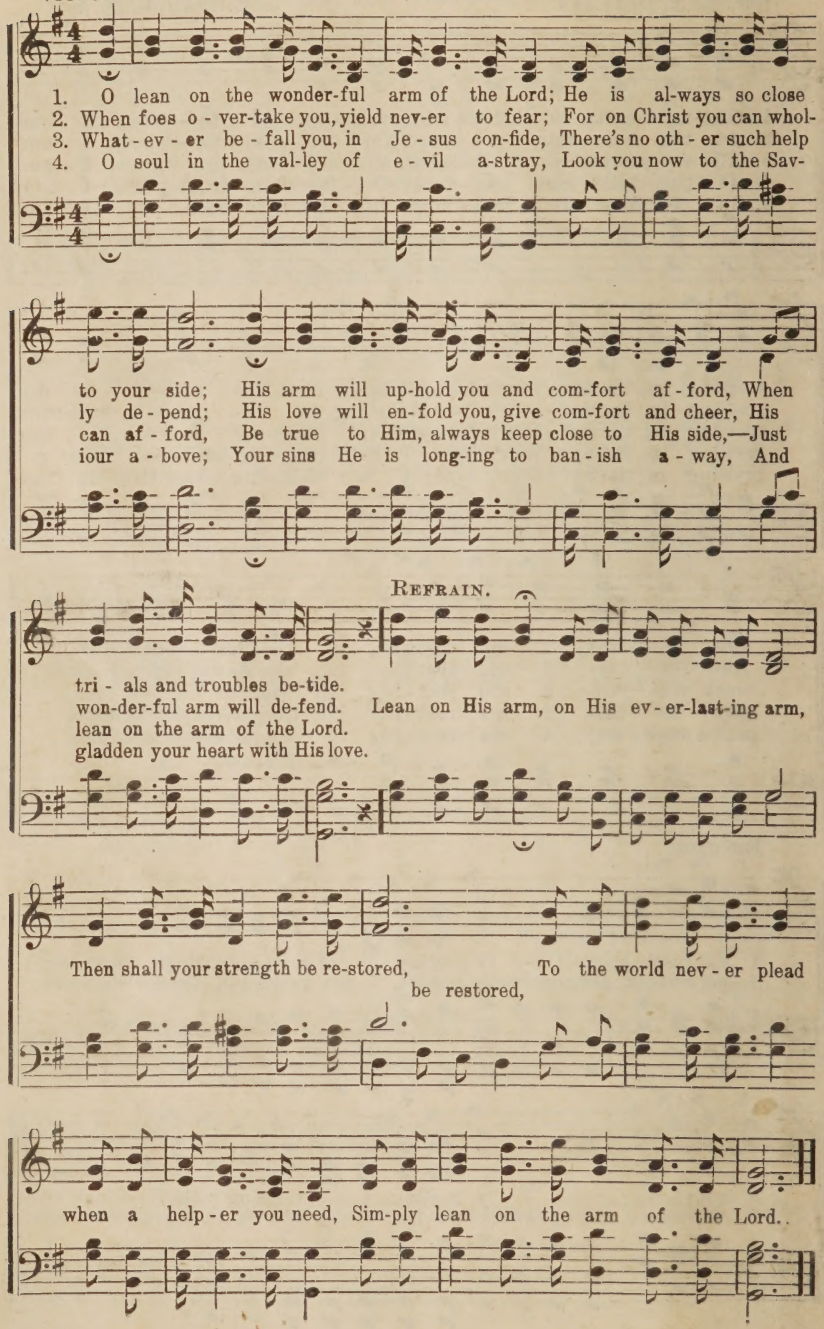
"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



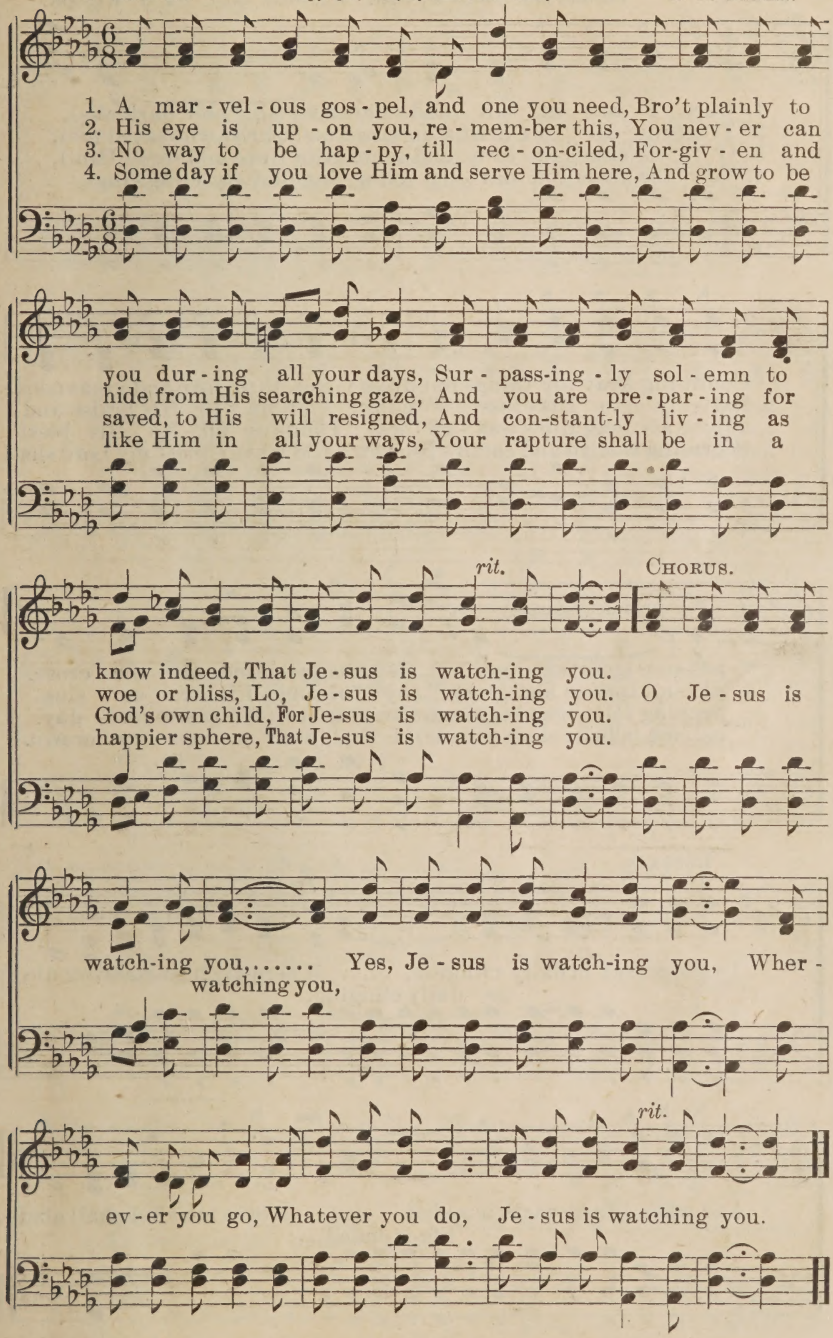
No. 32. Lean On His Arm.

VICTOR C. BUIE. S. W. Jones, owner. 1912. S. W. JONES.



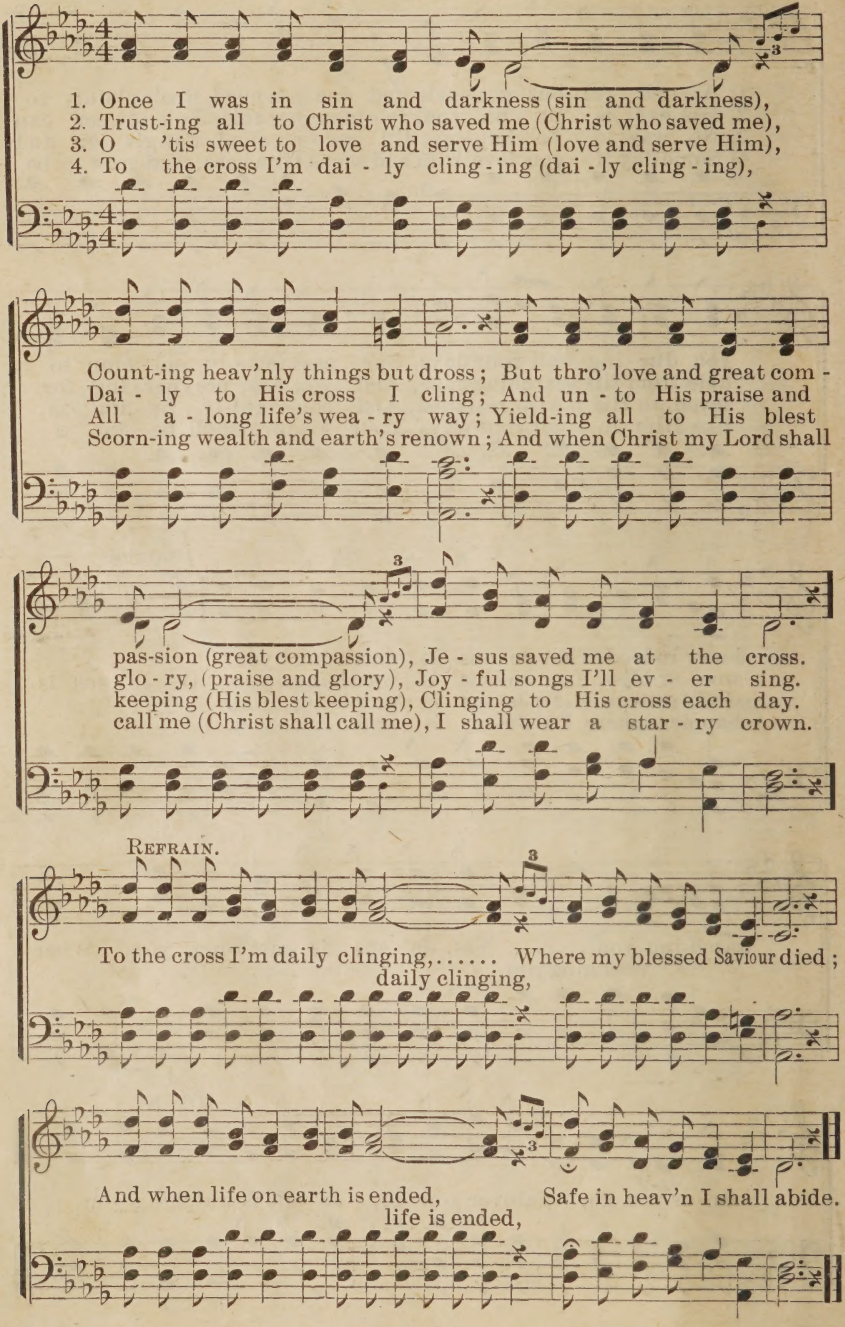
No. 33. Jesus Is Watching You.

W. G. COOPER. Copyright, 1814, by Smith and Ussery. H. E. OGDEN.



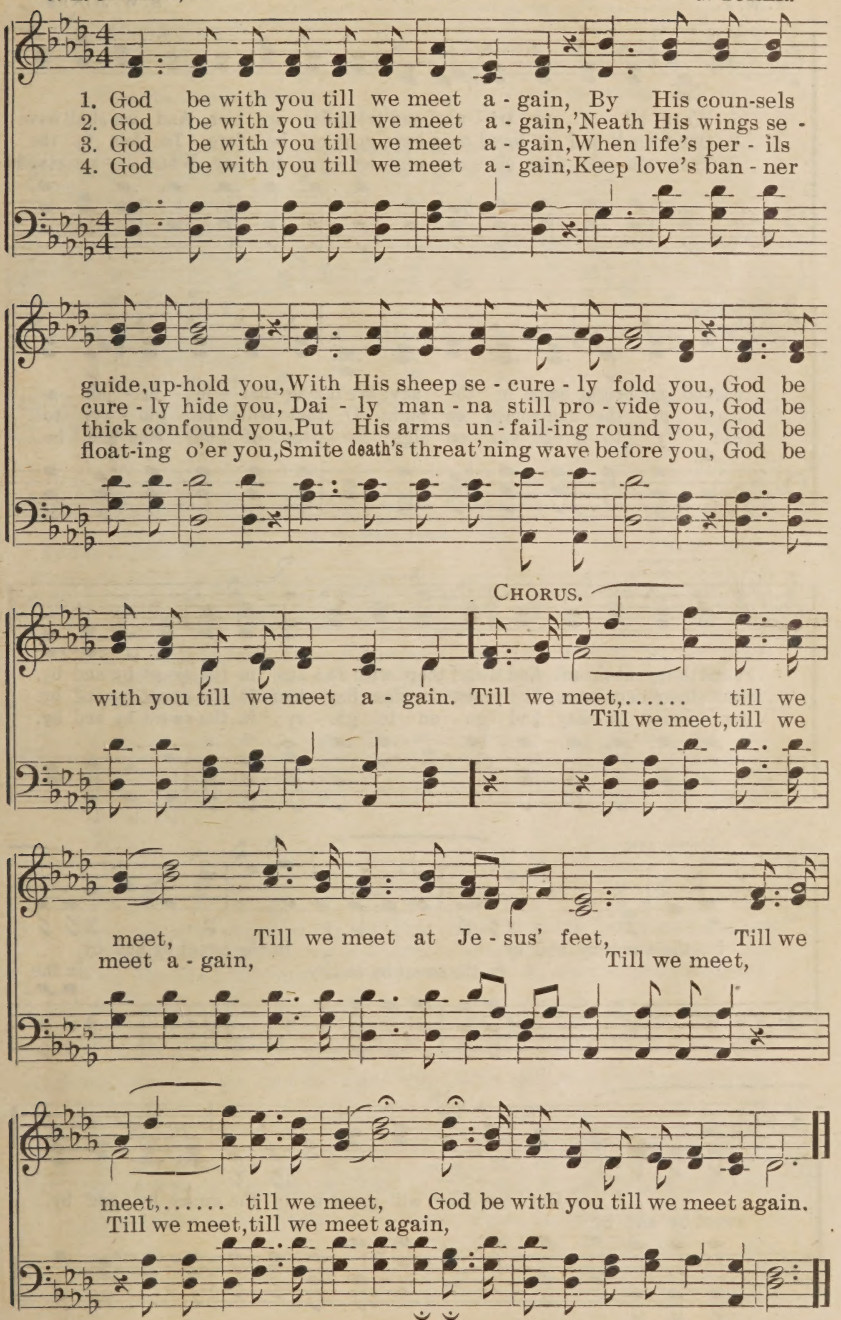
No. 34. To the Cross I'm Clinging.

J. T. W. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. J. T. Wilson, owner. J. T. WILSON.



No. 35. God Be With You.

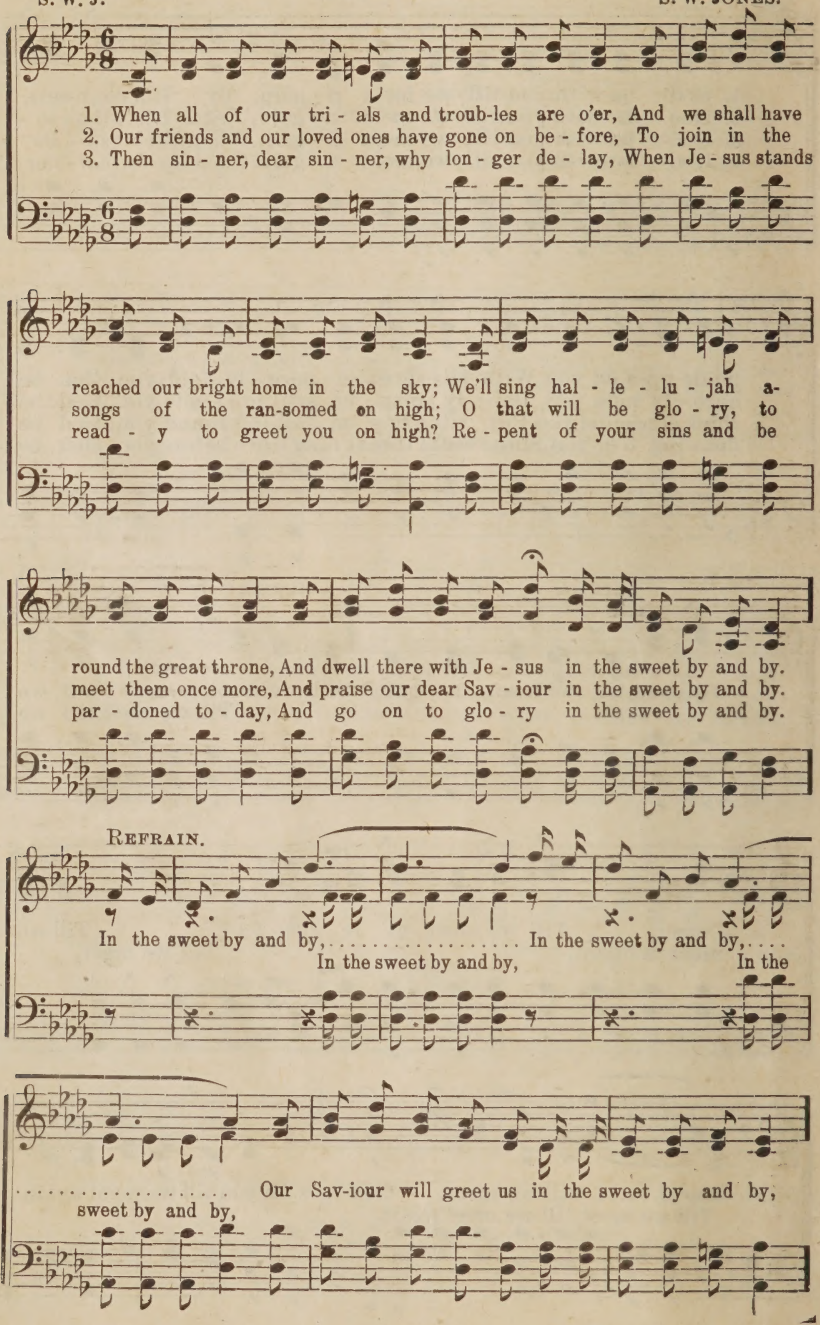
J. E. RANKIN, D. D. By permission. W. G. TOMER.



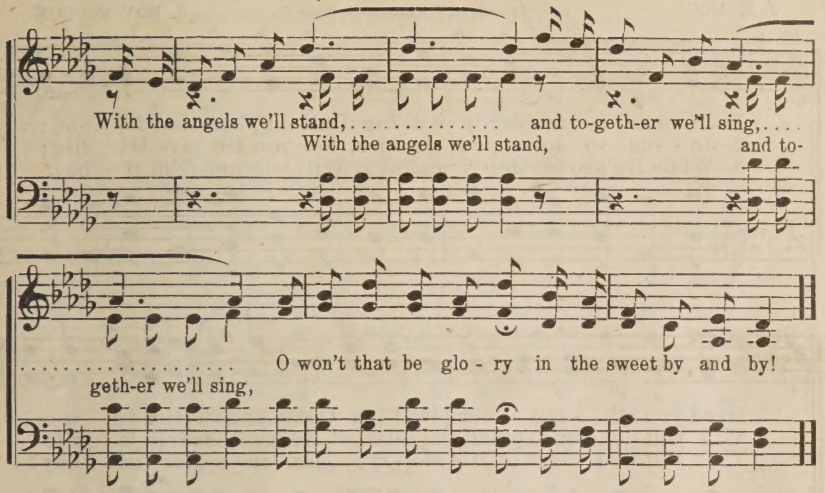
No. 36. In the Sweet By and By.

S. W. Jones, owner. 1912.

S. W. J. S. W. JONES.



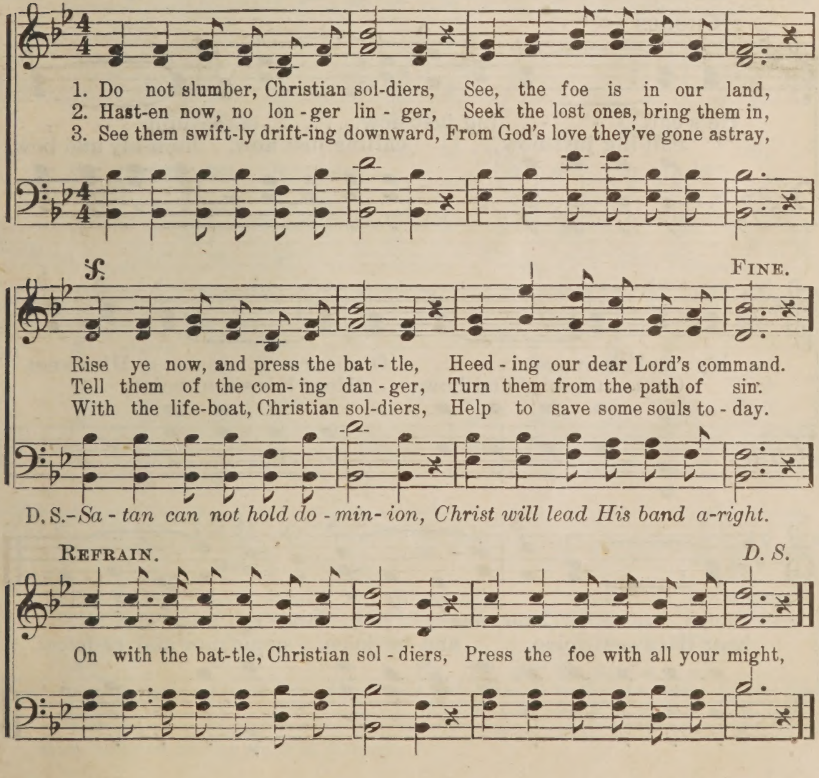
In the Sweet By and By. Concluded.



No. 37. Press the Battle.

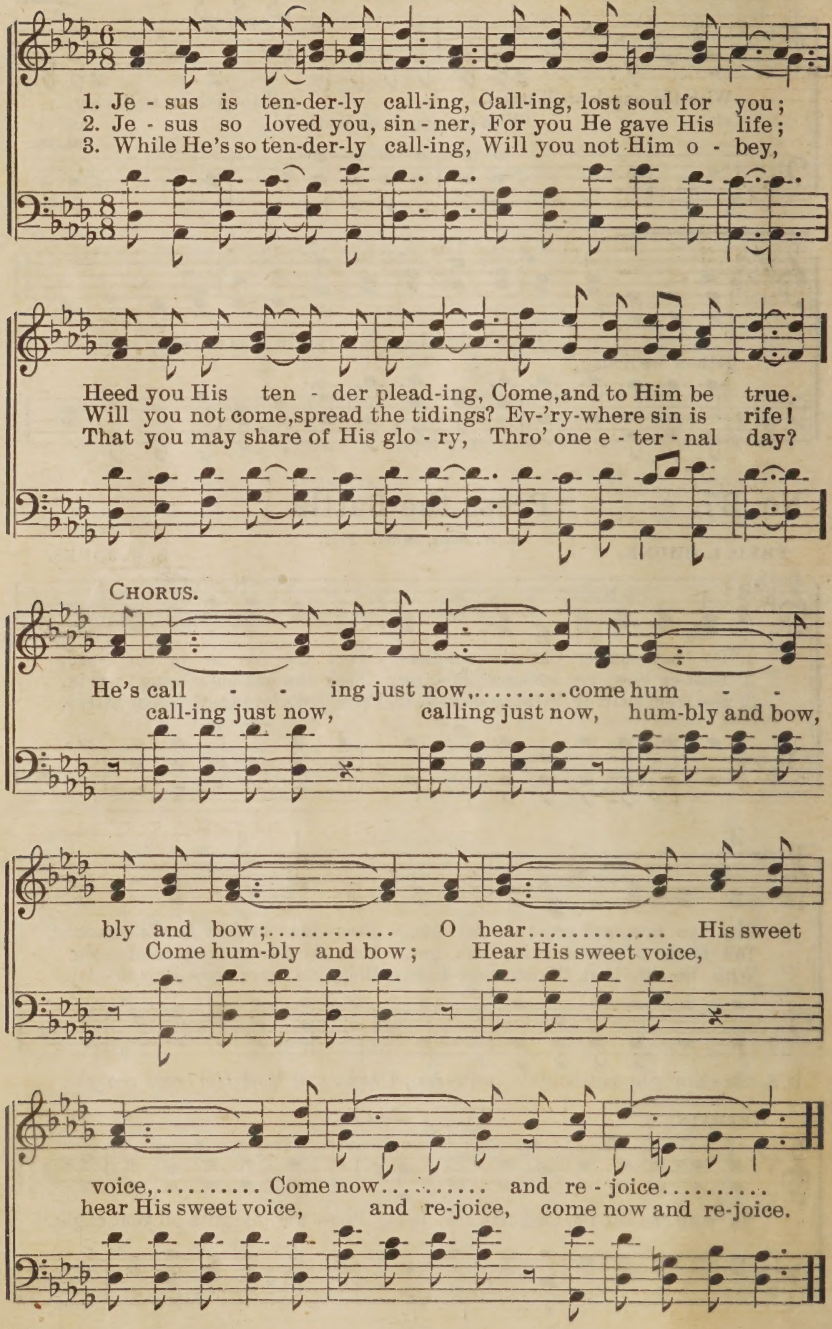
S. W. Jones, owner. 1912.

FRED. L. CHUNN. S. W. JONES.



No. 38. Jesus Is Calling.

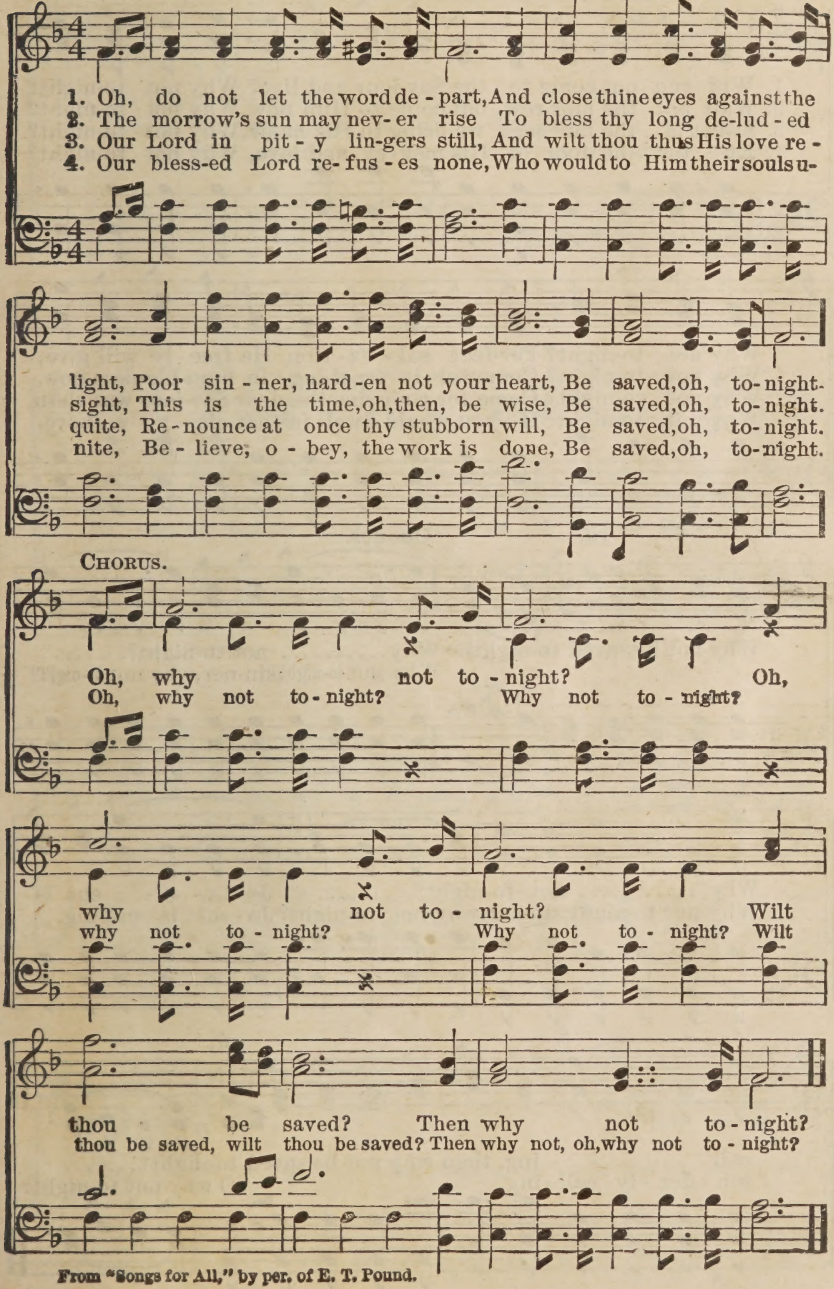
J. R. McC. Property of The Inter-State Music Co. J. ROY McCOOK.



OH, WHY NOT TONIGHT?

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18:21.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

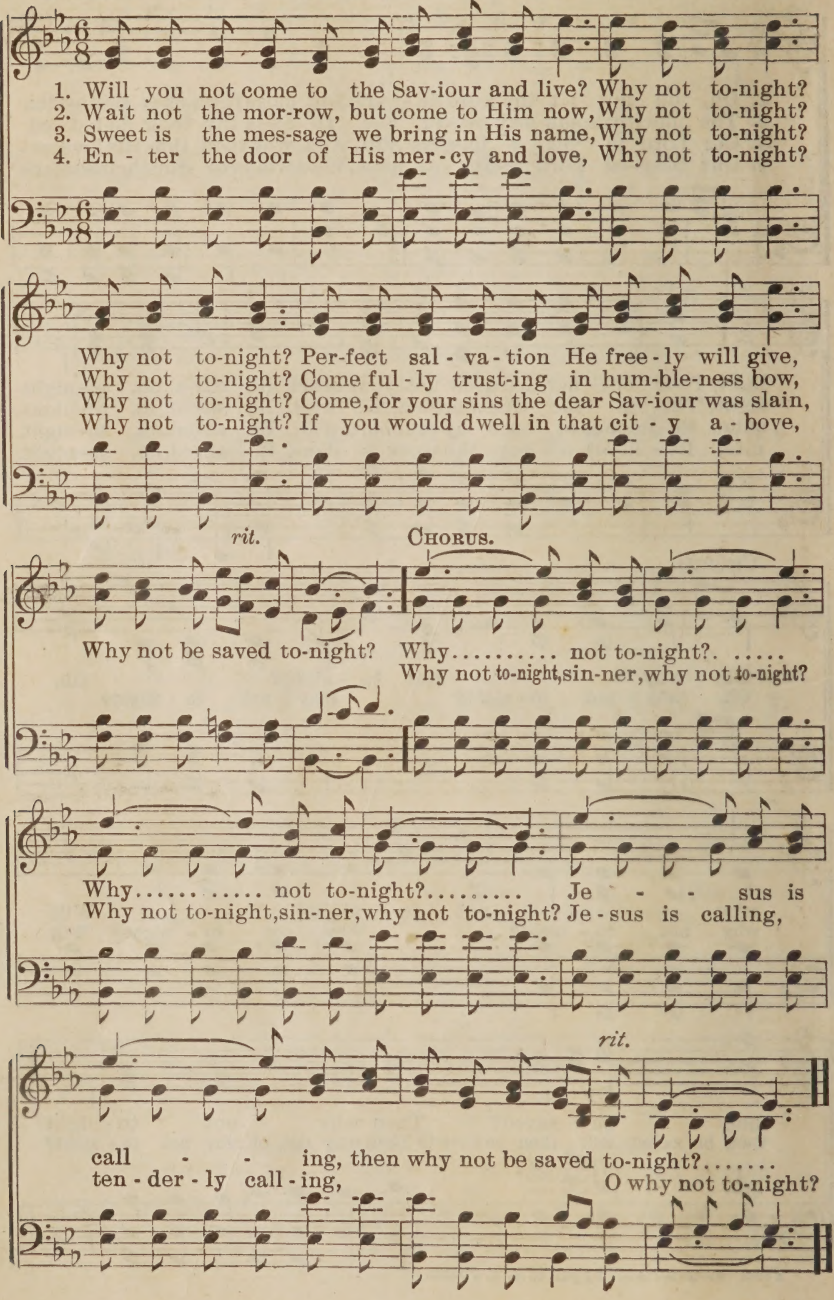


From "Songs for All," by per. of E. T. Pound.

No. 40. Be Saved To-night.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

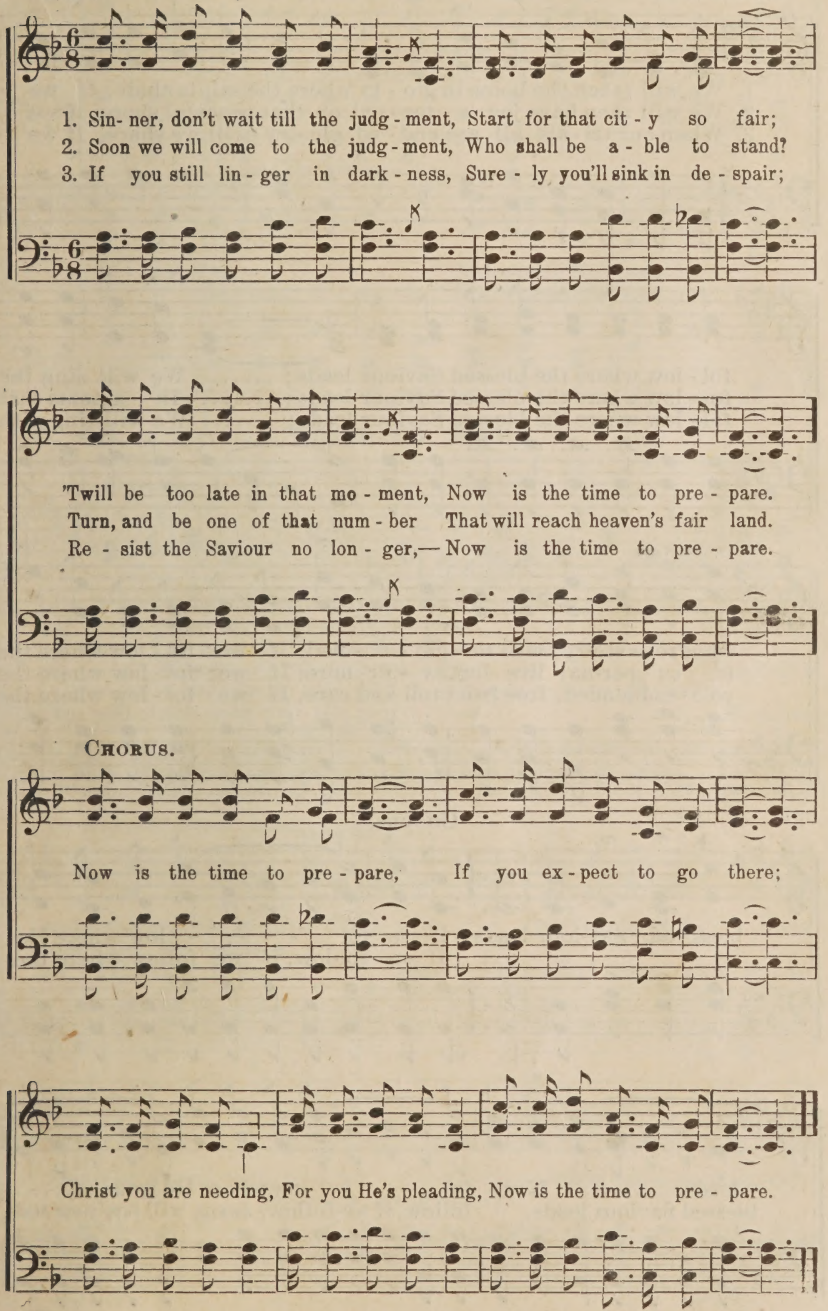
M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. USSERY.



No. 41. Now Is the Time to Prepare.

Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912.

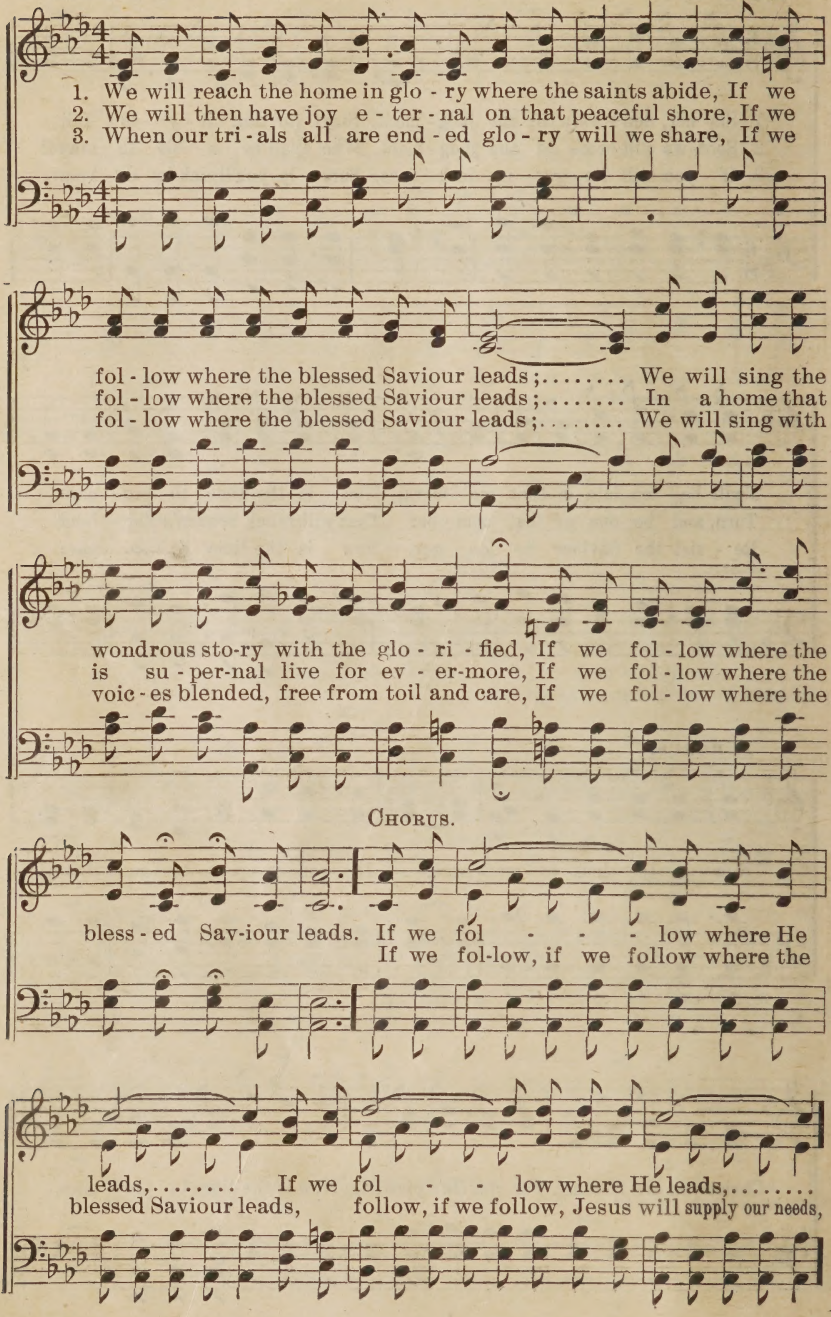
H. E. O. H. E. OGDEN.



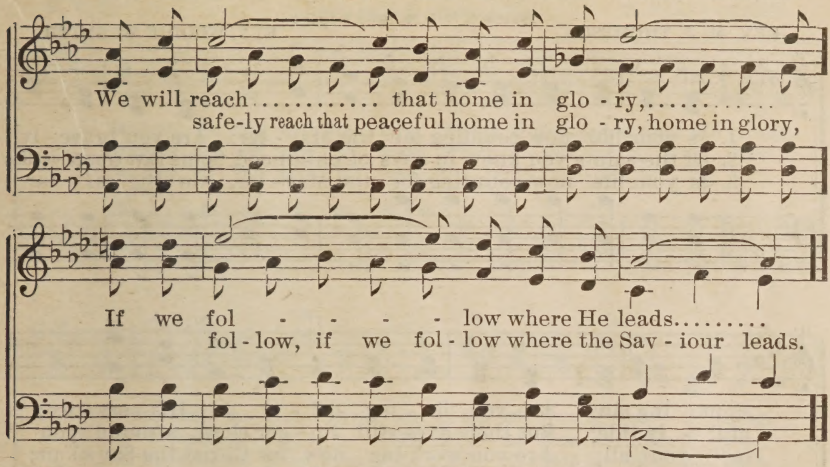
No. 42. If We Follow Where He Leads.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

H. E. O. H. E. OGDEN.



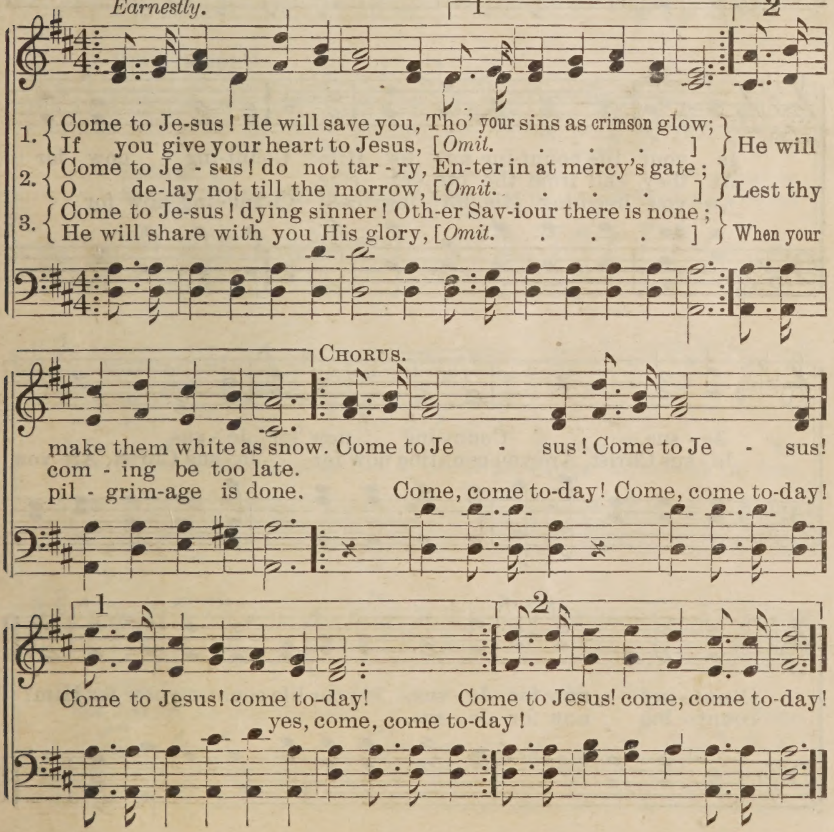
If We Follow Where He Leads. Concluded.



No. 43. Come to Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

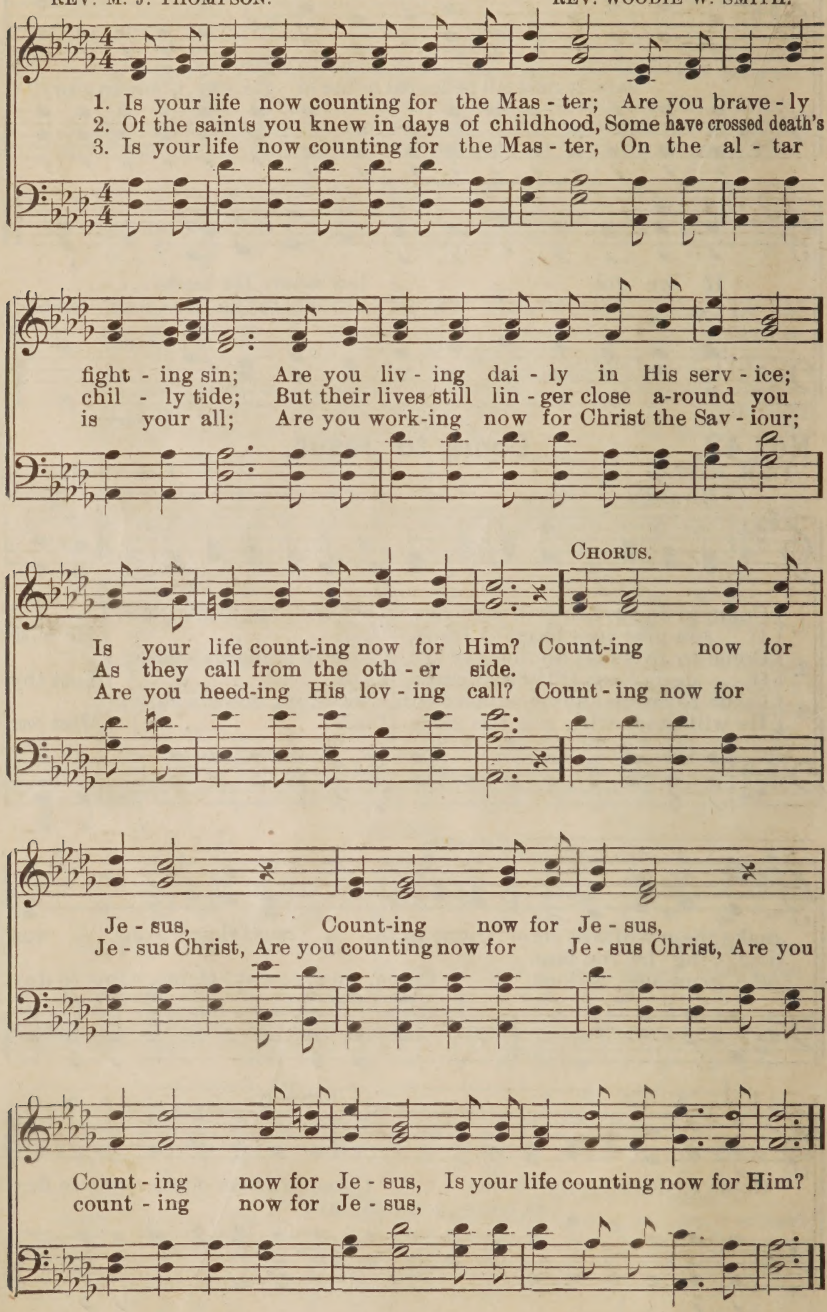
Earnestly.



No. 44. Counting For Jesus.

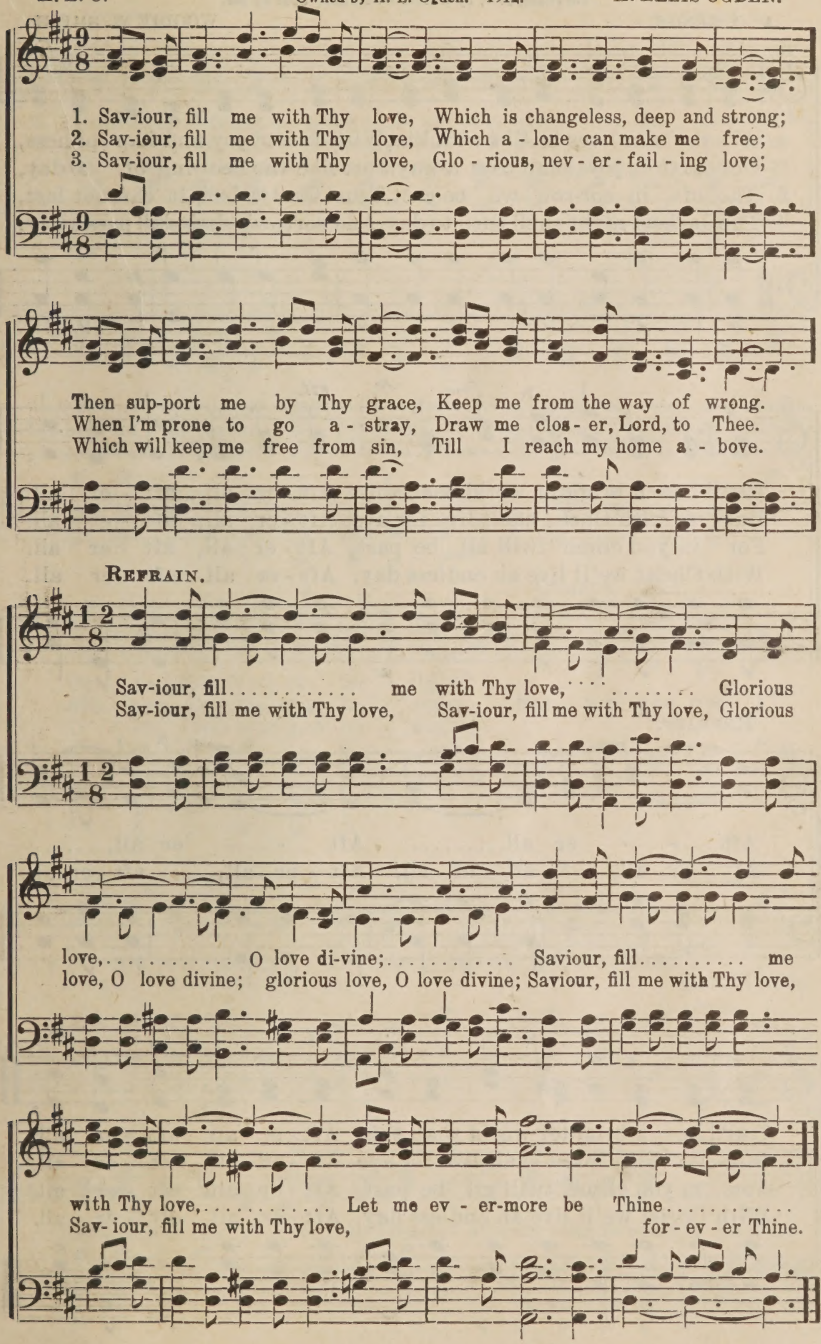
Copyright, 1914, by Smith & Ussery.

REV. M. J. THOMPSON. REV. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 45. Saviour, Fill Me With Thy Love.

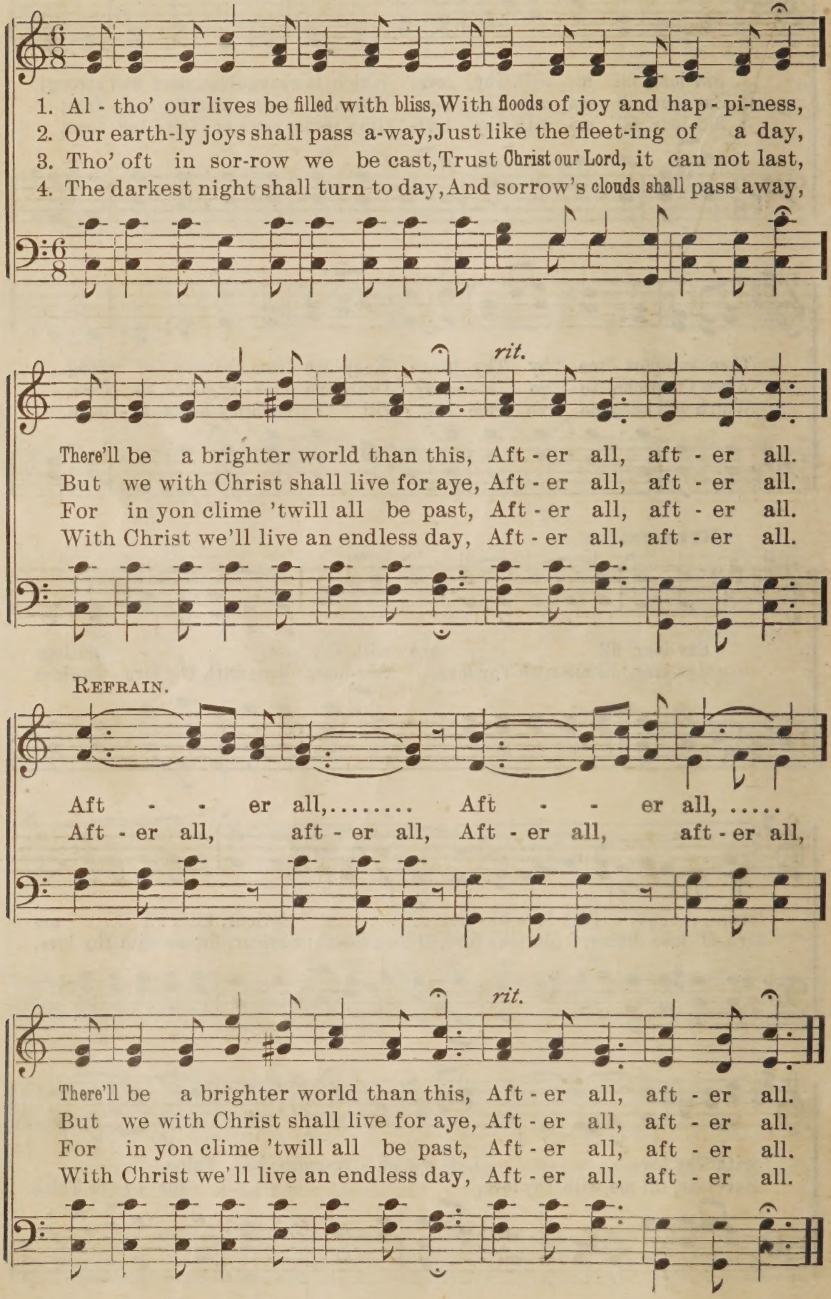
H. E. O. Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912. H. ELLIS OGDEN.



No. 46. After All.

Copyright, 1908, by Woodie W. Smith. Used by per.

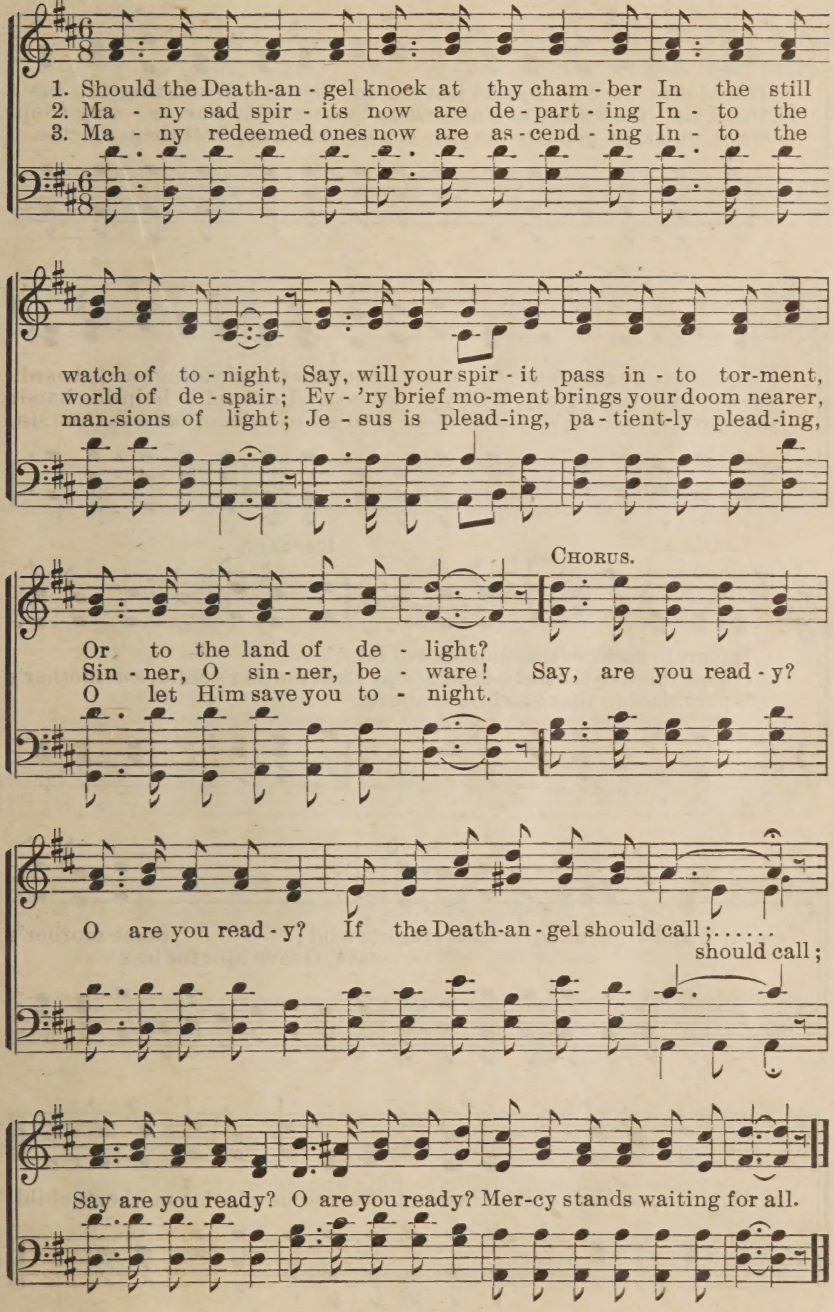
A. C. BENGE. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 47. Say, Are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

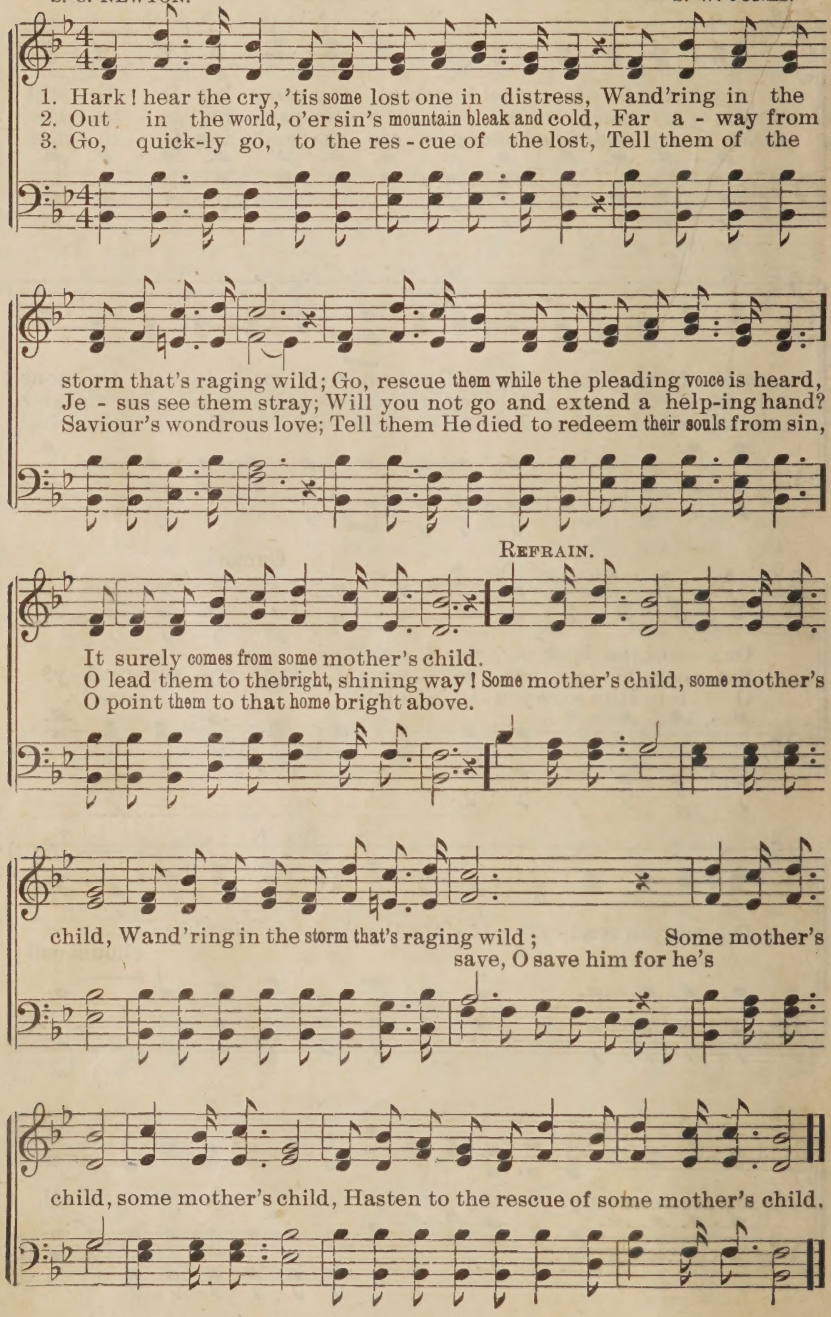
A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



No. 48. Some Mother's Child.

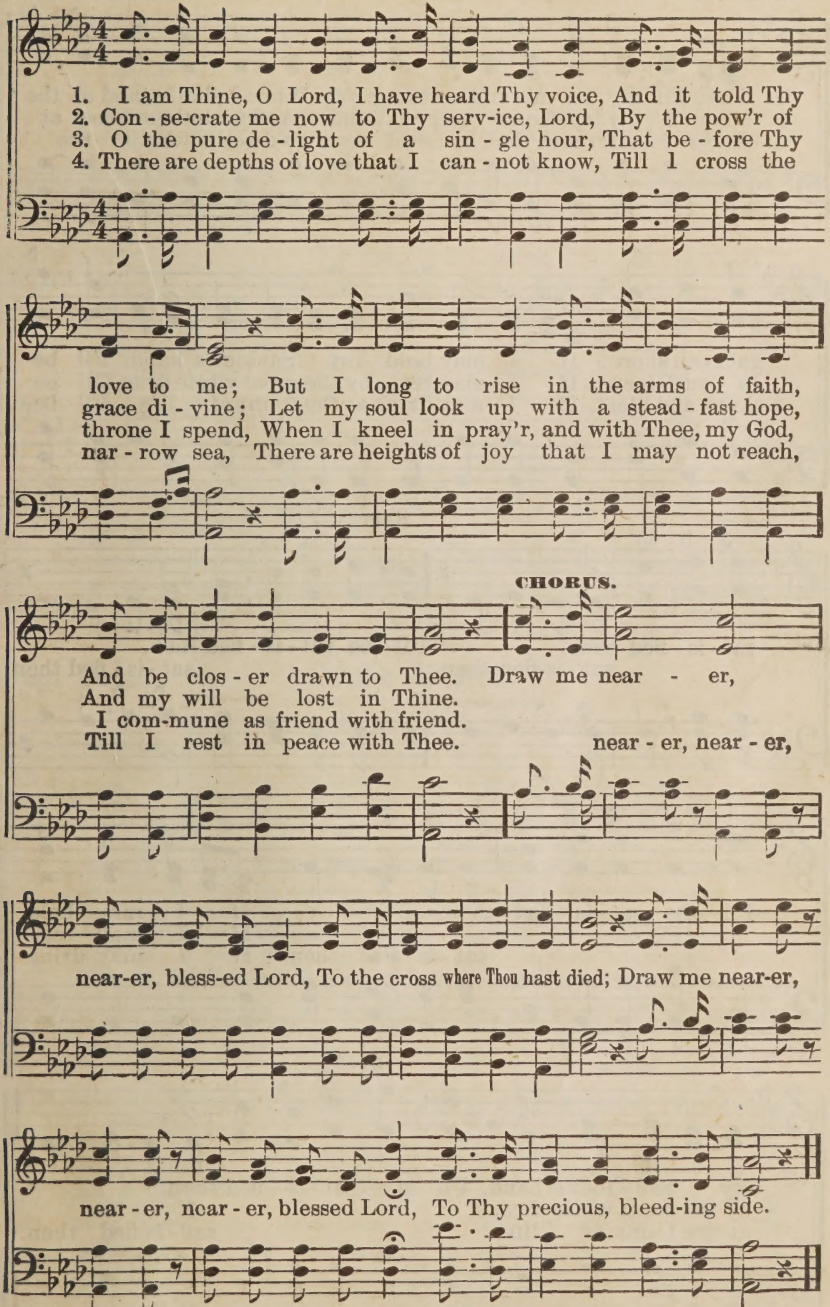
Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. S. W. Jones, owner.

S. C. NEWTON. S. W. JONES.



No. 49 I AM THINE, O LORD.

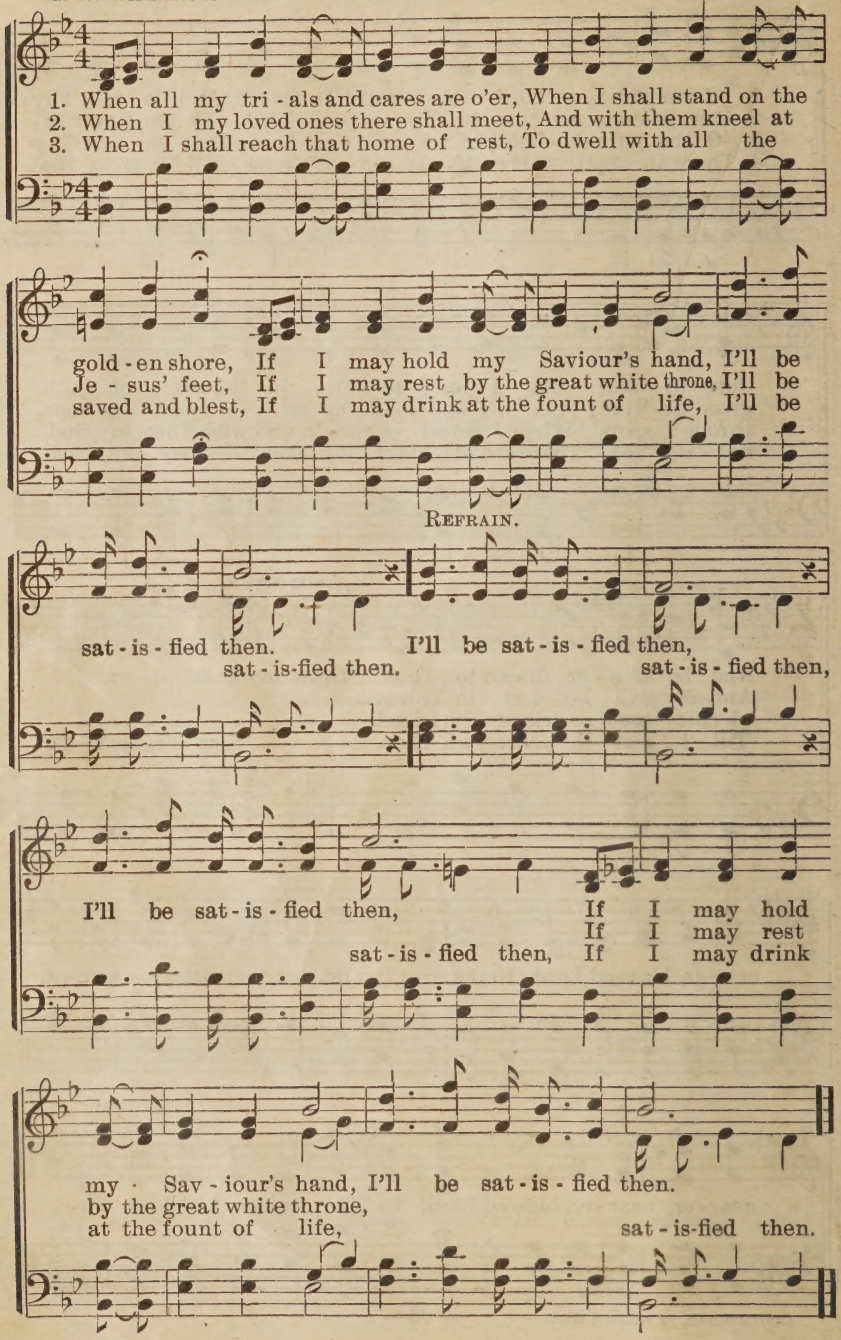
F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

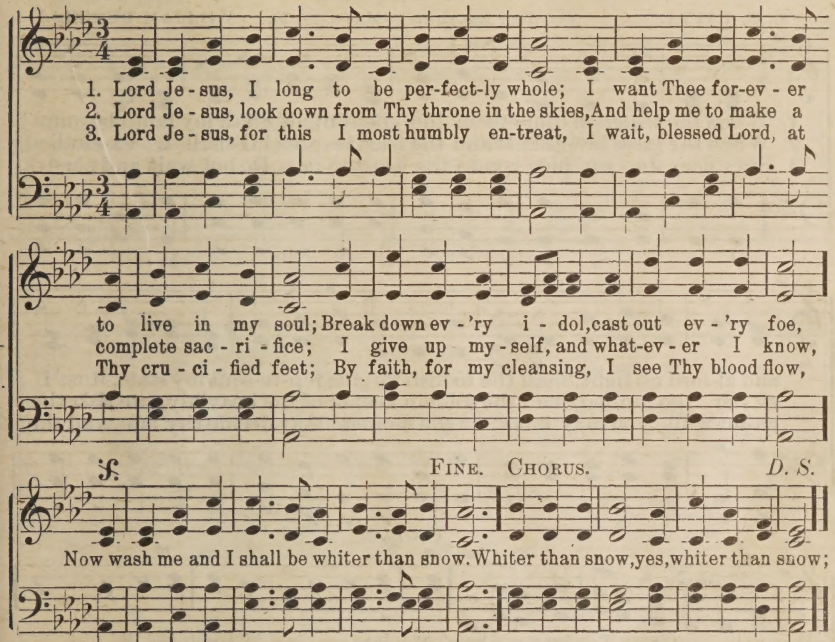
No. 50. I'll Be Satisfied Then.

G. W. WINNINGHAM. Controlled by J. H. May. JAMES H. MAY.



No. 51. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISHER.



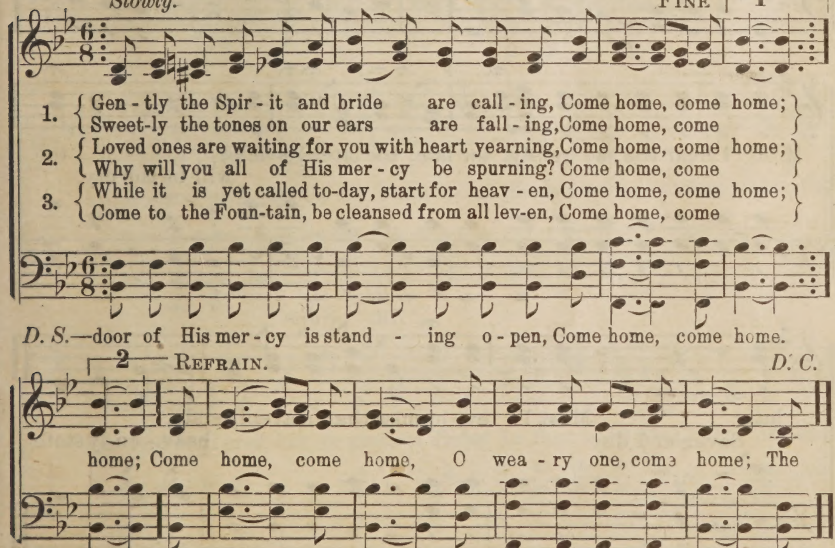
No. 51½. Come Home.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—REV. 22: 17.

ELD. TICE ELKINS. J. B. C. HARRIS

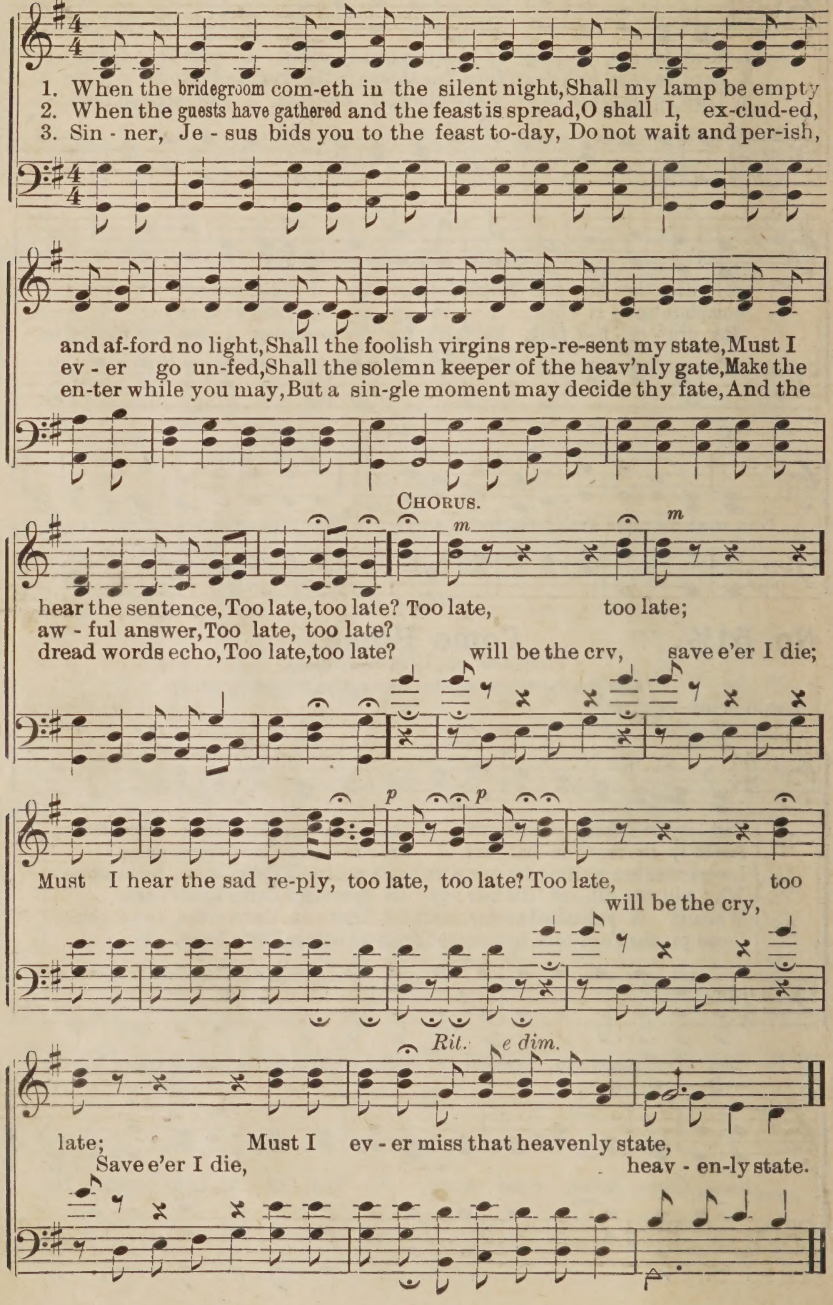
Slowly. FINE



No. 52. Too Late.

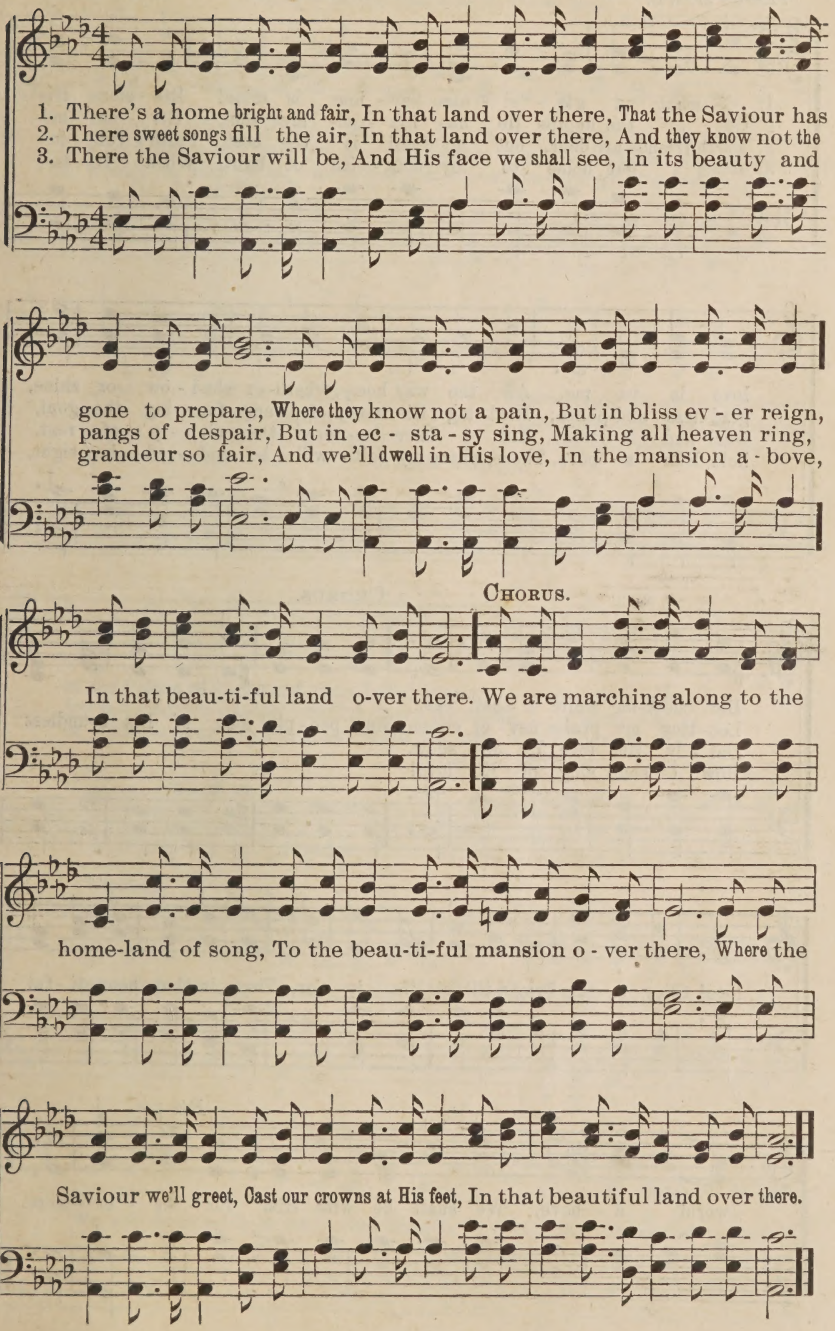
Copyright, 1913, by D. E. Dortch.

E. R. LATTA. "The door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



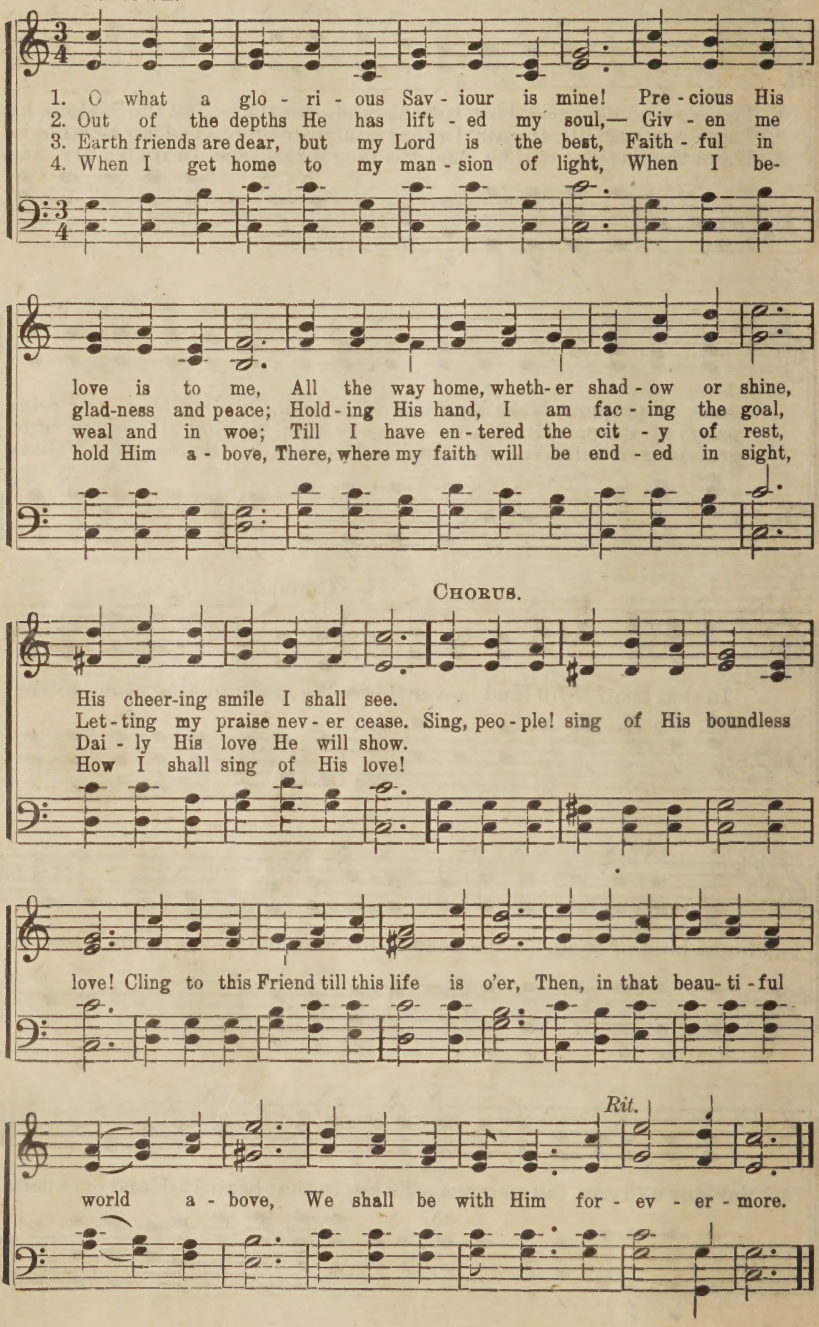
No. 53. Beautiful Land.

L. DOW McD. Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch. L. DOW McDONALD.



No. 54. What a Glorious Saviour.

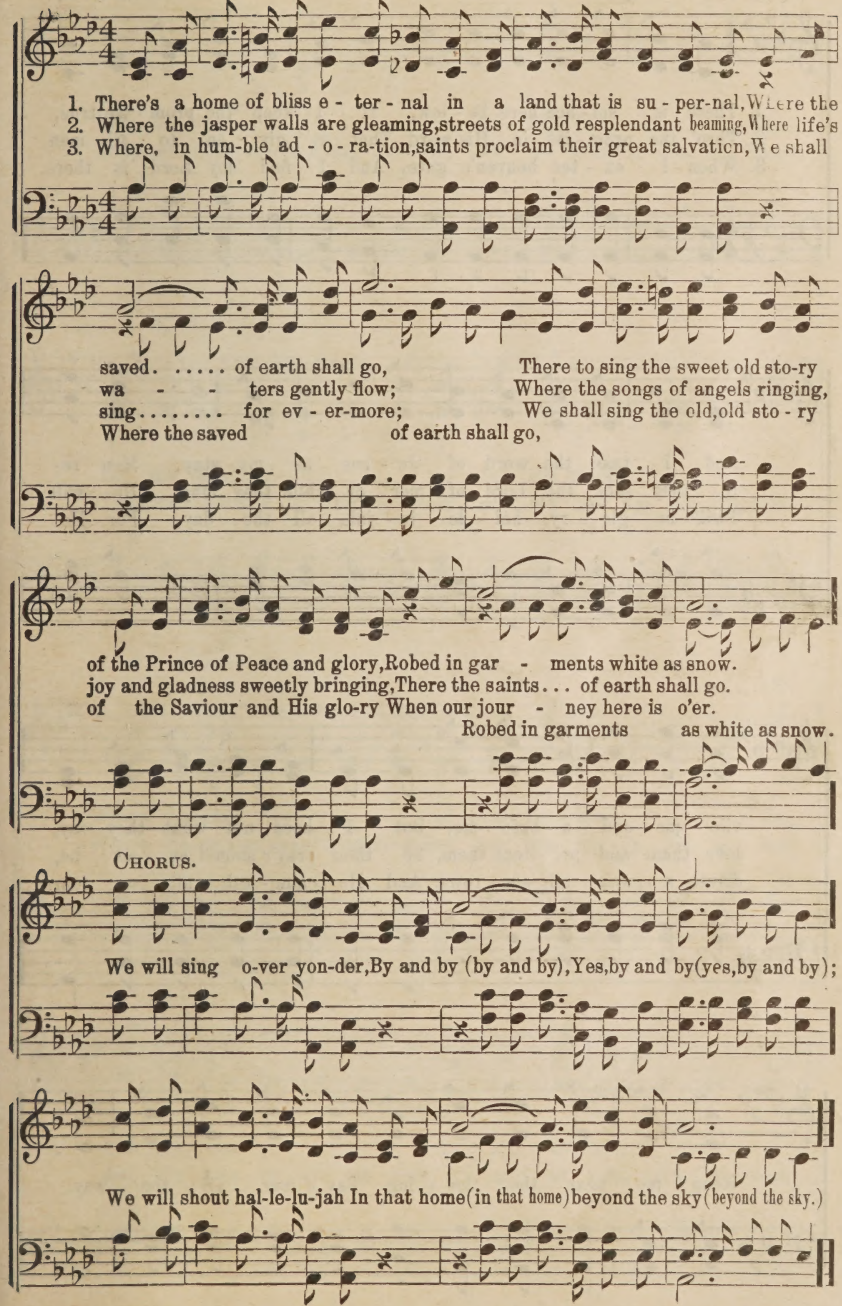
JAMES ROWE. Woodie W. Smith, owner. 1912. A. S. BERRY.



No. 55. We Shall Sing Over Yonder.

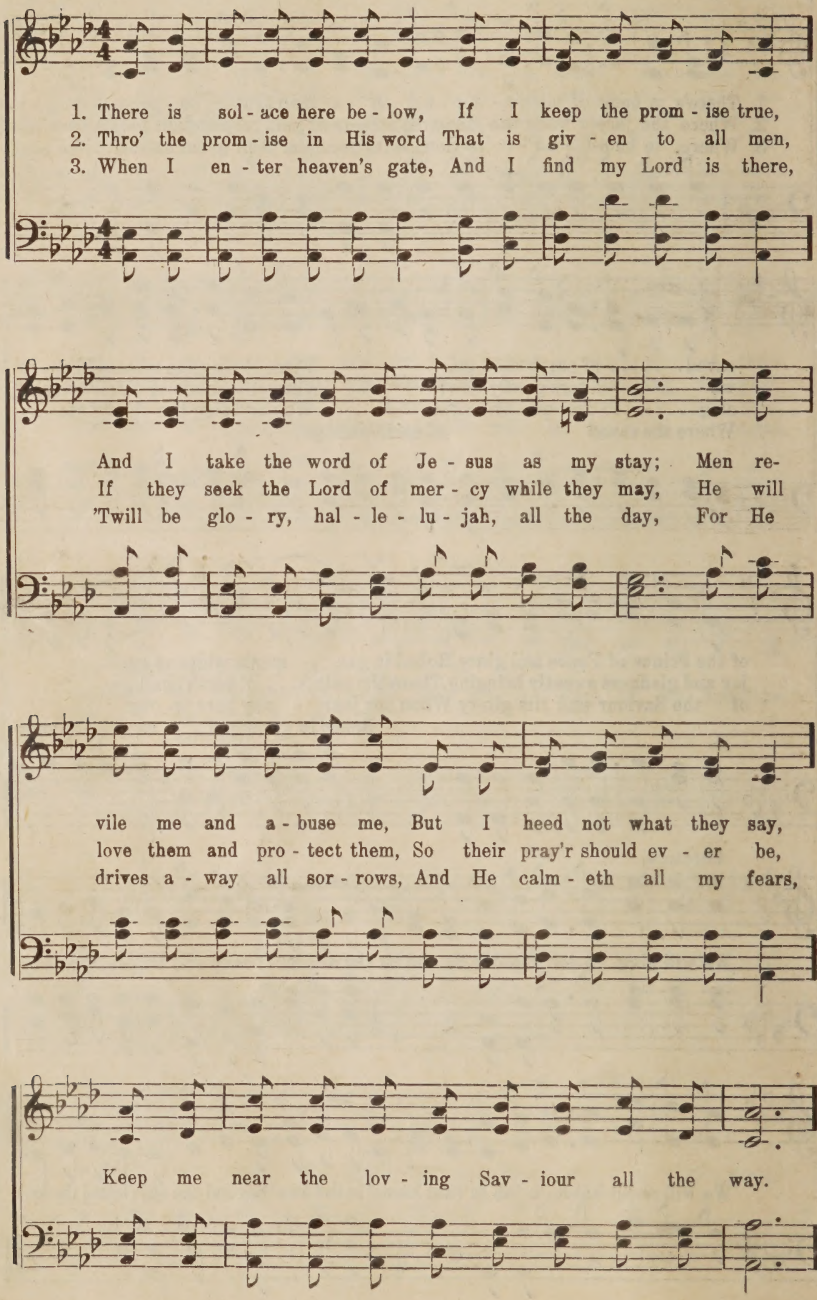
Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas

M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.

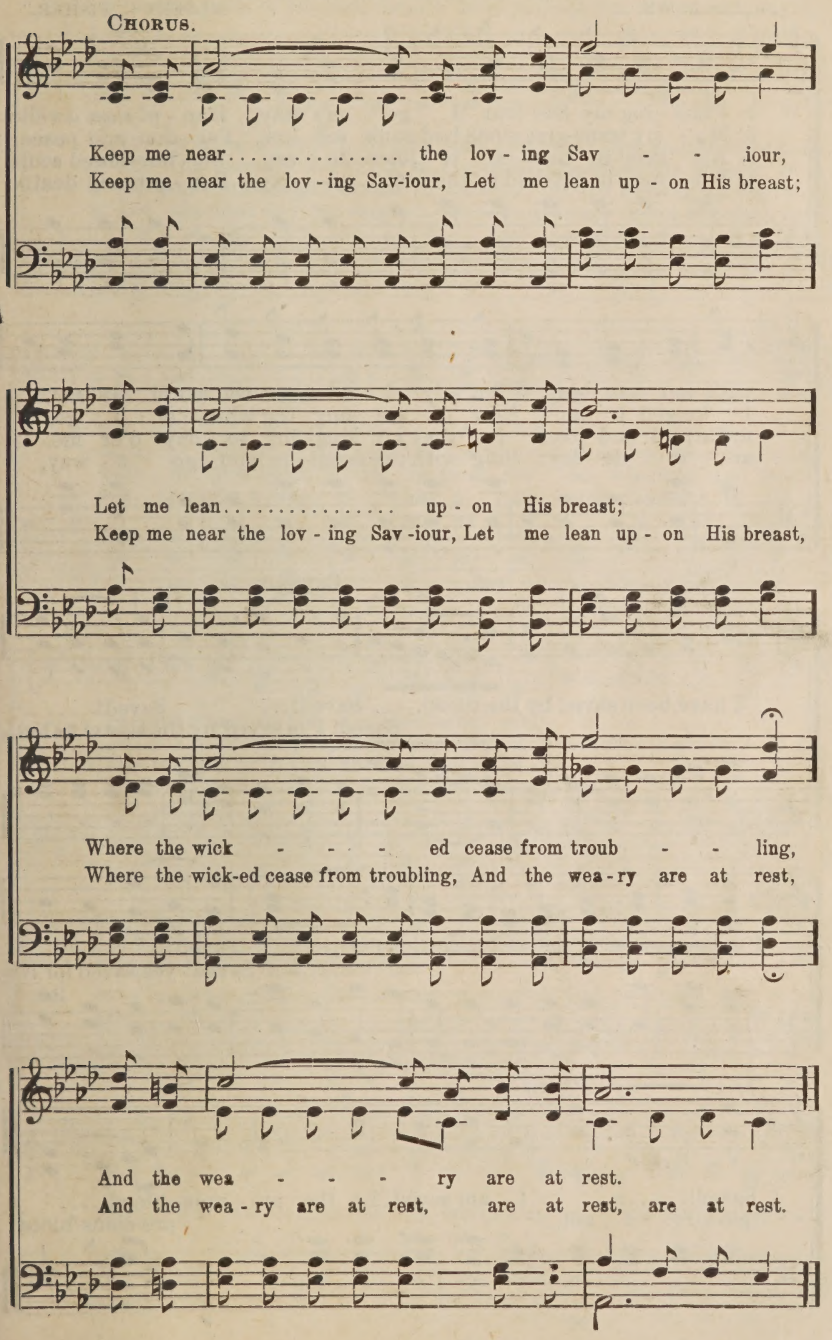


No. 56. Keep Me Near the Saviour.

P. V. HALE. W. W. Ogden, owner, 1912. W. W. OGDEN.



Keep Me Near the Saviour. Concluded.



No. 57. I Am Saved.

Copyright, 1912, by Albert C. Fisher, Ft. Worth, Tex.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. Prais - ing my Sav-iour I go my way, Hap - pi-ness dwells
2. Ma - ny trans-gres-sions had sunk me low, Par - don and peace
3. An - gels in heav-en re - joice to see Sin - bur-dened souls
4. Sin - ner, be washed by the blood to - day, Dan - ger and death

with me to - day; Tru - ly I now to the world can say,
I longed to know; Now I am sing - ing wher-e'er I go,
made pure and free, So they are sing - ing to - day o'er me,
are in de - lay; Sing with the saved ere you go a - way,

rit. - - *rall.* REFRAIN. *ff*

I have been saved by the blood..... Saved!... Saved!.....
Saved! I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb,

I've been washed in the soul-cleansing flood!.... Saved!...
soul-cleansing flood! Saved! yes, saved for His

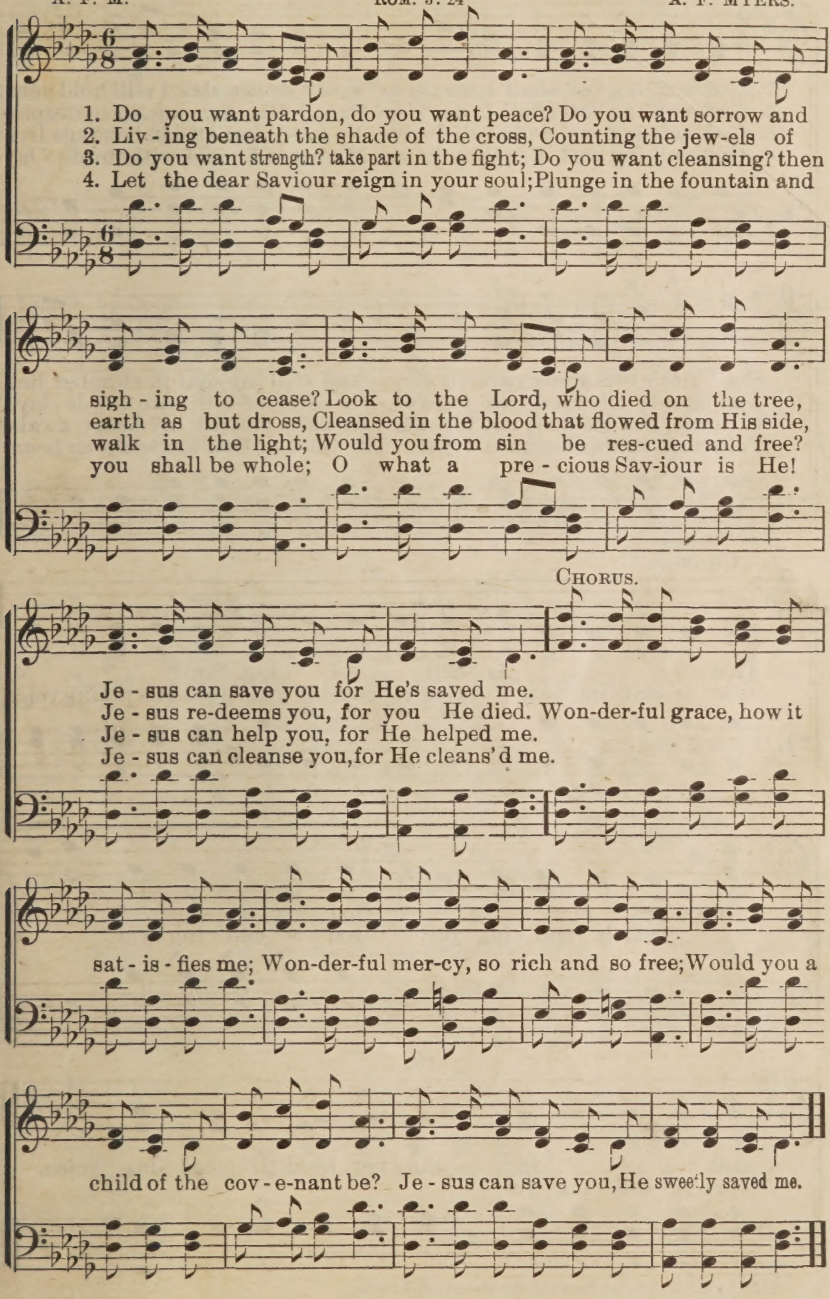
ff *rit.*

Saved!..... I am saved by the pre - cious blood.....
glo - ry, I am, pre-cious blood.

No. 58. Wonderful Grace.

From the "Life-Line," by per. A. F. Myers, Toledo, Ohio.

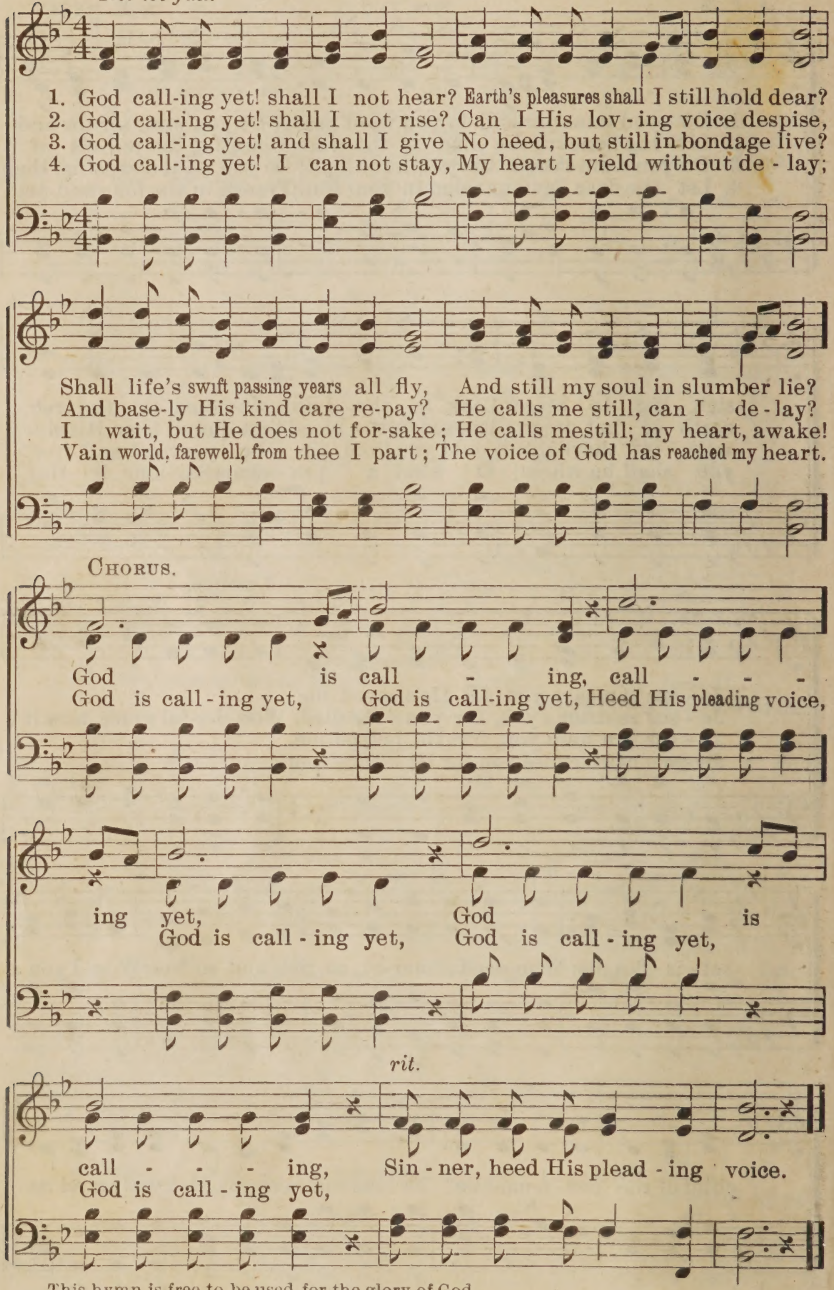
"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—
A. F. M. ROM. 3: 24 A. F. MYERS.



No. 59. God Calling Yet.

J. BORTHWICK. "I have called, and ye have refused."—PROV. 1: 24. JOHN.

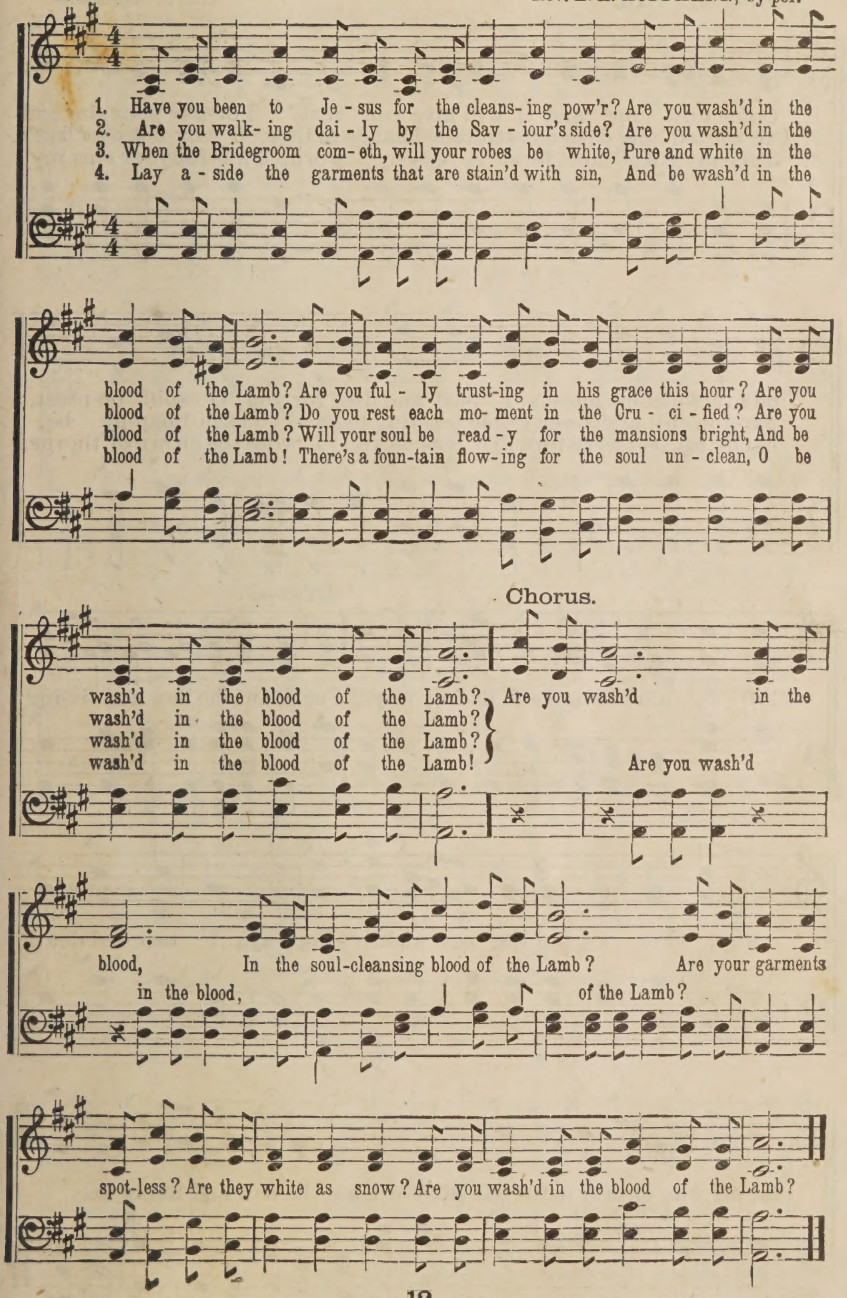
Not too fast.



This hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

60. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

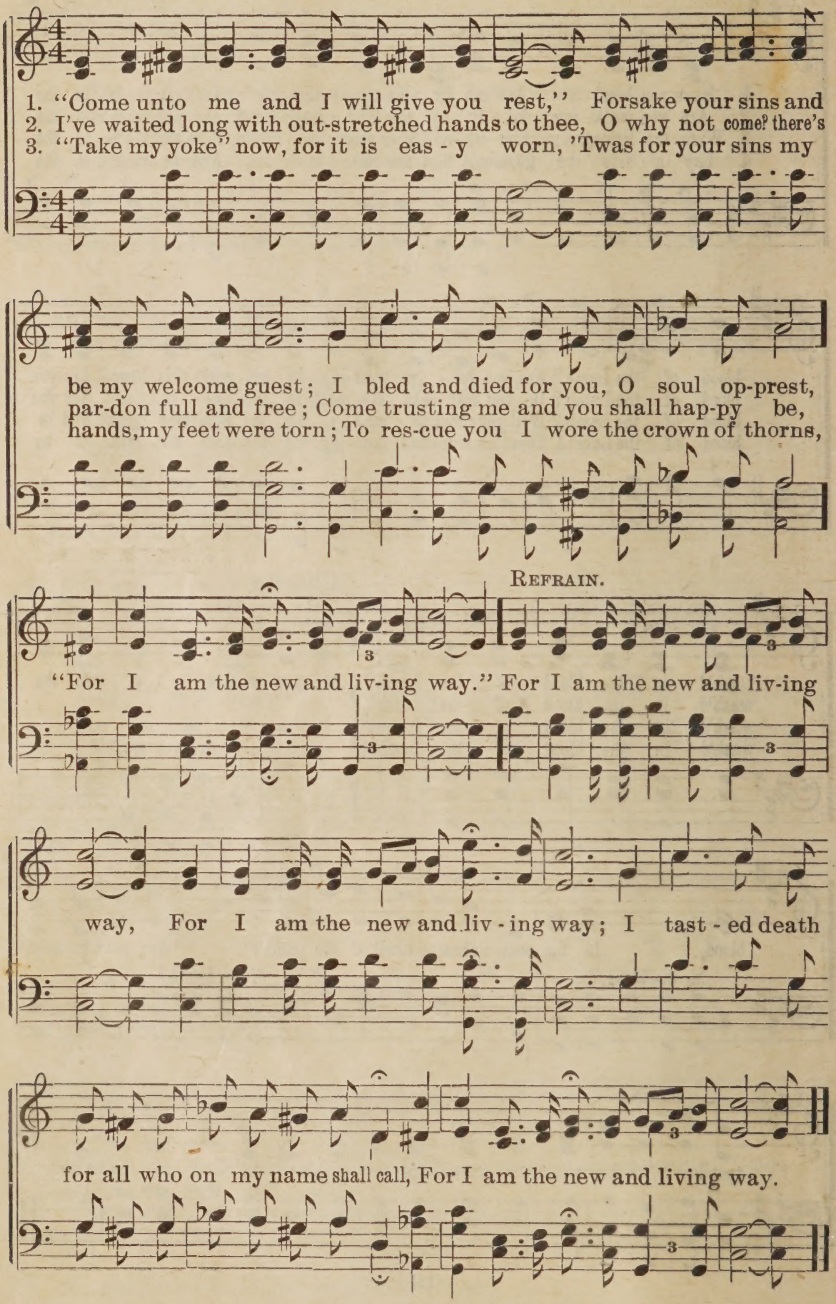
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN, by per.



No. 61. The New and Living Way.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

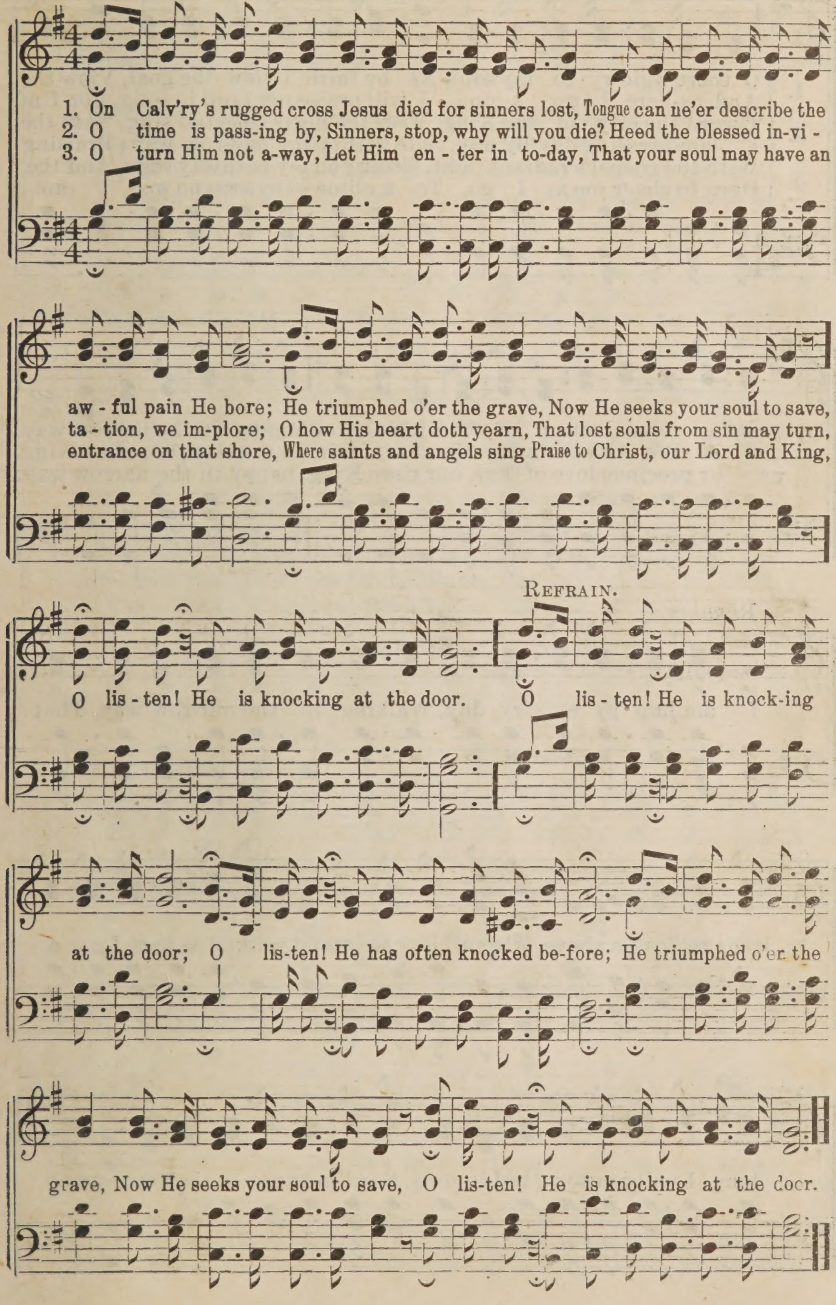
WOODIE W. SMITH. IRL L. ALLISON.



No. 62. He Is Knocking at the Door.

The last message from the pen of our esteemed student and friend, Charlie C. Williams, deceased.—M. D. U.

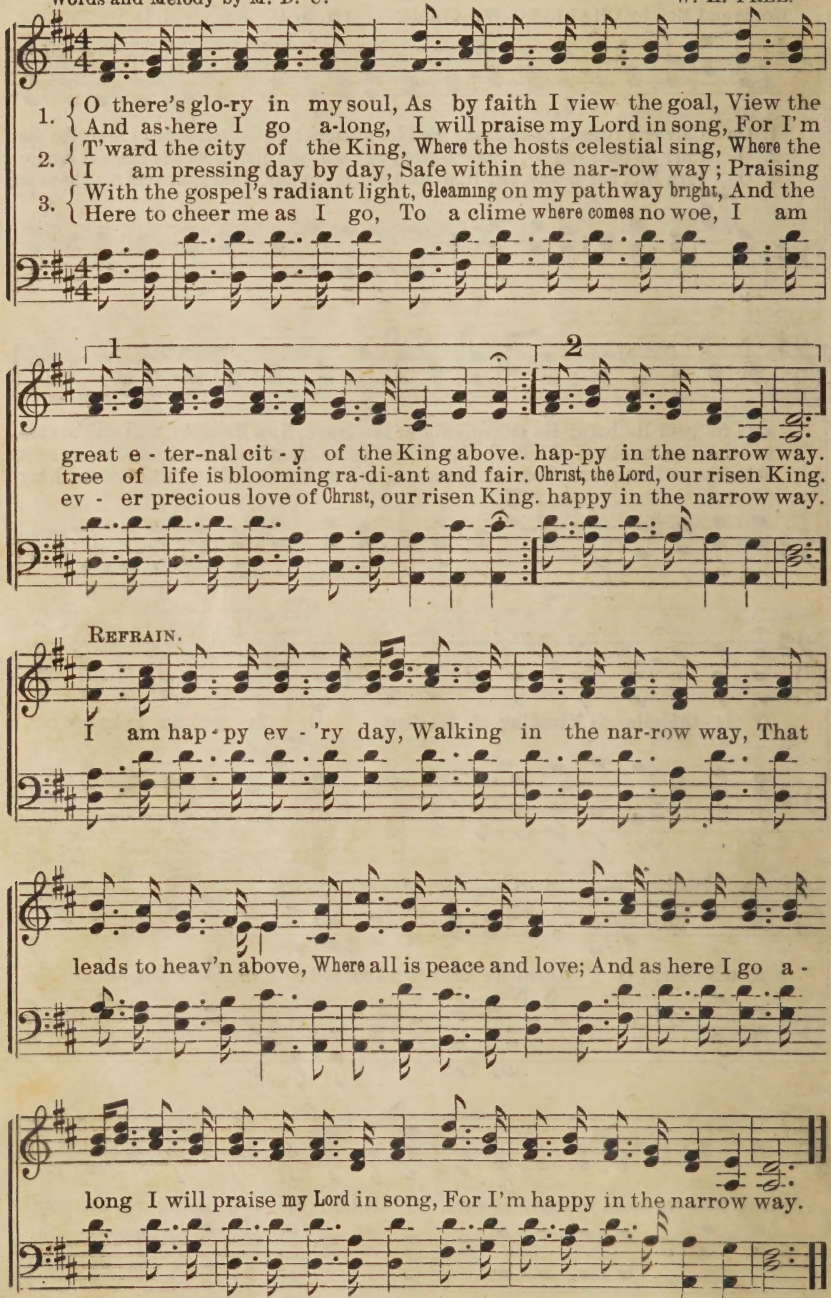
Words and Mel. by CHARLIE C. WILLIAMS. Arr. by U. Har. by M. D. USSERY.



No. 63. Happy In the Narrow Way.

Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas.

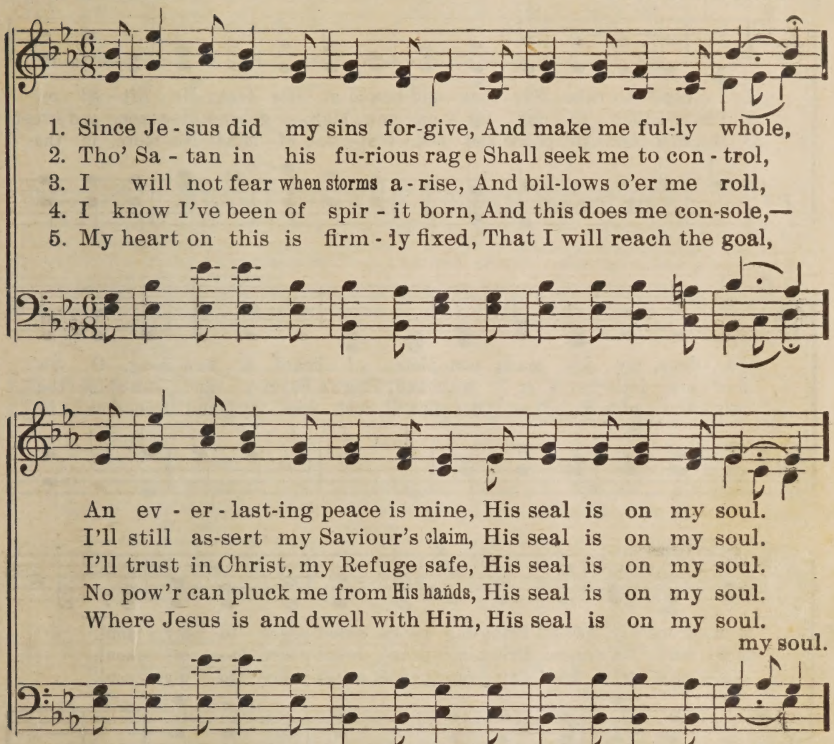
Words and Melody by M. D. U. W. H. FREE.

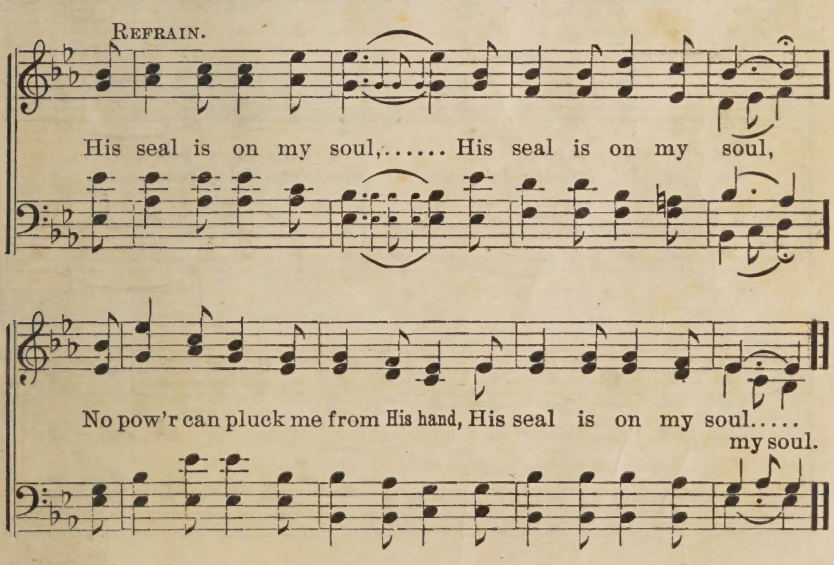


No. 64. His Seal Is On My Soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Mrs. F. L. Eiland. All rights reserved.

F. L. EILAND. WOODIE W. SMITH.

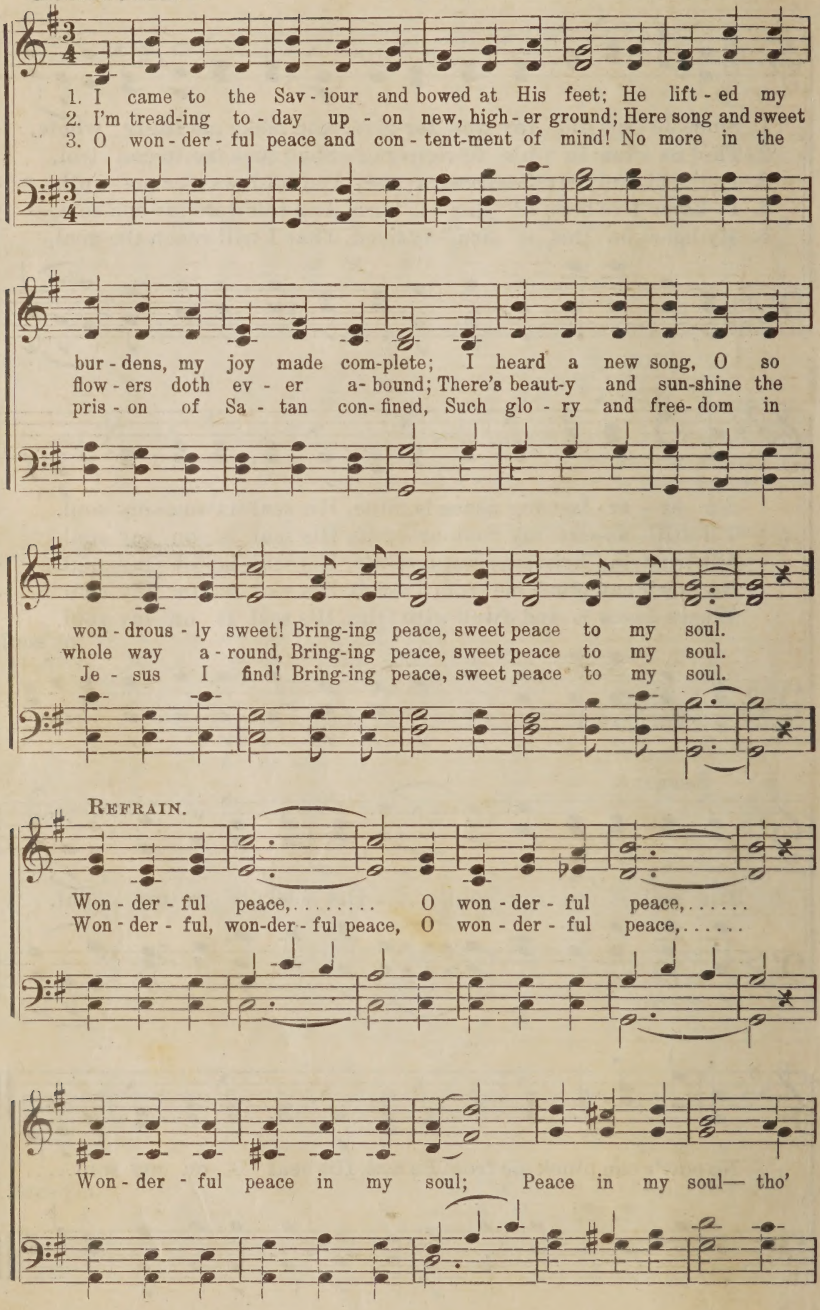


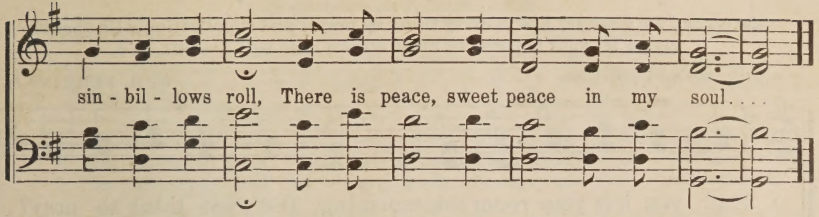


No. 65. Peace In My Soul.

Copyright, 1910, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR. FRANK GRAMMER AND AUSTIN TAYLOR.





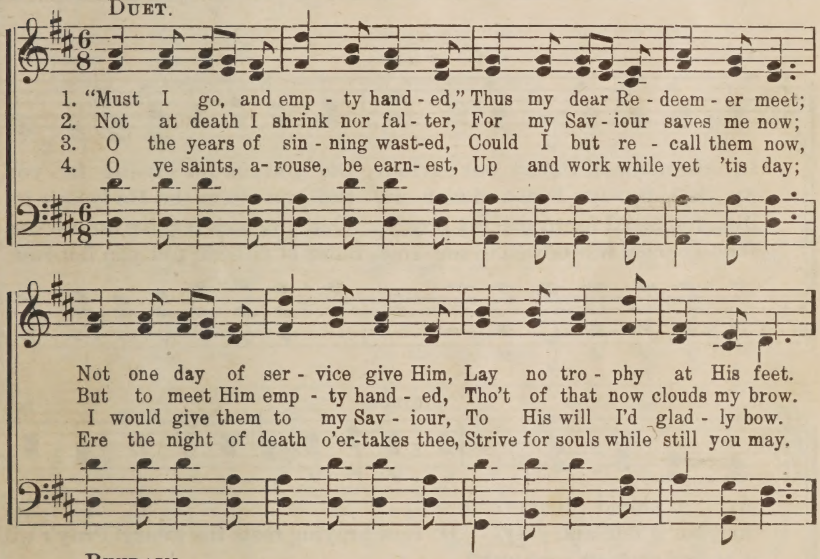
No. 66. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all spent upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

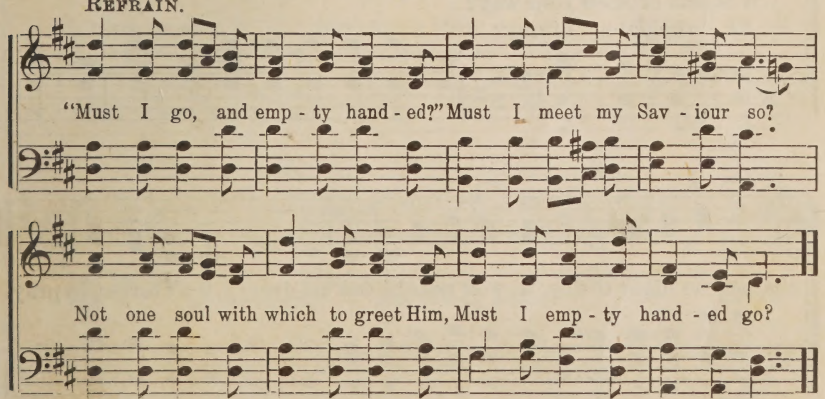
"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. 12:3.

C. C. LUTHER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

DUET.



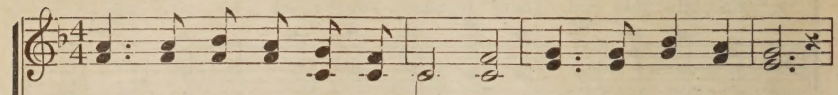
REFRAIN.



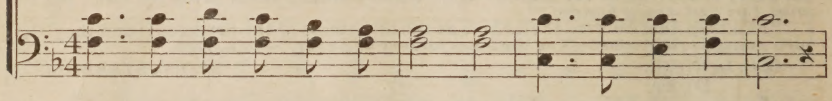
No. 67. Do You Think To Pray?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

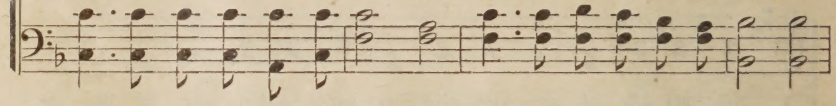
MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.



1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

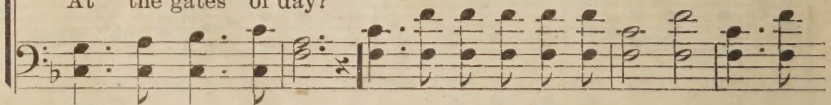


In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row

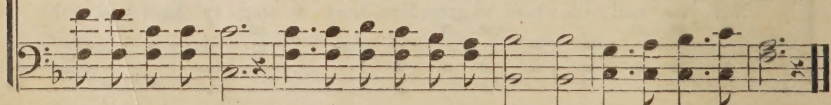


CHORUS.

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?



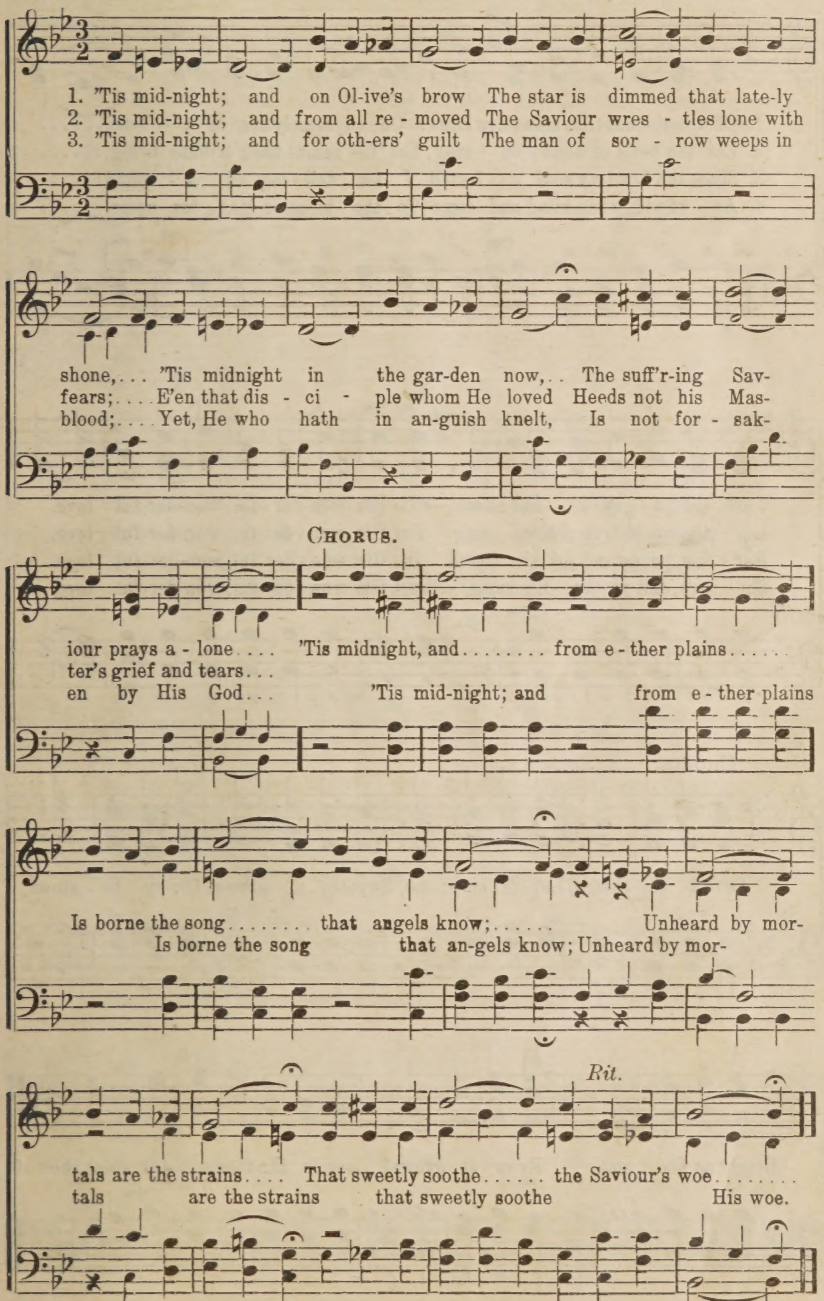
change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.



No. 68. Olive's Brow.

Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912.

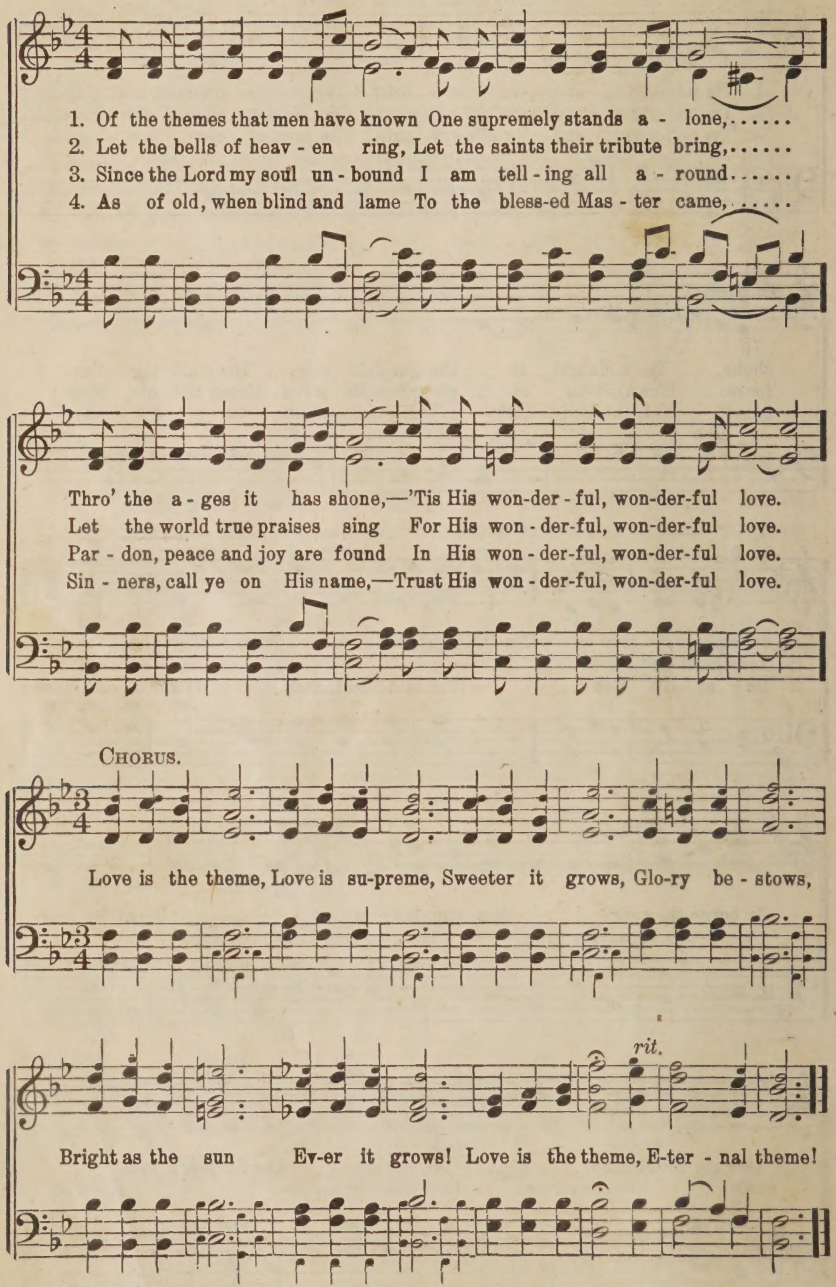
WM. B. TAPPAN. MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 69. Love Is the Theme.

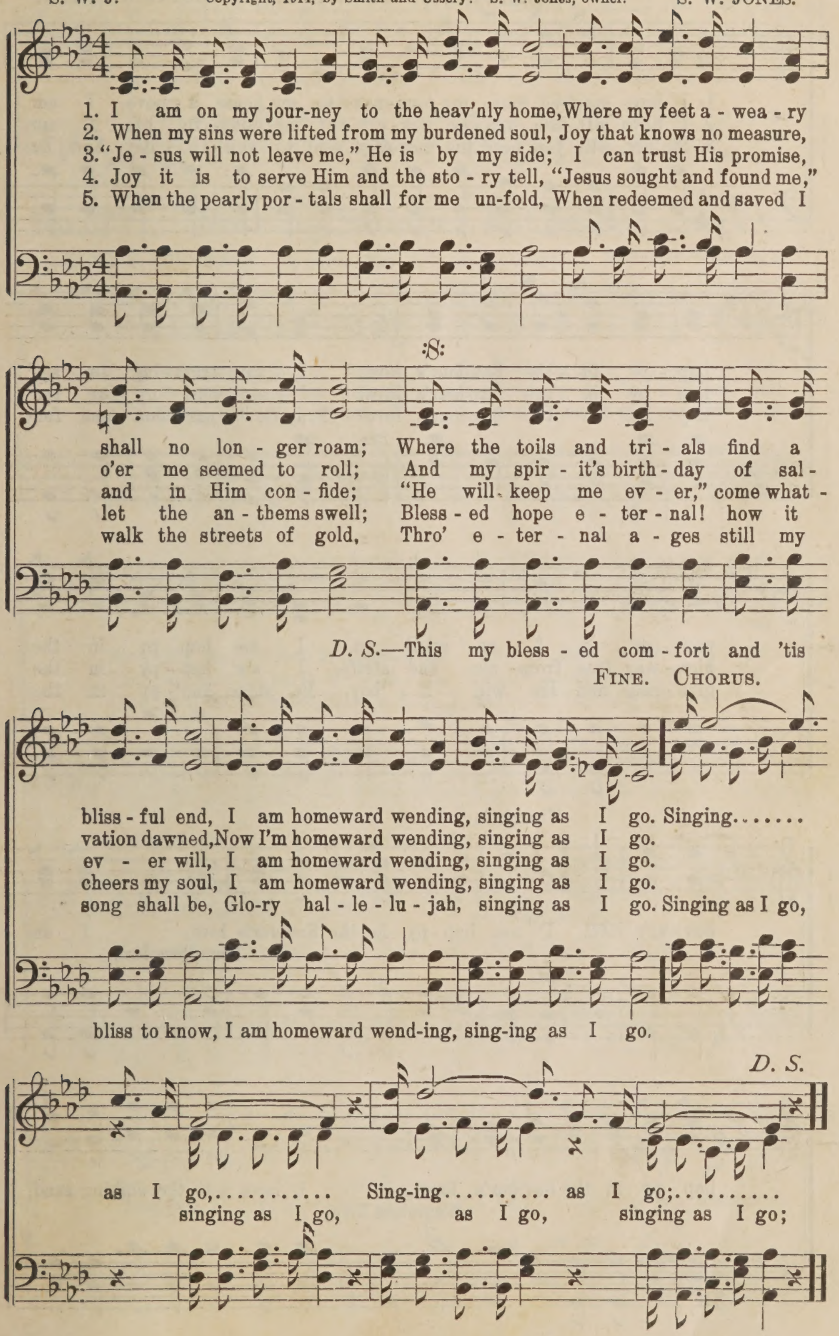
Copyright, 1913, by Robert H. Coleman.

A. C. F. To my friend, L. E. Jones. ALBERT C. FISHER.



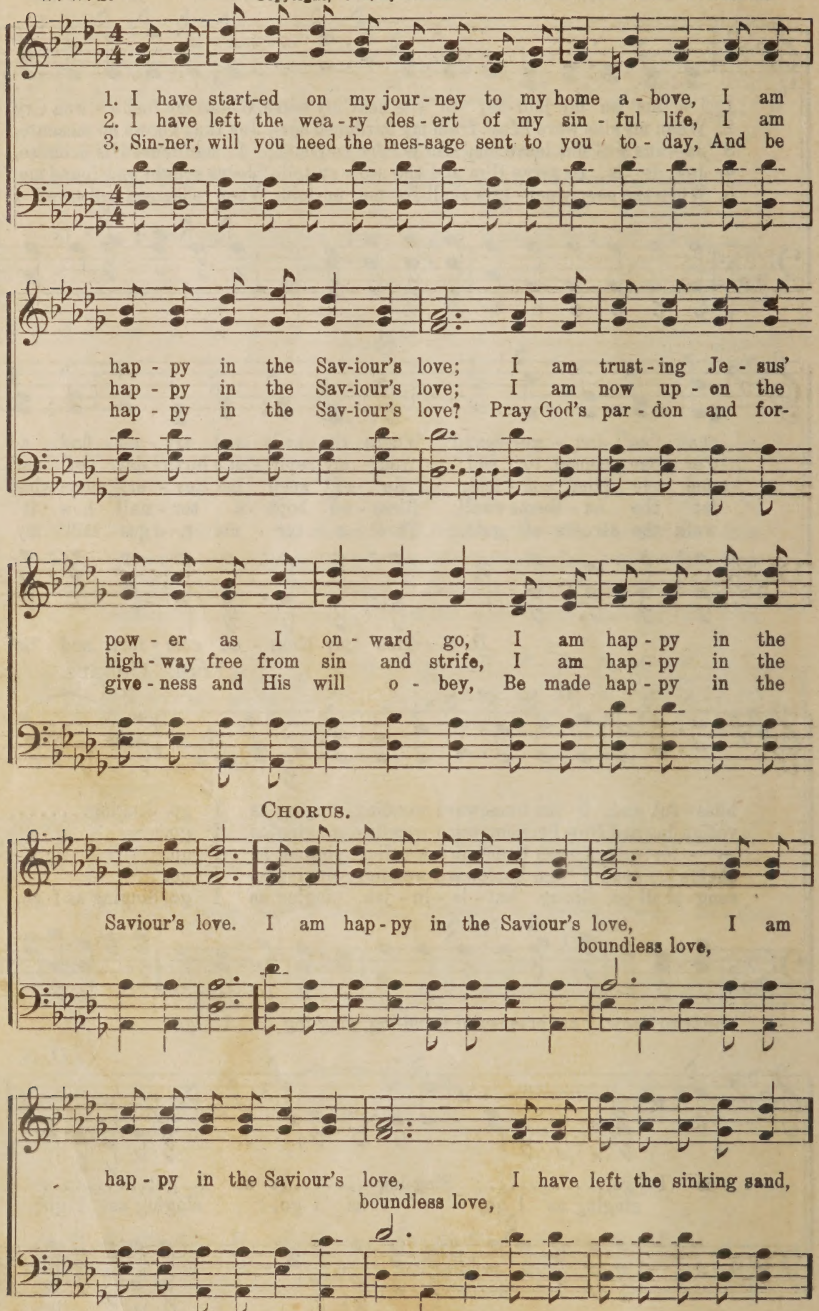
No. 70. Singing As I Go.

S. W. J. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. S. W. Jones, owner. S. W. JONES.

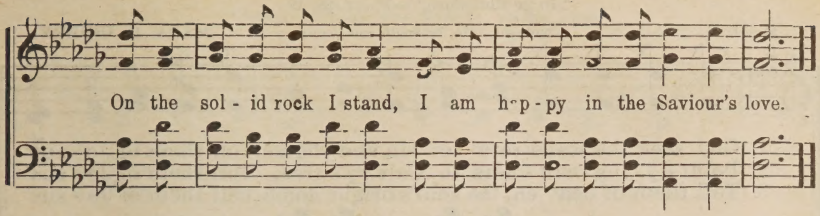


No. 71. Happy In the Saviour's Love.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith. WOODIE W. SMITH.

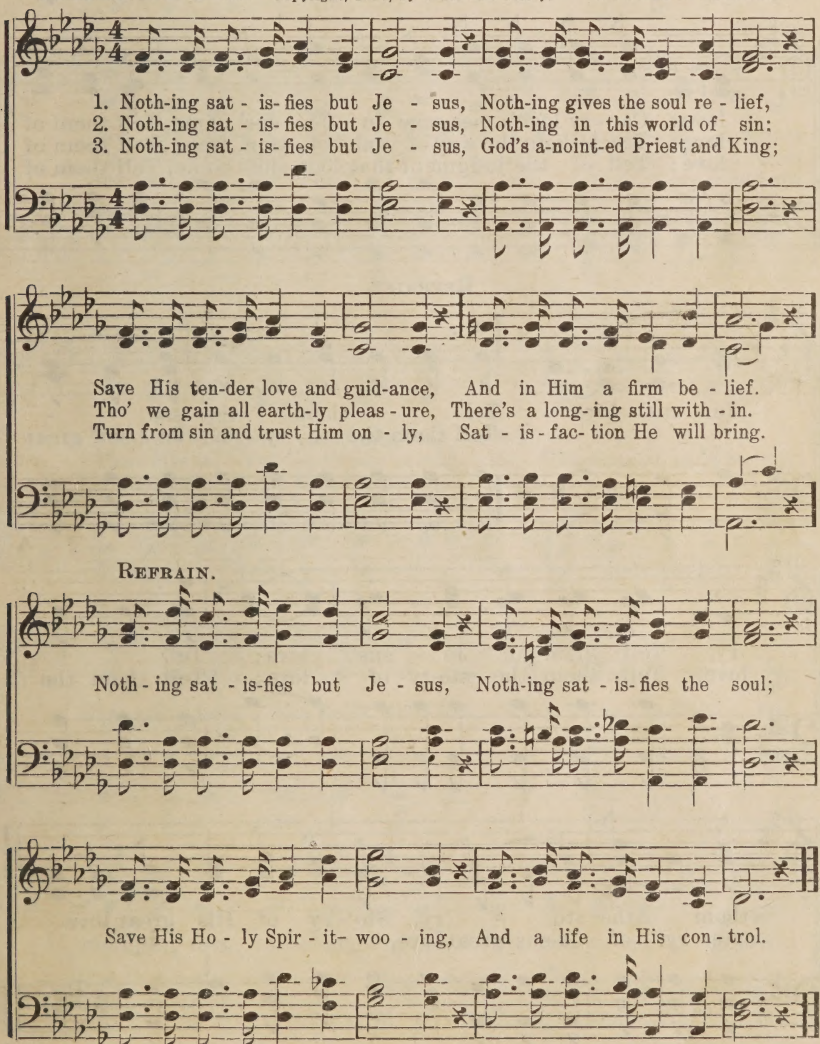


Happy In the Saviour's Love. Concluded.



No. 72. Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

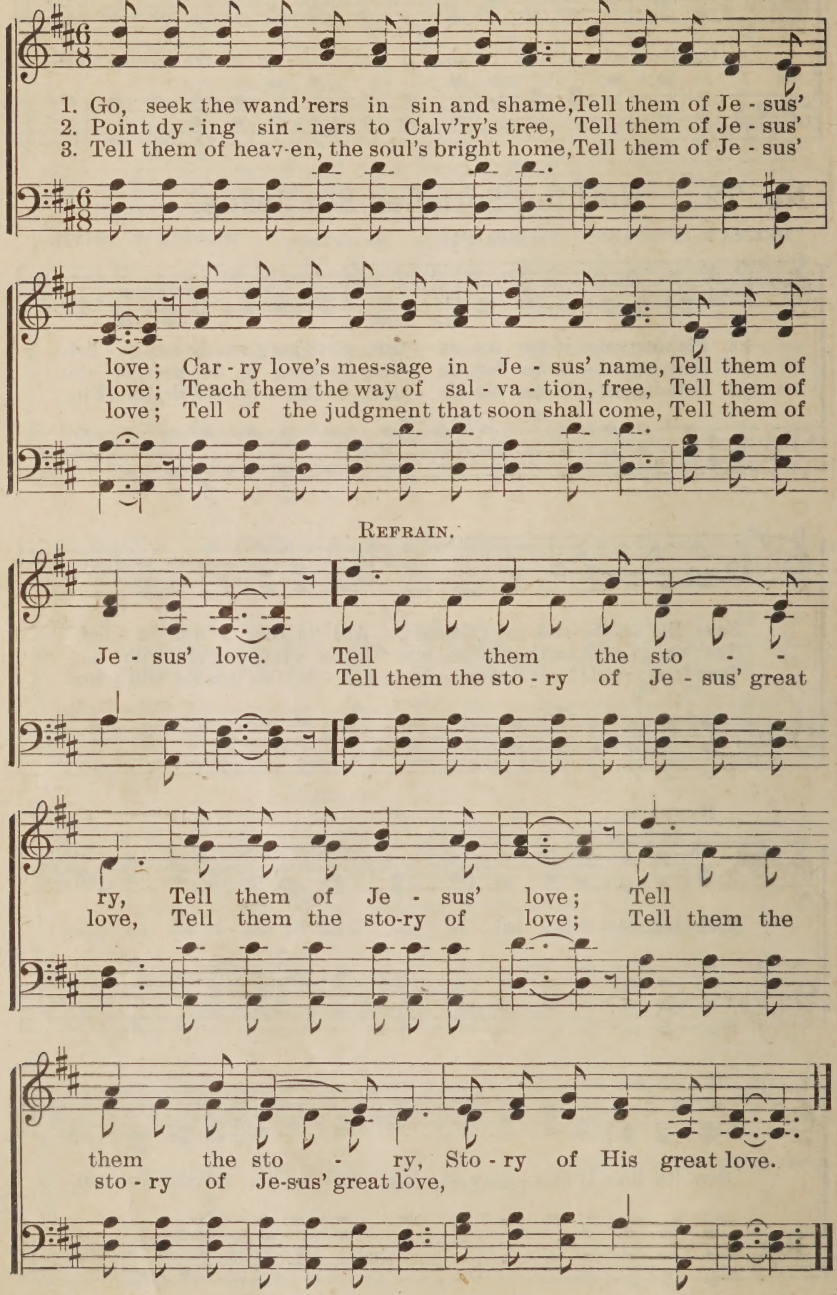
DELMA E. STEPHENS. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 73. Tell Them of Jesus' Love.

"Go ye therefore."—MATT. 28: 19.

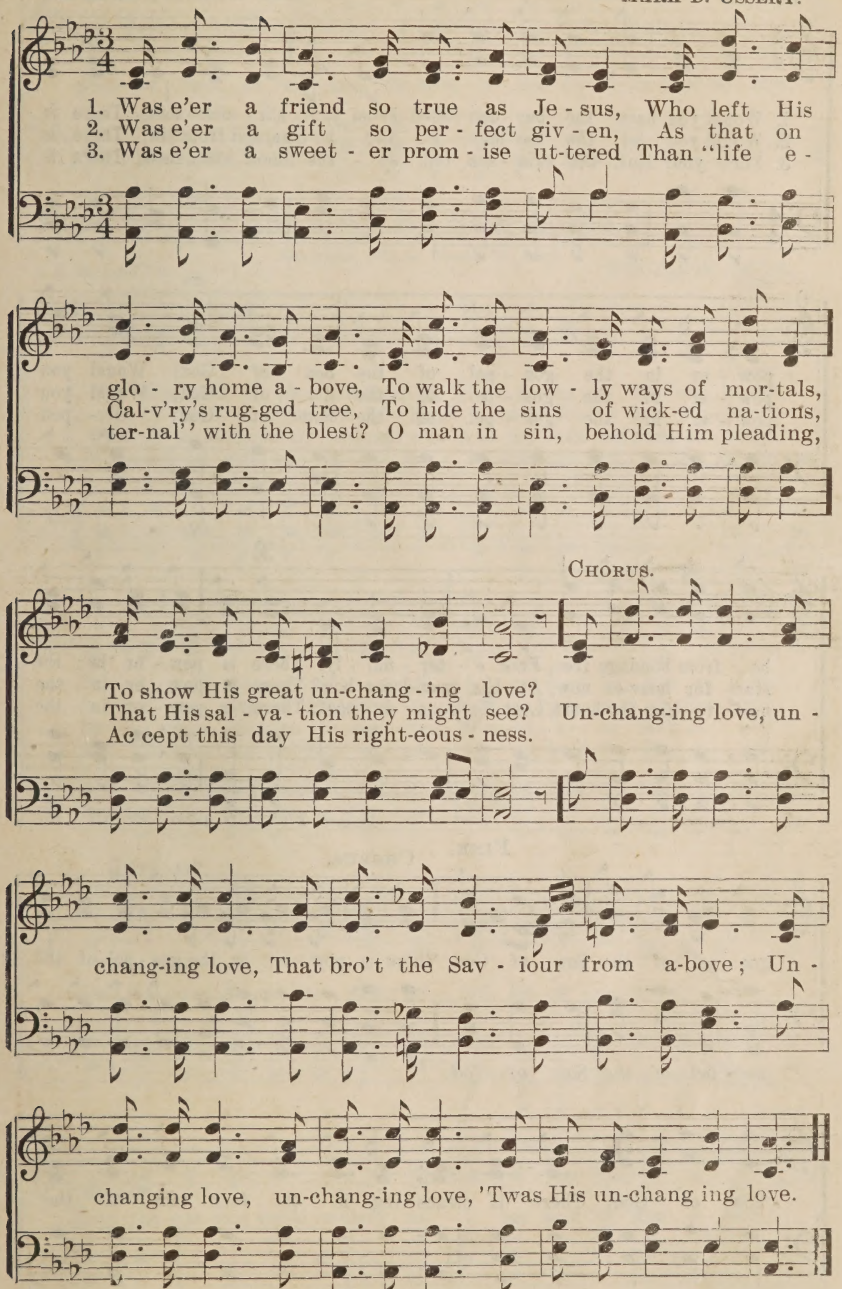
M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.



No. 74. Unchanging Love.

Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas.

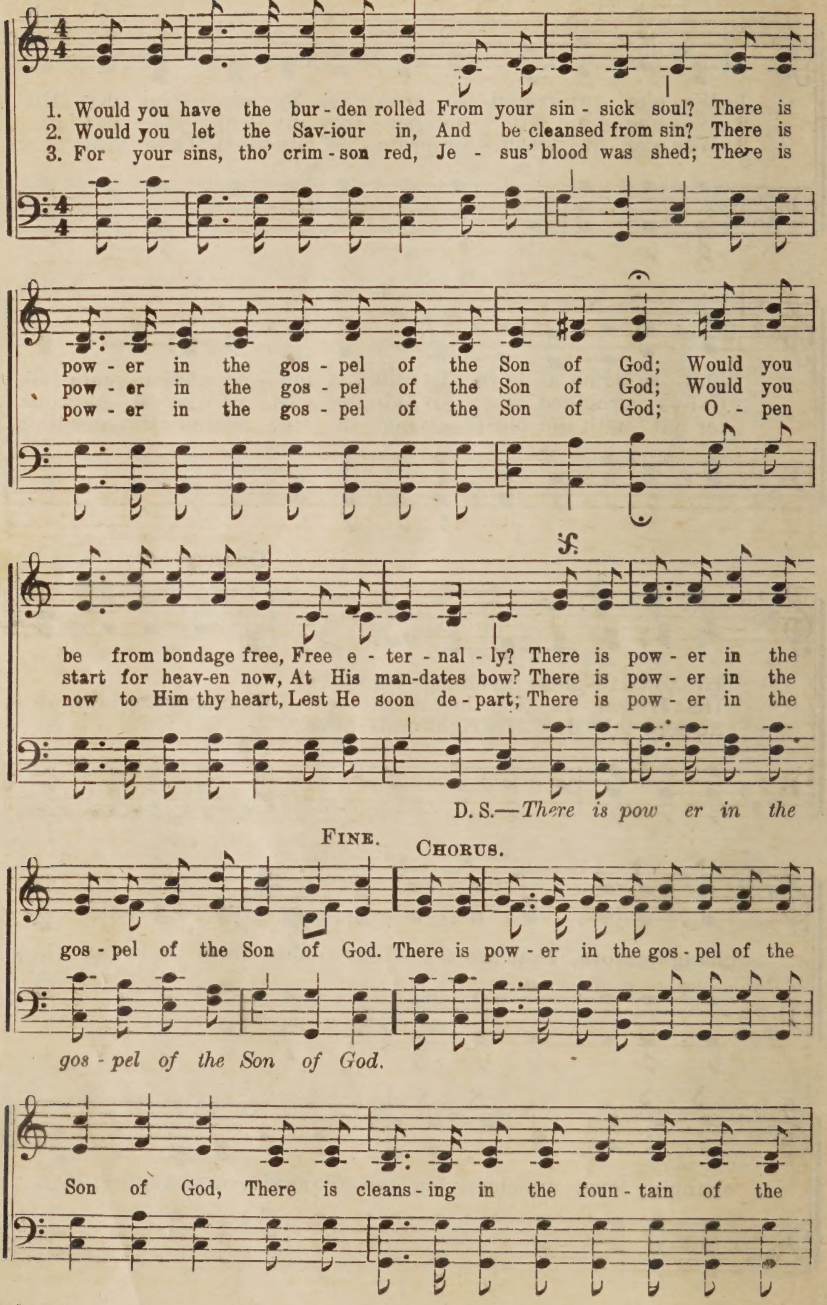
M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.



No. 75. There is Power in the Gospel.

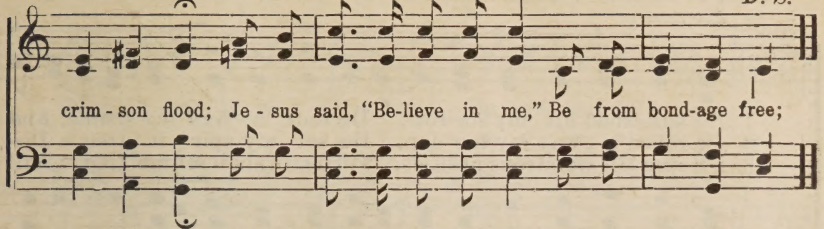
Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S. MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.



There is Power in the Gospel. Concluded.

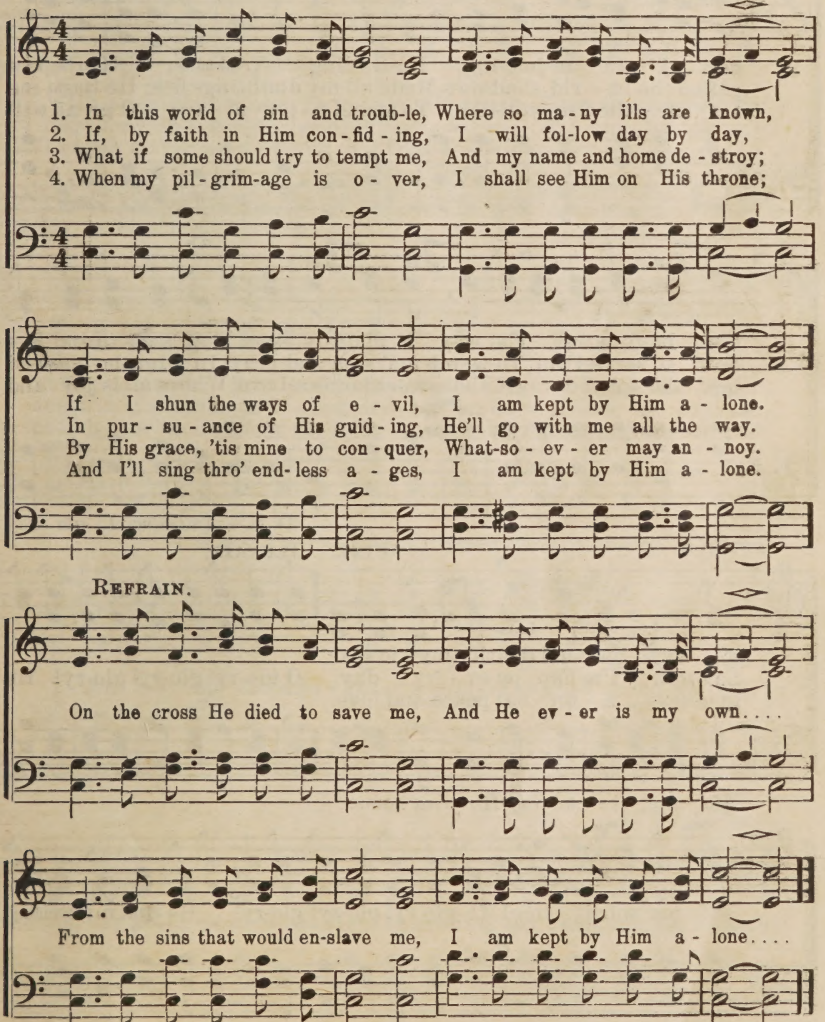
D. S.



No. 75½. I Am Kept By Him Alone.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

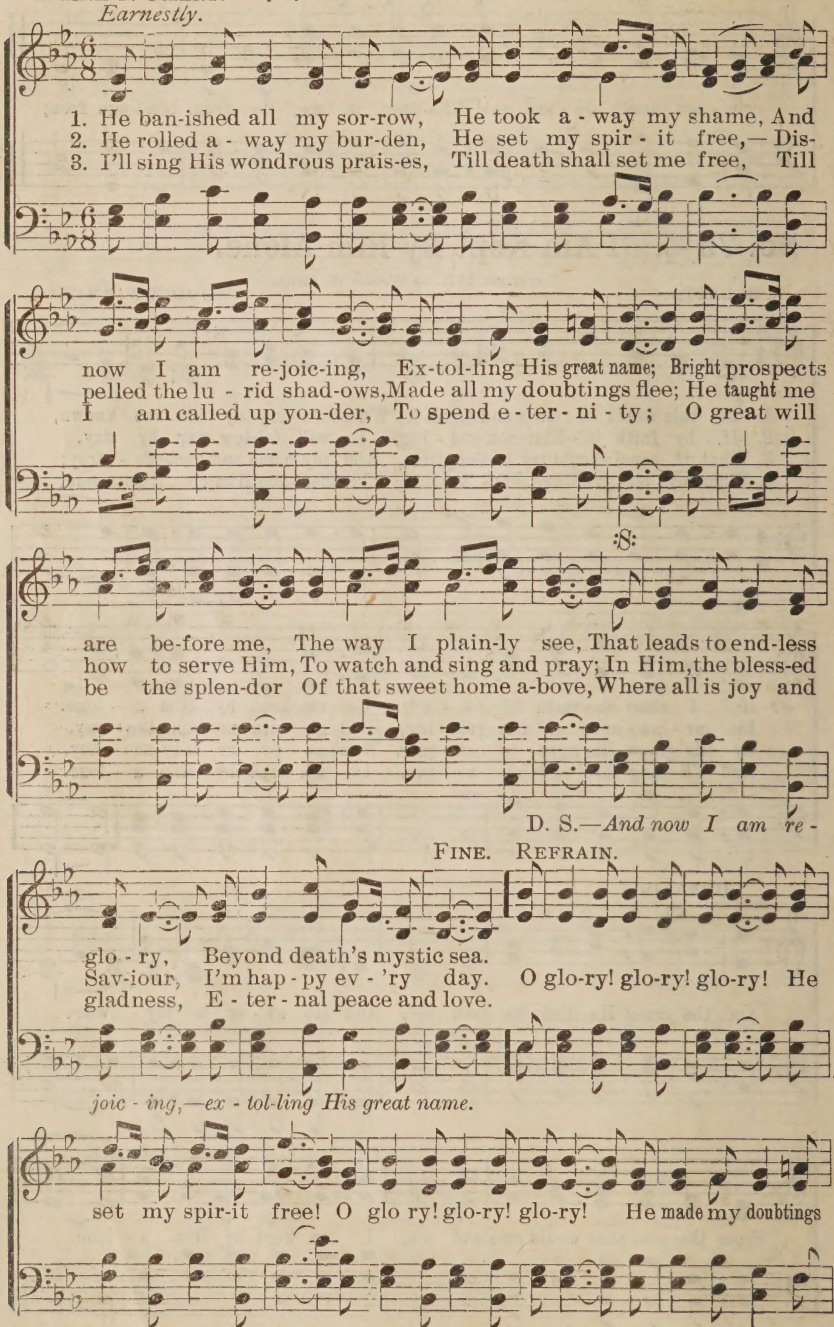
E. R. LATTA. WOODIE W. SMITH.

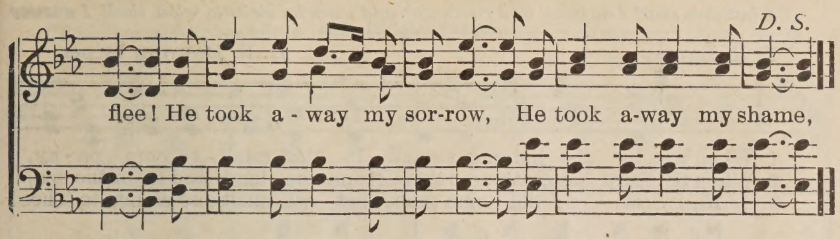


No. 76. What Jesus Did For Me.

MARK D. USSERY. Property of The Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas. J. B. C. HARRIS.

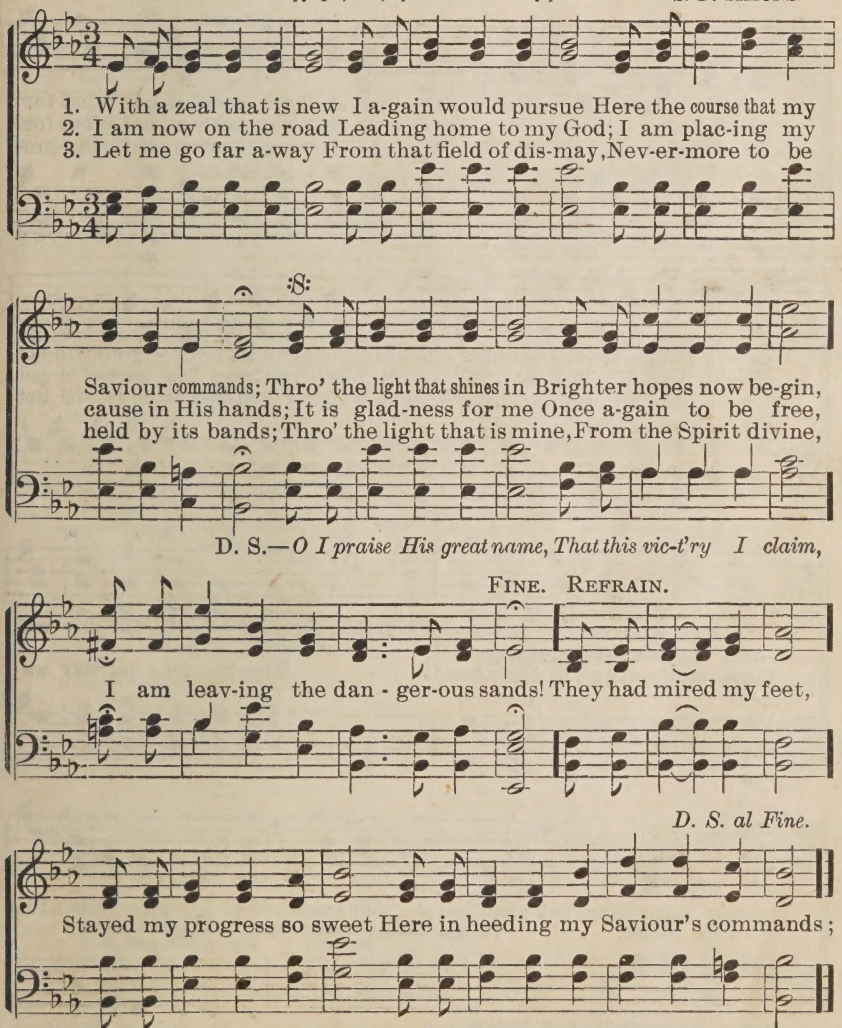
Earnestly.





No. 77. I Am Leaving the Dangerous Sands.

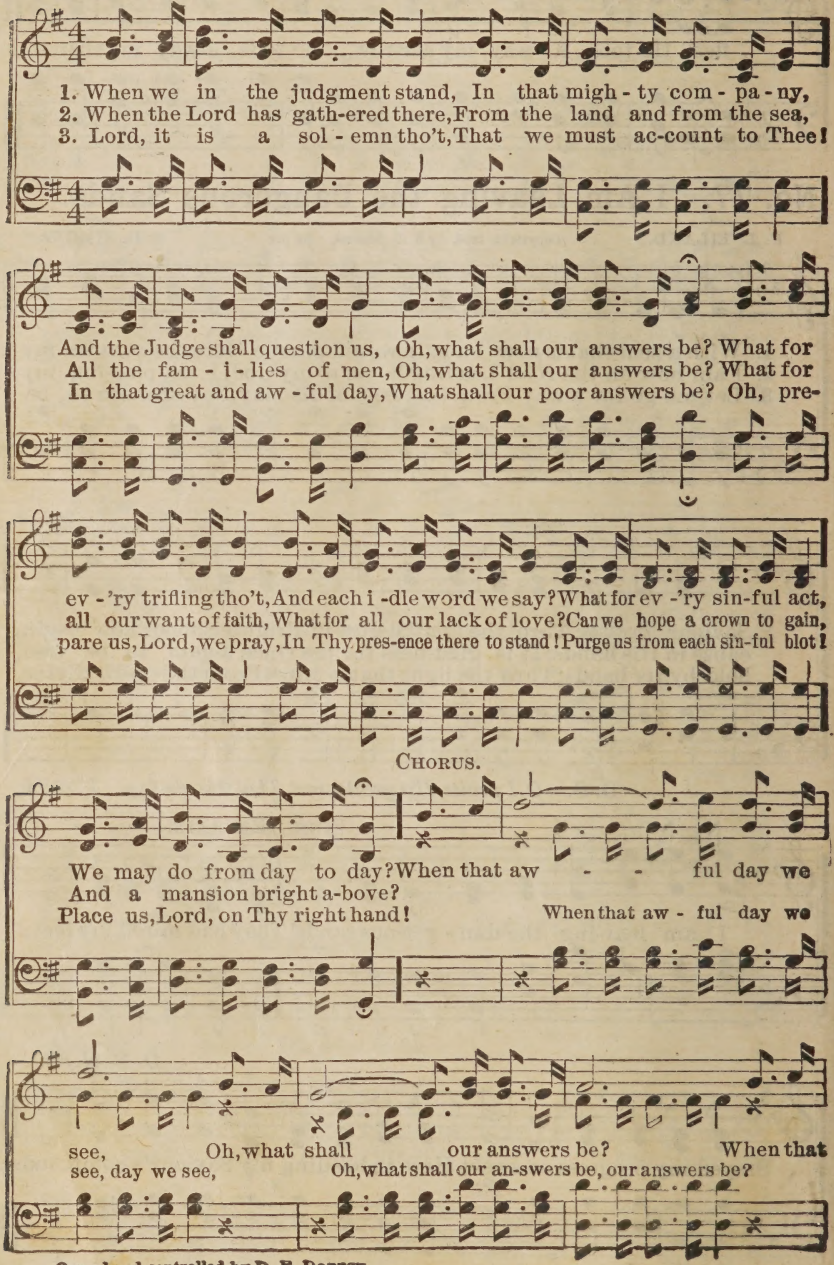
F. L. EILAND. Copyright, 1908, by S. D. Simons. By per S. D. SIMONS.



78. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

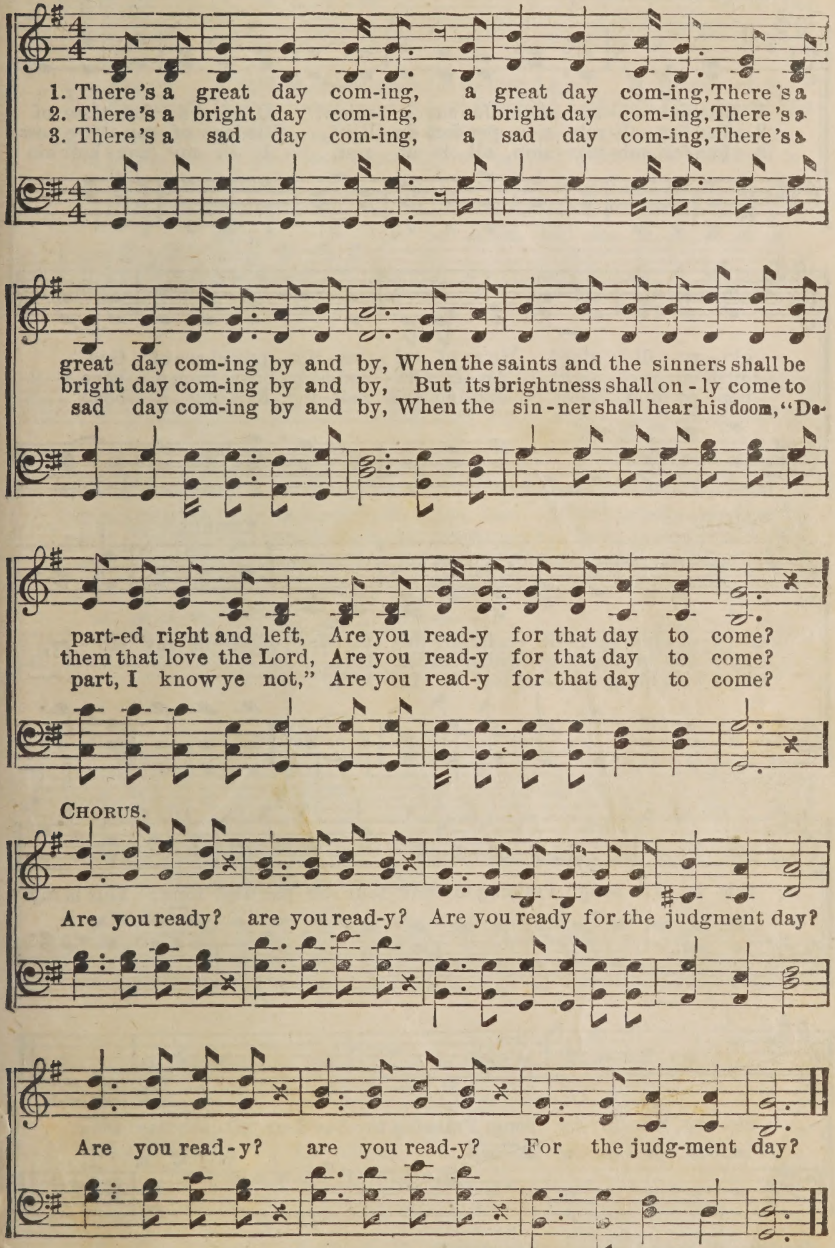


Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

85. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

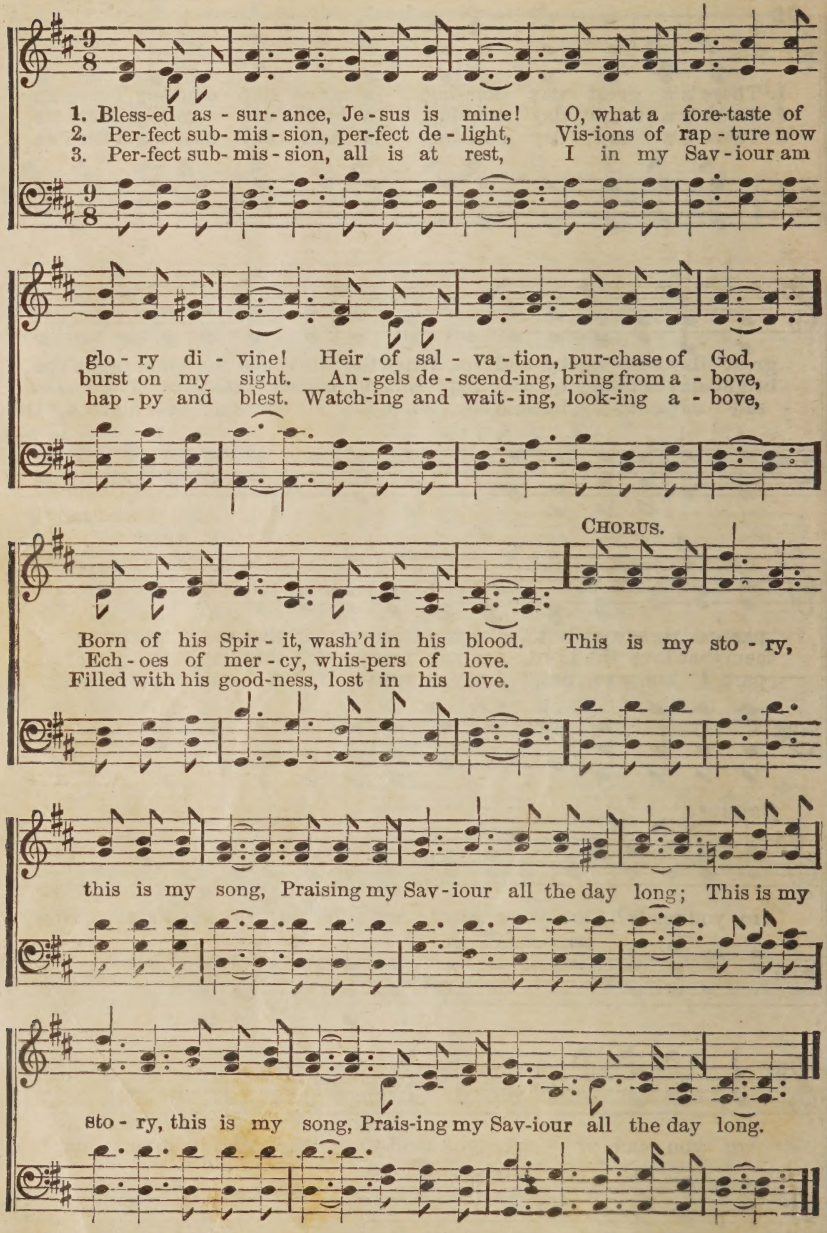


By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON AND CO., East Liverpool, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

86. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John vi. 47.

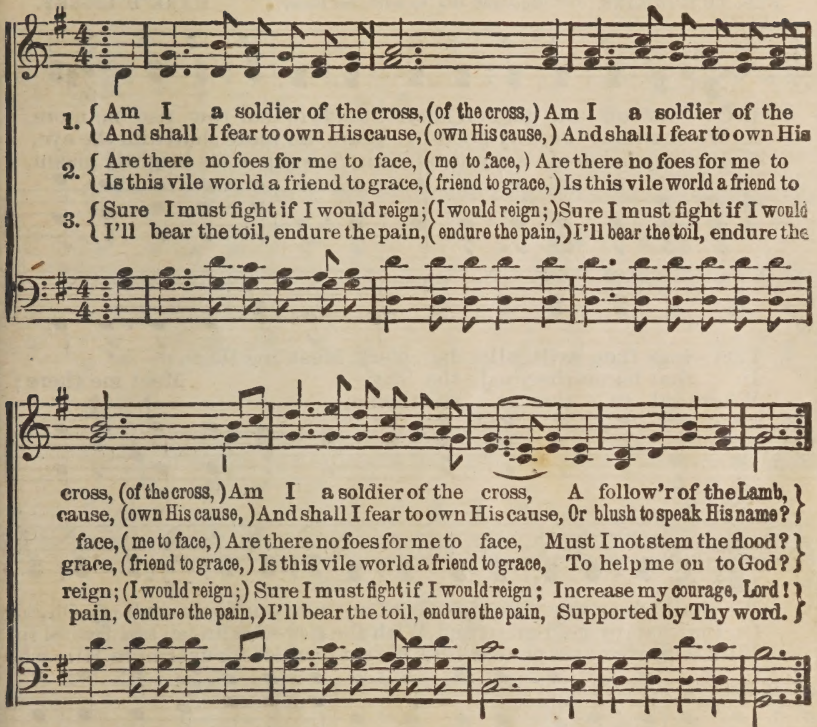
Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



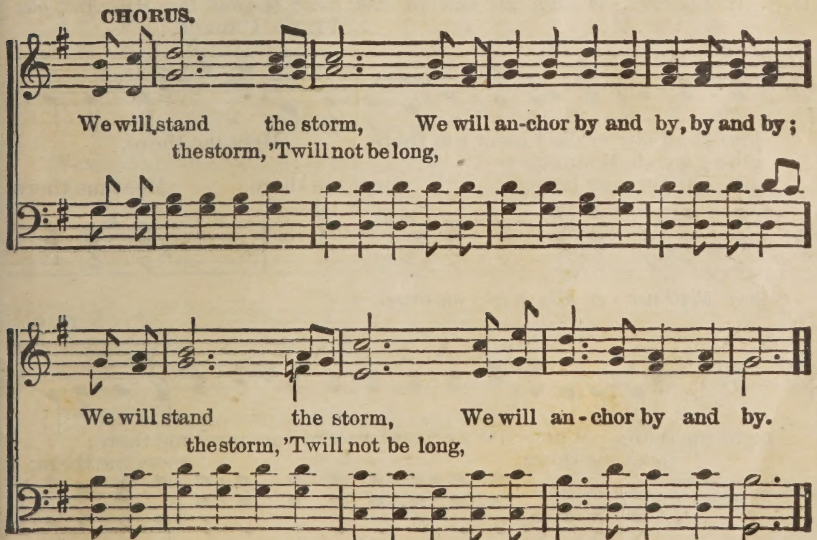
Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp. Used by permission.

No. 87 WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.



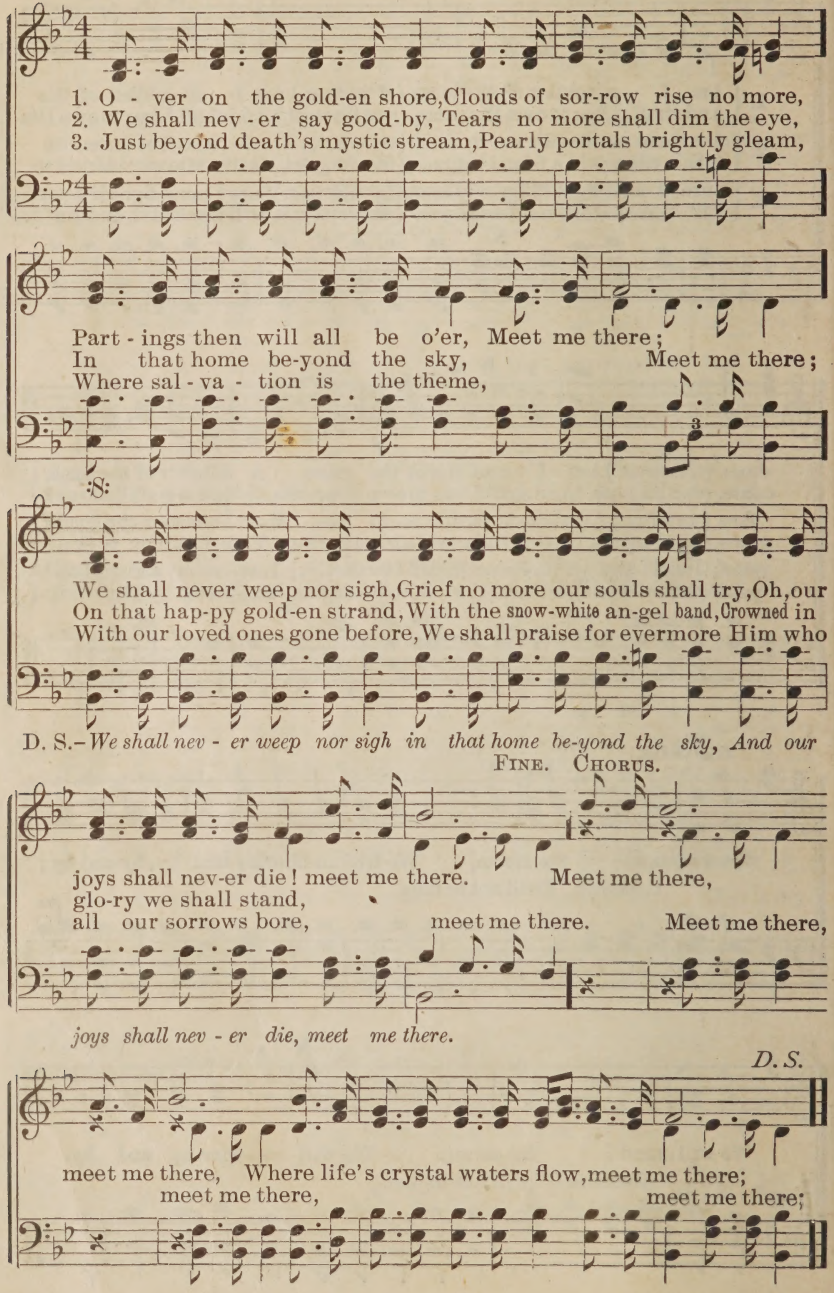
CHORUS.



No. 88. Glorious Meeting.

Lovingly dedicated to my friends and loved ones, church and Sunday school, East Lynn, W. Va.—T. E.

ELD. TICE ELKINS. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.



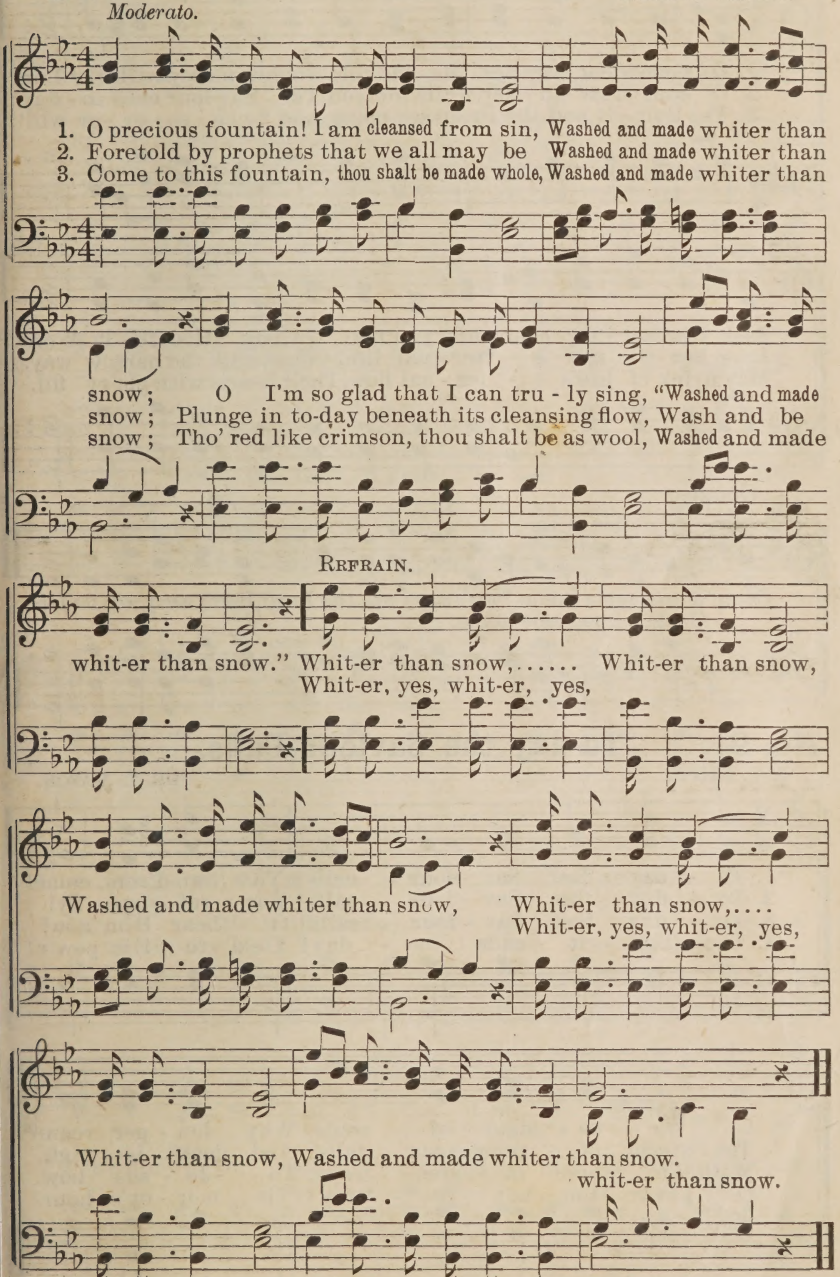
No. 89. Made Whiter Than Snow.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.

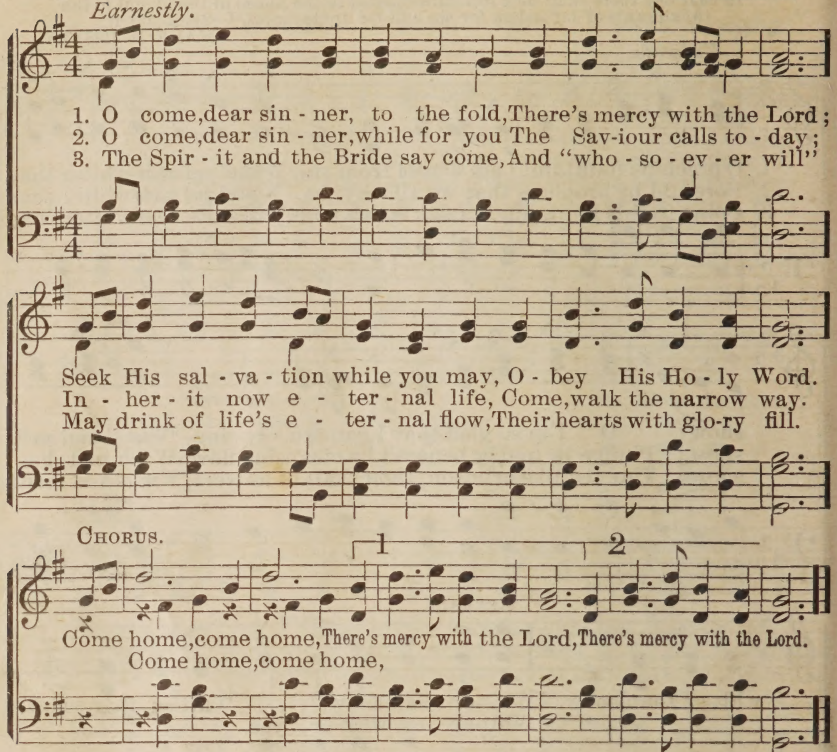
Moderato.



No. 90. There's Mercy.

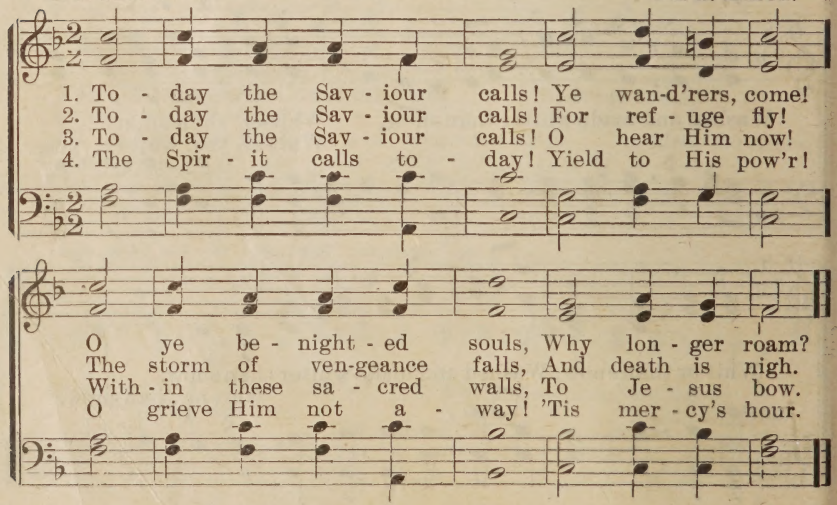
M. D. USSERY. C. C. BANKHEAD.

Earnestly.



No. 91. To-day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH. DR. L. MASON.

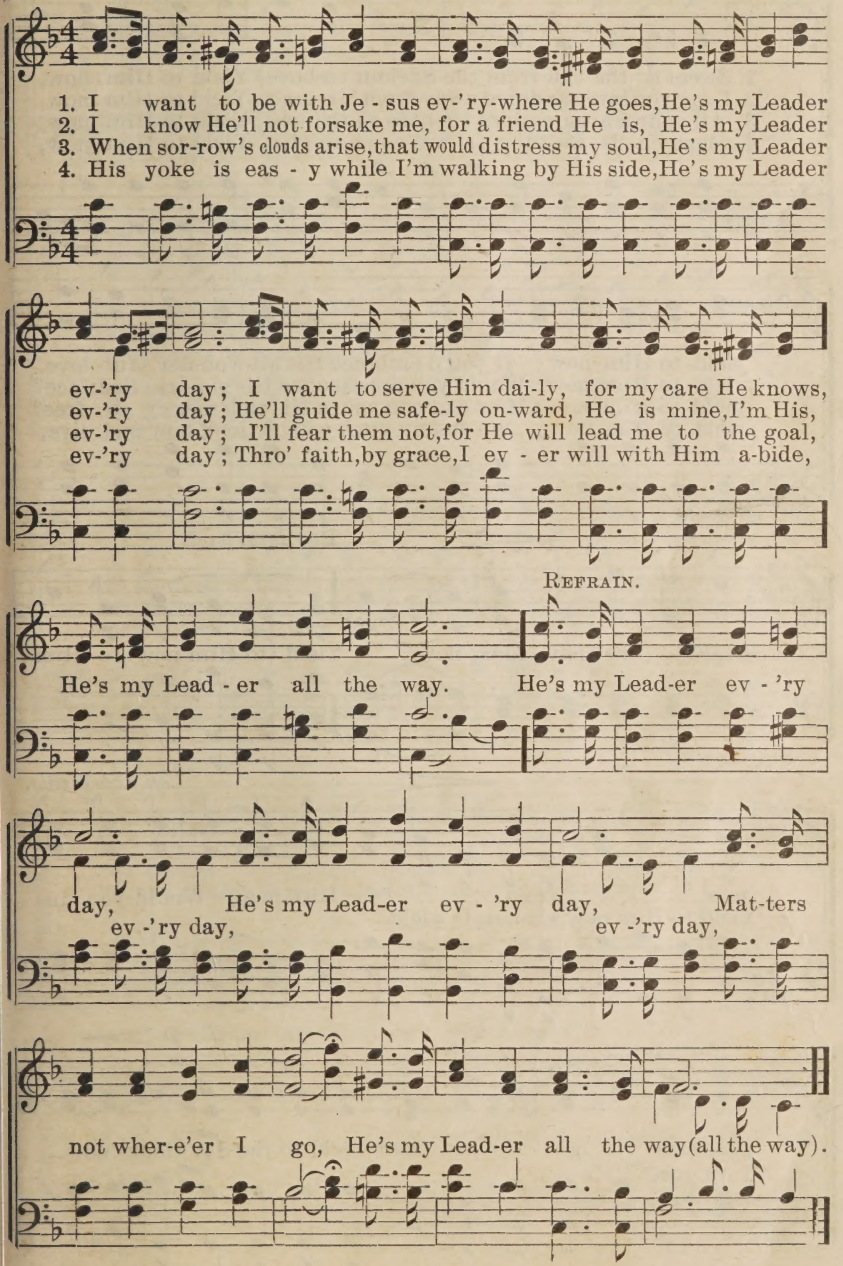


No. 92. He's My Leader.

Copyright, 1908, by W. W. Smith. By per.

Thought suggested by a sermon preached by W. B. Riley, at Stamford, Texas, July 6, 1907.
Dedicated to the B. Y. P. U. Assembly at Stamford, Texas, July, 1907.

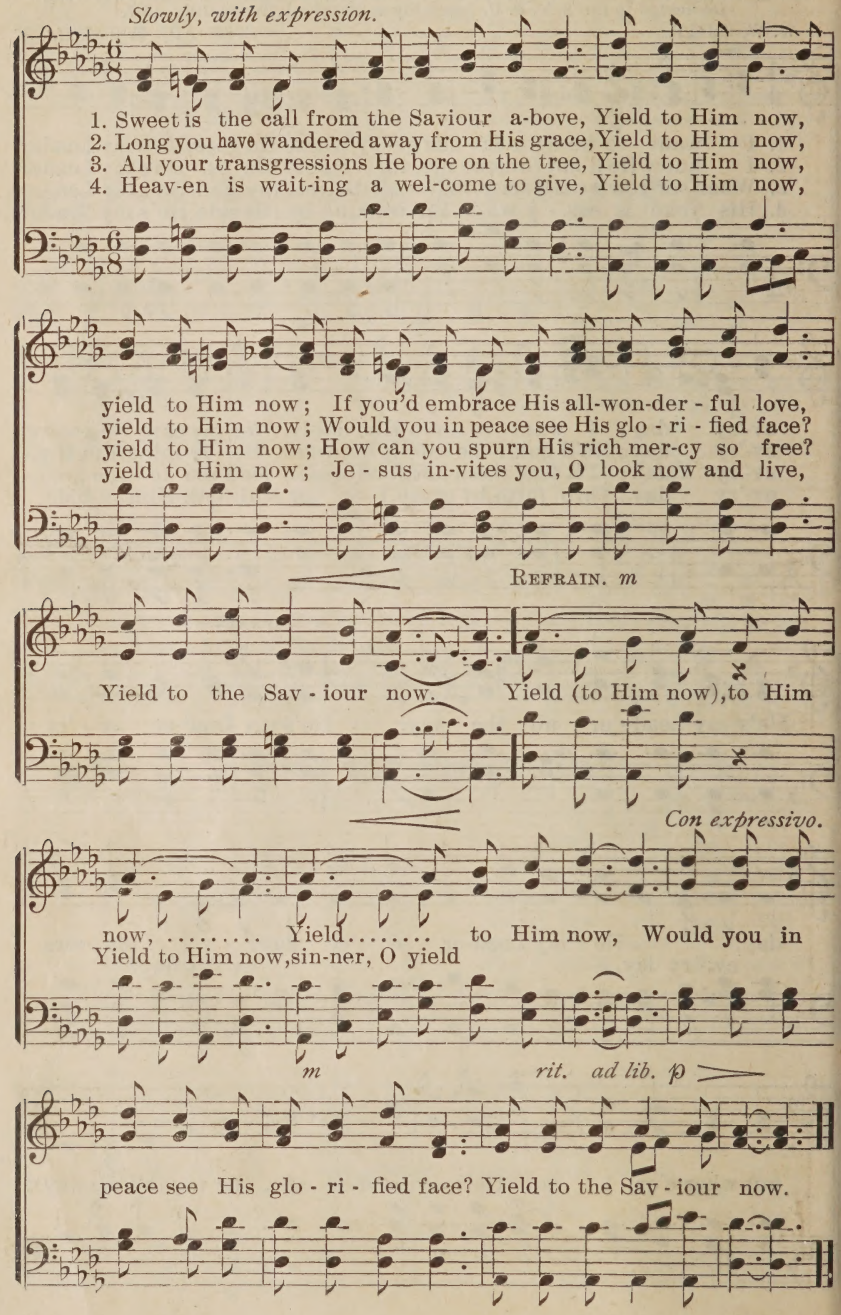
W. W. SMITH. MRS. ADA E. SMITH.



No. 93. Yield To Him Now.

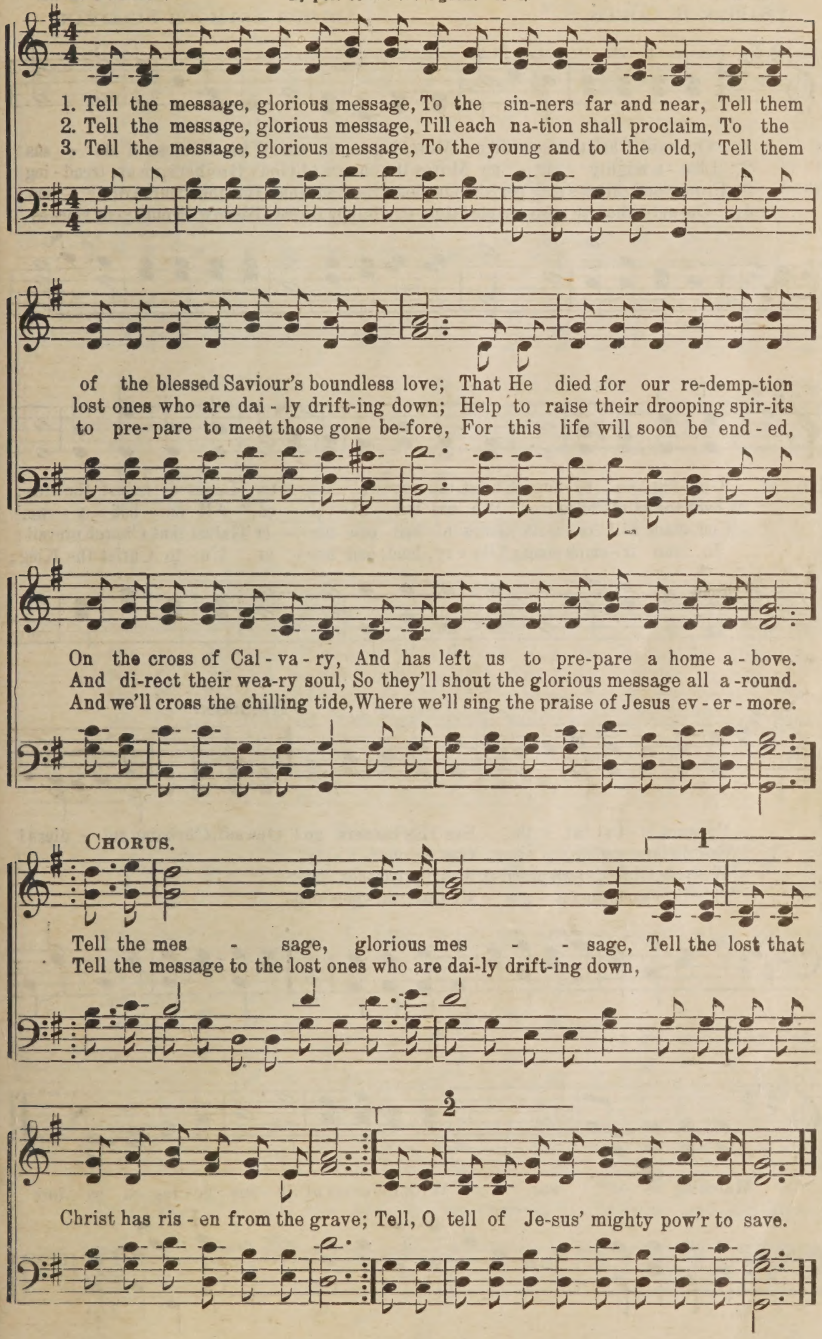
Read 2 Chron. 30: 8.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.



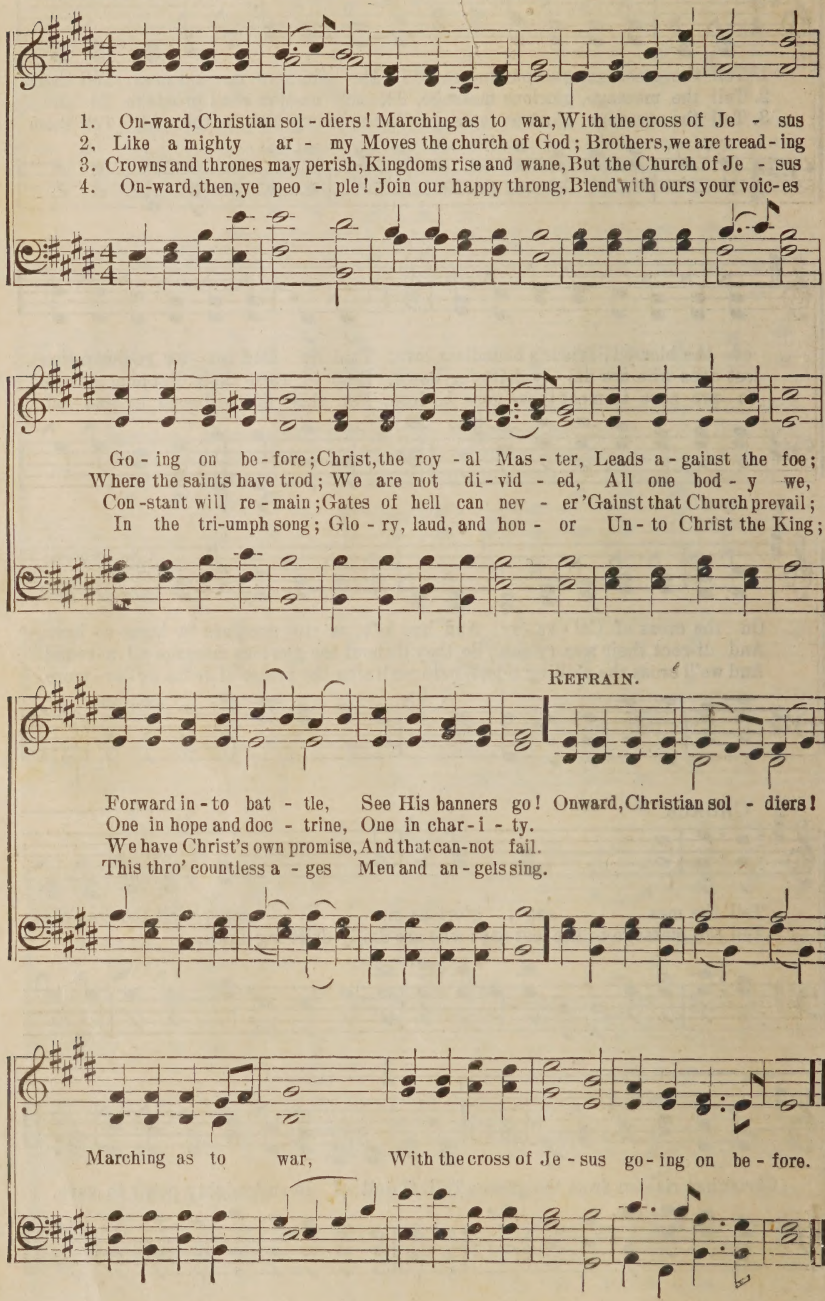
No. 94. Tell the Glorious Message.

H. E. OGDEN. By per. of W. W. Ogden. 1912. W. W. OGDEN.



95.. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

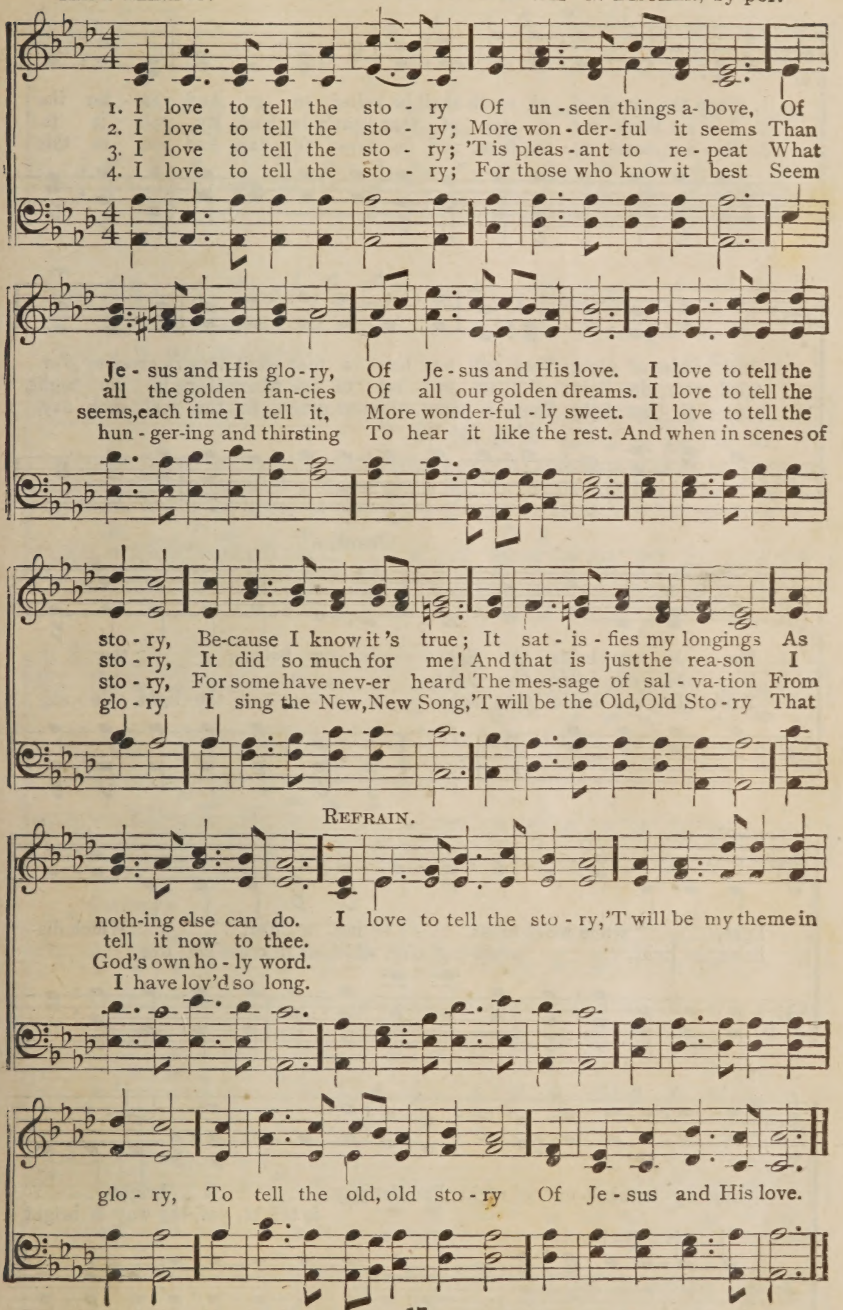
SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



96. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

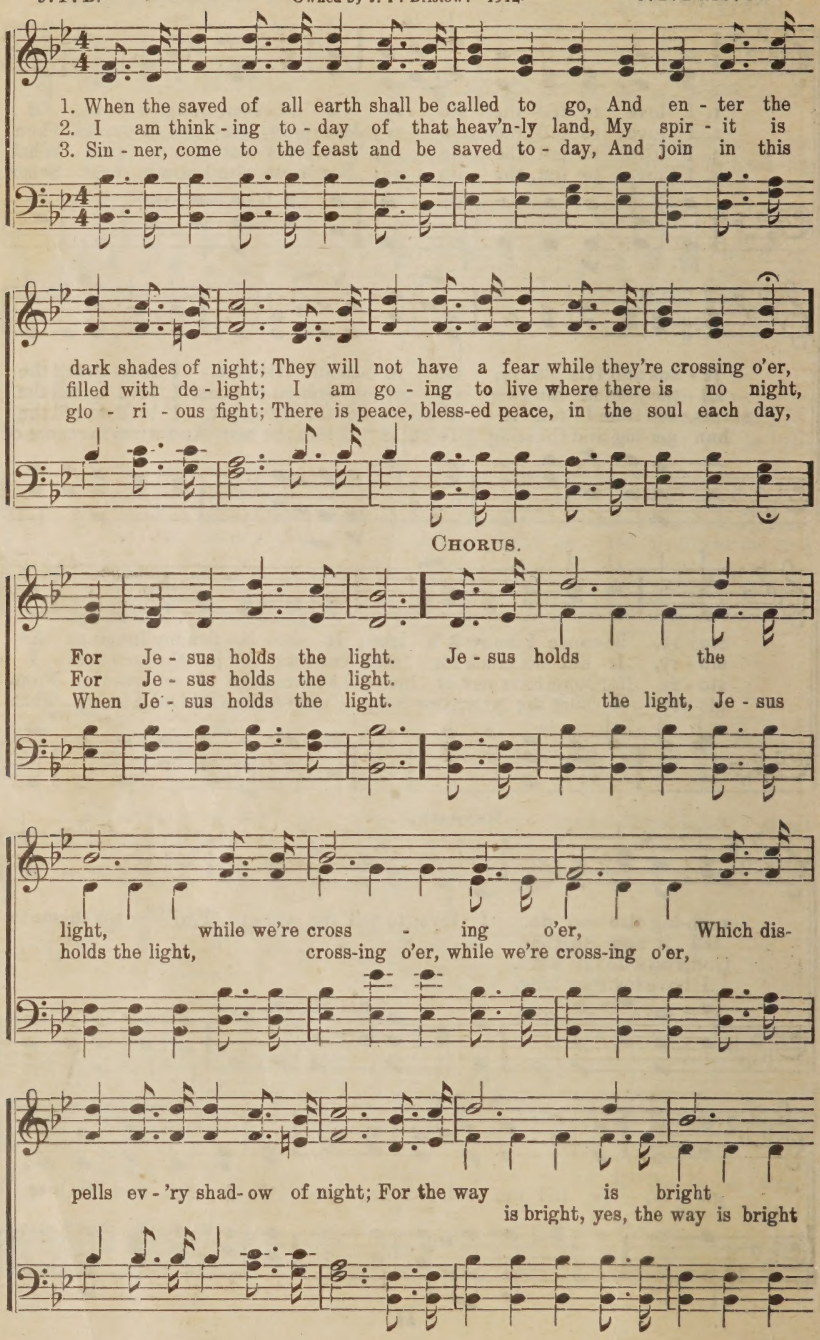
"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

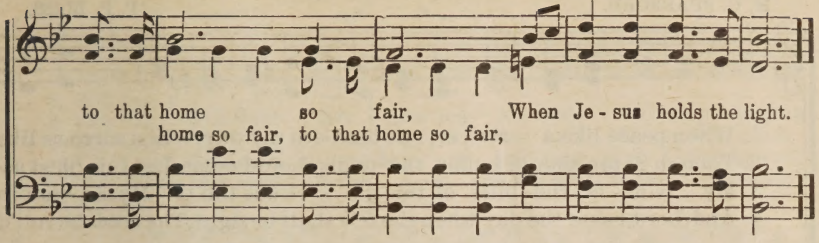
KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



No. 97. Jesus Holds the Light.

J. F. B. Owned by J. F. Bristow. 1912. J. F. BRISTOW.





No. 98. There's Life in the Blood.

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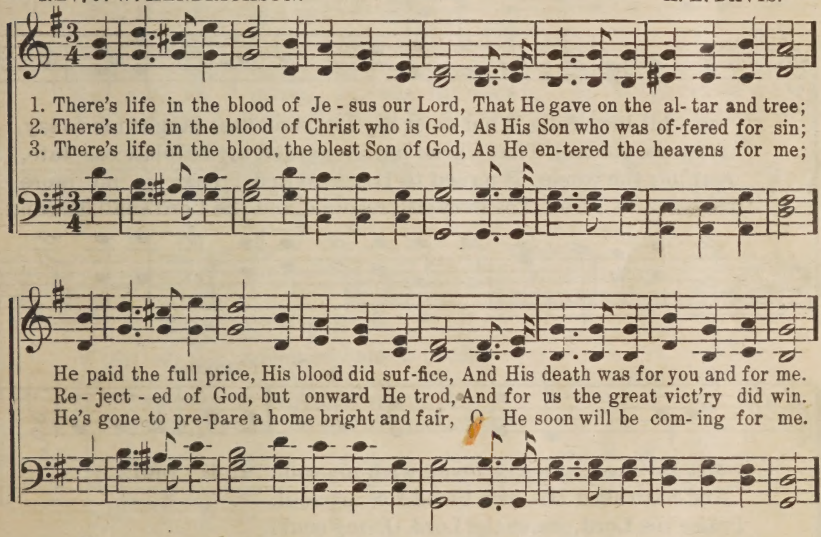
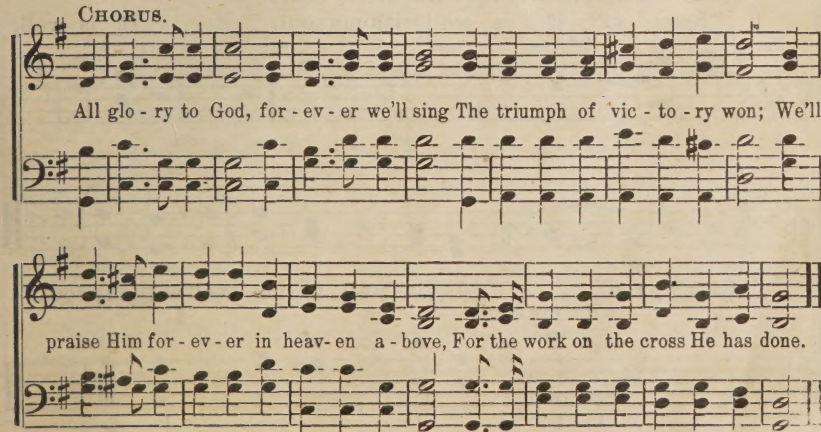
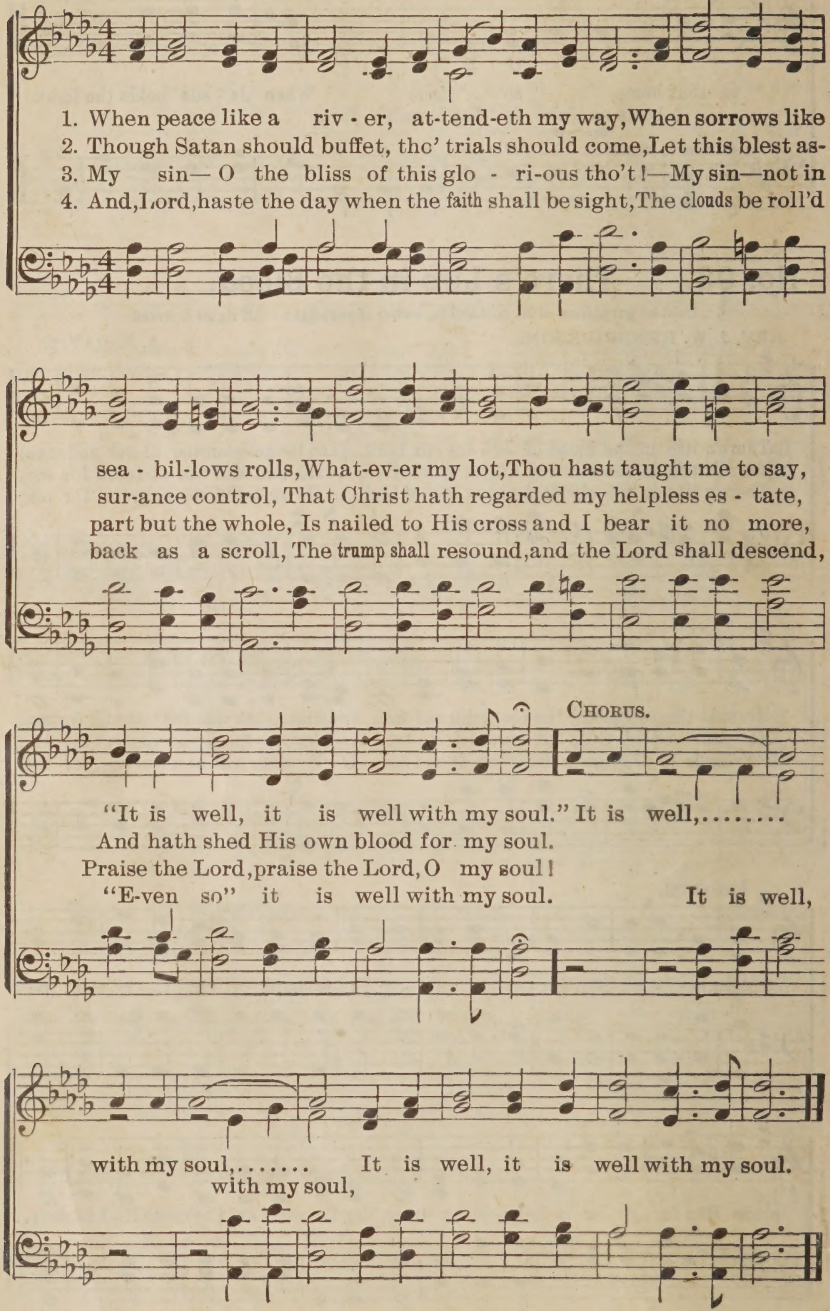
REV. J. W. HENDRICKSON. A. E. DAVIS.





No. 99 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.



No. 100. O Where, Sinner, Where?

M. D. U. Copyright, 1912, by M. D. Ussery. M. D. USSERY.

Adagio. Smoothly. *mf*

1. Swift - ly life's days are pass-ing a - way, Ah! soon the great
2. This is the day of sal - va - tion for you, O wait you not
3. Bec-kon - ing hands at the beau - ti - ful gate Are bid-ding you,
4. When the last trump of the Lord shall sound, When e - ter-nity's

judgment will come! Will it be glo - ry for you in that day,
un - til the morn, Lest it should be too late,— O too late!—
sin - ner, to come; Je - sus, the Lamb, up-on His white throne
dawn is at hand, Will you be found with the saved and the blest!

rit. REFRAIN. *f* *m*

With all the redeemed ones at home?
And downward your spirit be borne. O where, sinner, where O
Is wait-ing to wel-come you home.
O where, sinner, where will you stand?

p *f*

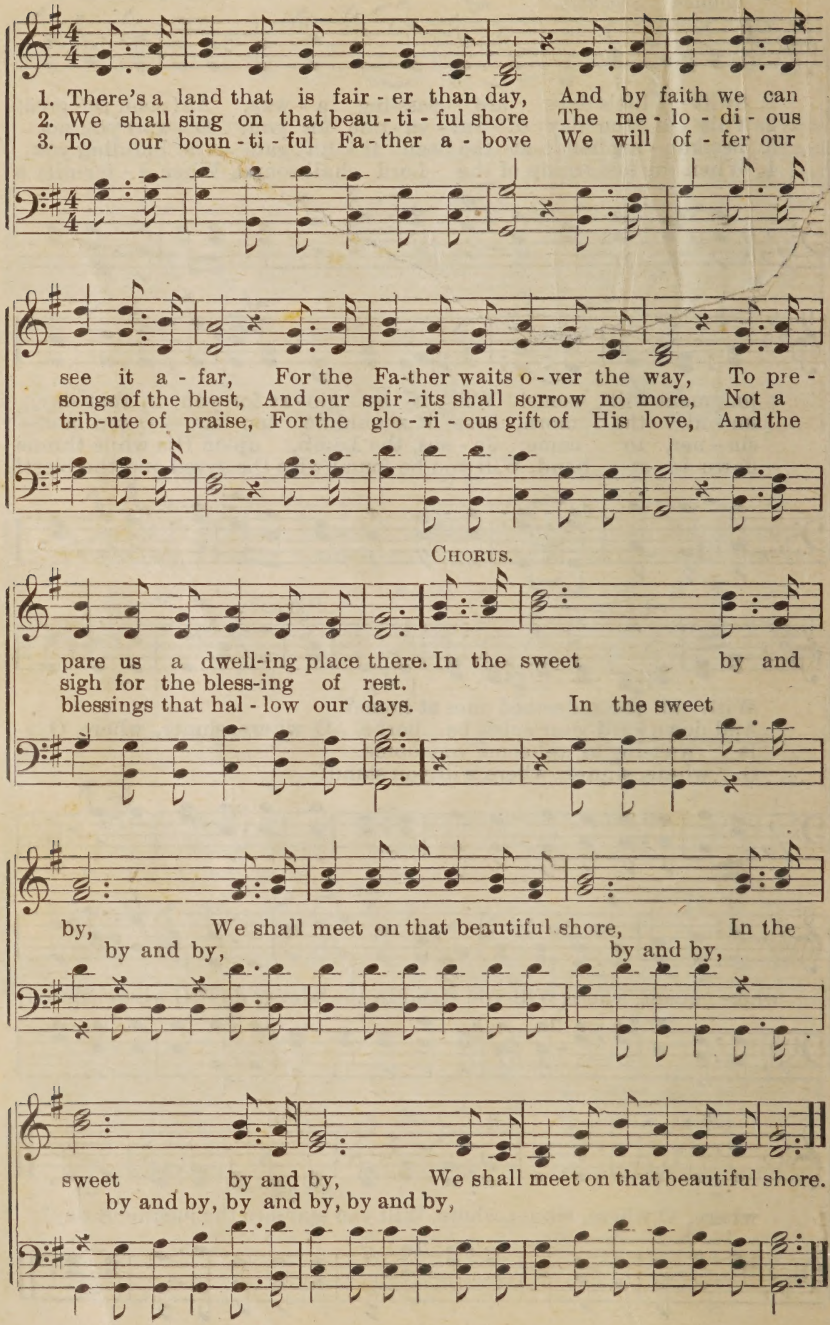
where, sinner, where, Will you stand in the judgment day? O where, sinner,

m *p* *rit.*

where, O where, sinner, where, Will you stand in the judgment day?

No. 101. Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER.



No. 102. You Can If You Will.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith & Ussery.

REV. M. J. THOMPSON. REV. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Are you tired of your sin-wear-y bur - den, Is the load get-ting heavy to
2. Will you give up your sins for the Sav - iour, Will you trust in the Lord and do
3. Now be-lieve on the Lord as your Sav - iour, And from sin He your soul will re -
4. Life is of-fered "to all who re - ceive Him," E - ven "them who believe on His

bear (to bear)? Cast it all now on Christ, the Re-deem-er, He is of-f'ring to
good (do good)? Will you meet the conditions for par - don, Will you deal with your
lease (release); For the soul that repents there's redemption, For con - fes-sion the
name (His name);" For the soul steeped in sin there is par-don, Life e - ter - nal to -

REFRAIN.

help ev -'ry - where. You can if you will, ... Yes, you can if you will, ...
soul as you should?
Lord of-fers peace.
day you can claim. You can if you will, Yes, you

..... Trust in Je - sus and live, You can if you will; Let Him
can if you will,

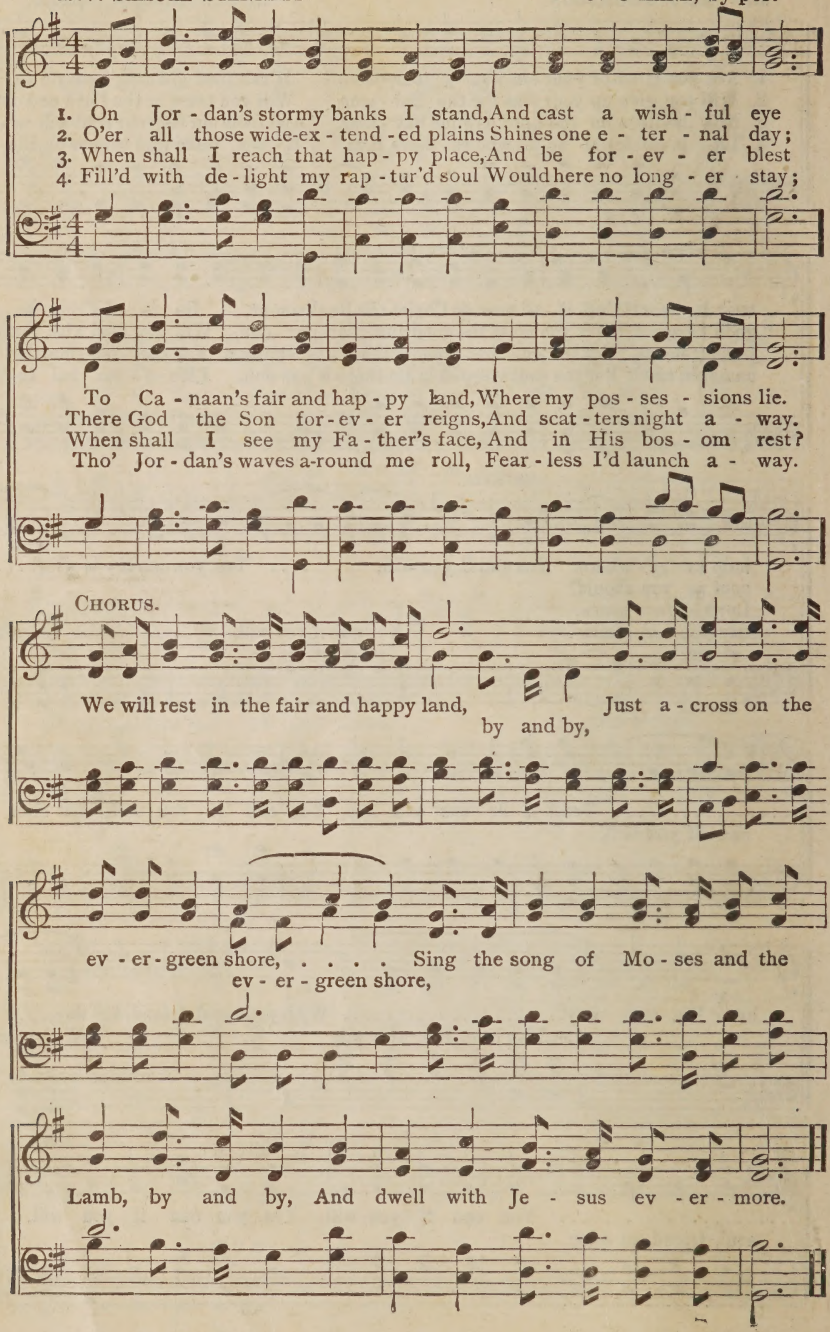
have His own way..... With your soul, friend, to - day, ...
Let Him have His own way With your

rit.

..... You can if you will, Yes, you can if you will.
soul, friend, to - day,

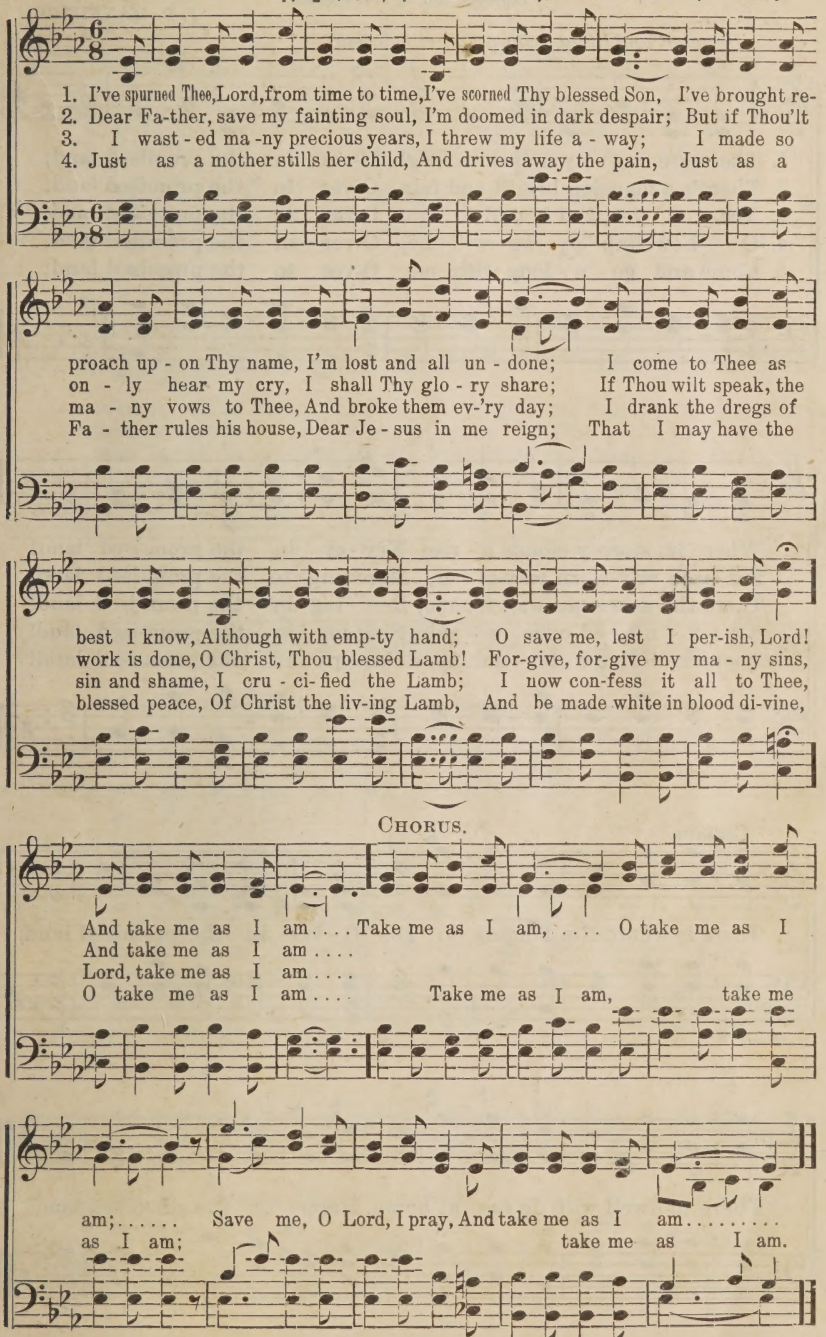
No. 103. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.



No. 104. Take Me As I Am.

W. W. S. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.

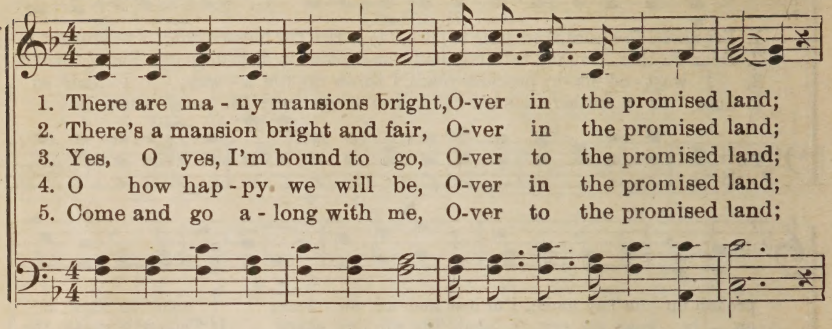


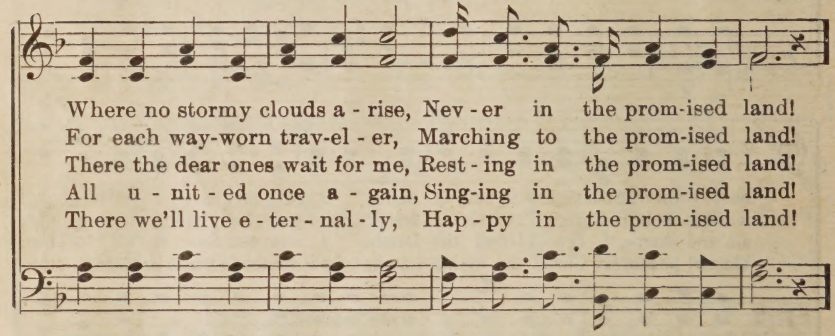
No. 105. Happy In The Promised Land.

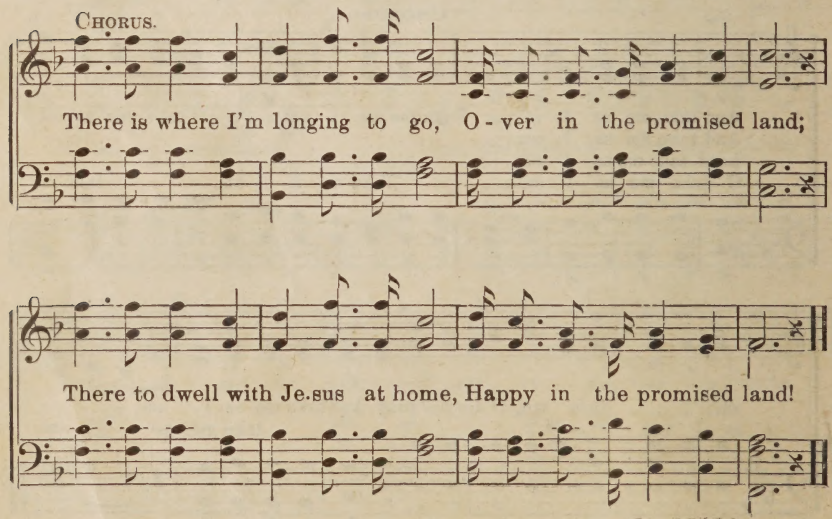
Copyright, 1901, by J. F. Mayfield.

J. F. M. J. F. MAYFIELD.

Detached and lively, with good articulation.



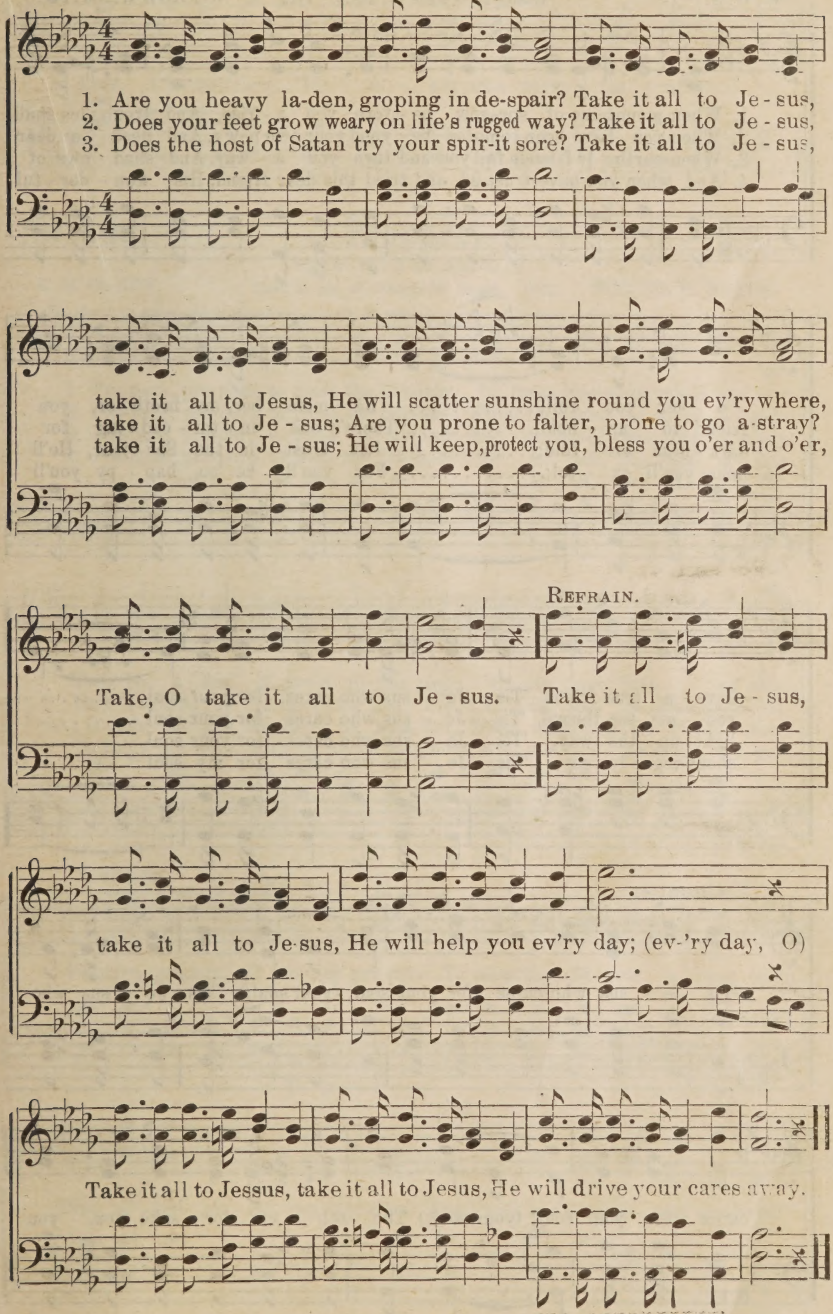




No. 106. Take It All To Jesus.

Property of the Inter-State Music Co., Abilene, Texas.

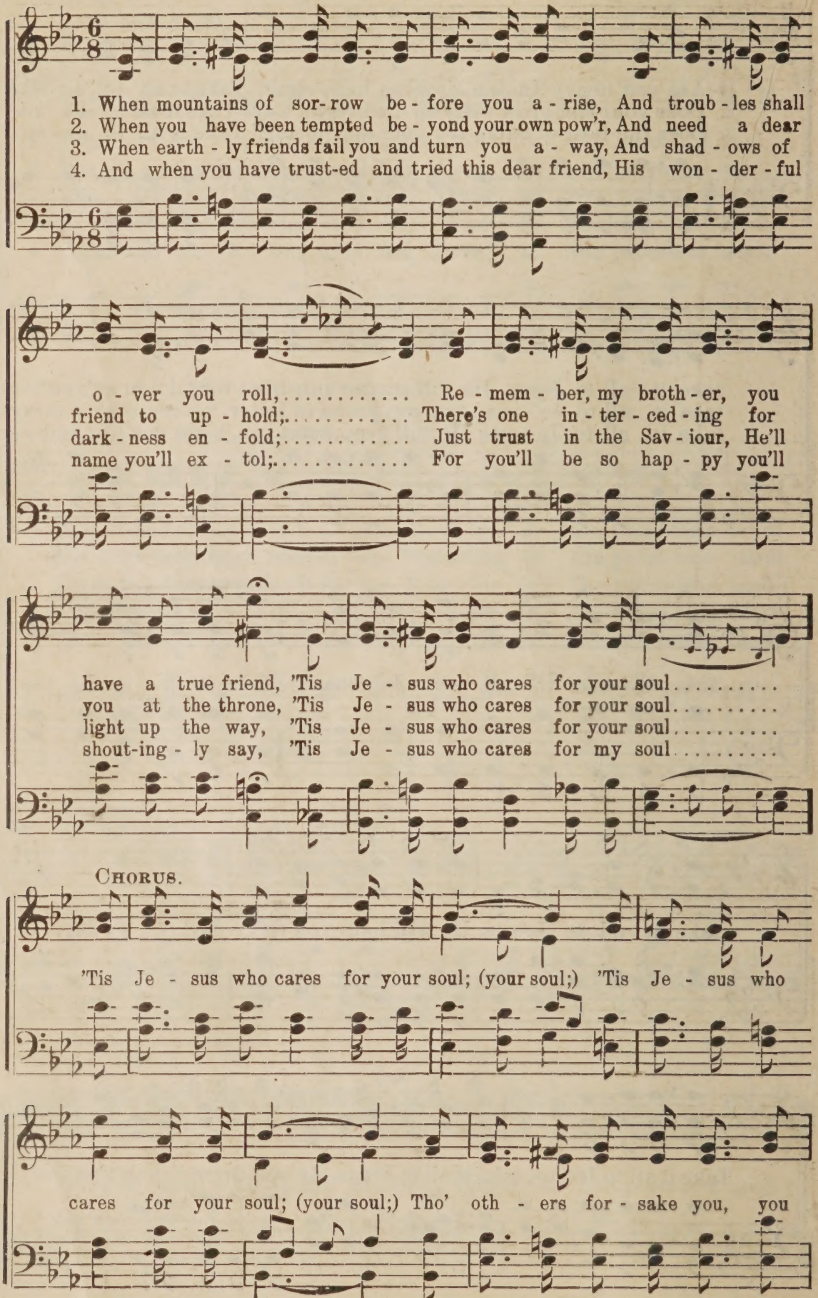
M. D. USSERY. JNO. W. SMITH.

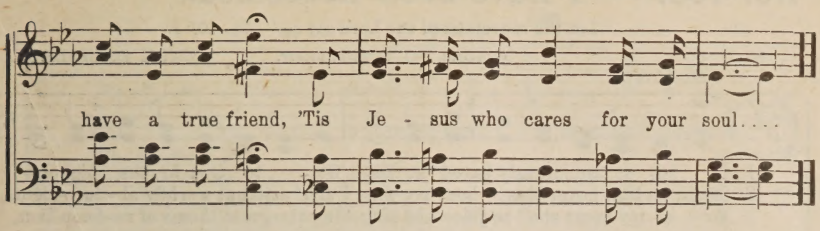


No. 107. 'Tis Jesus Who Cares For Your Soul.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

W. W. S. Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

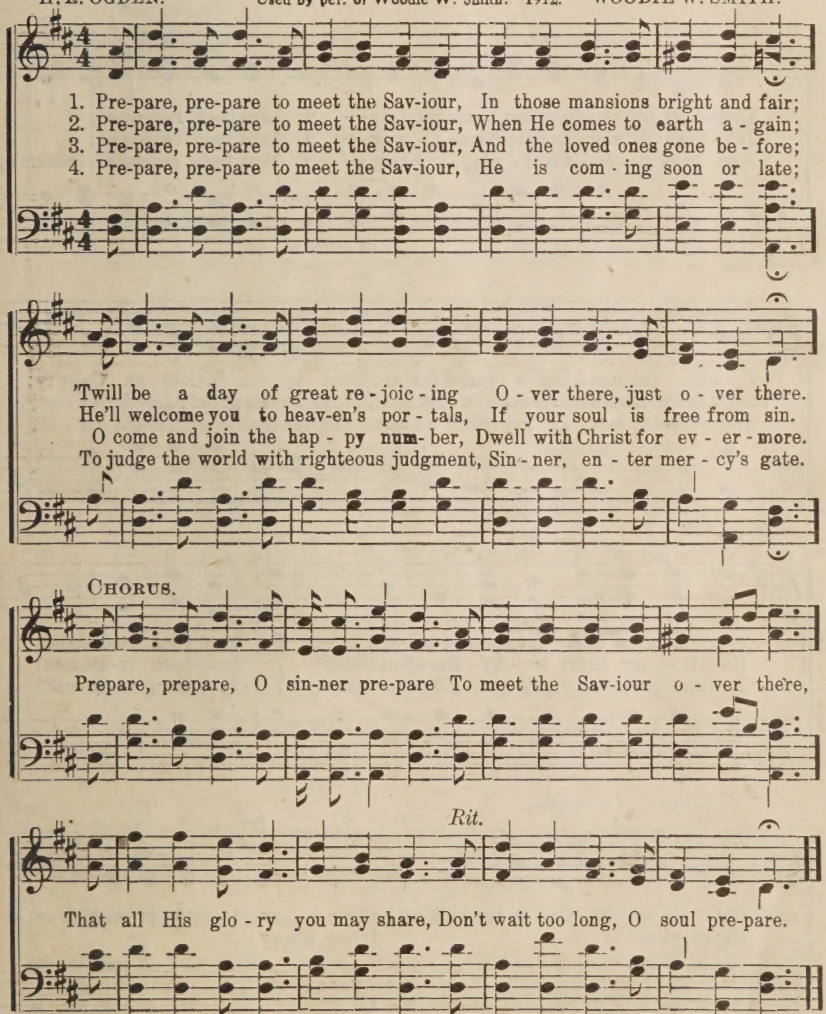




No. 108. Prepare.

(EFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

H. E. OGDEN. Used by per. of Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

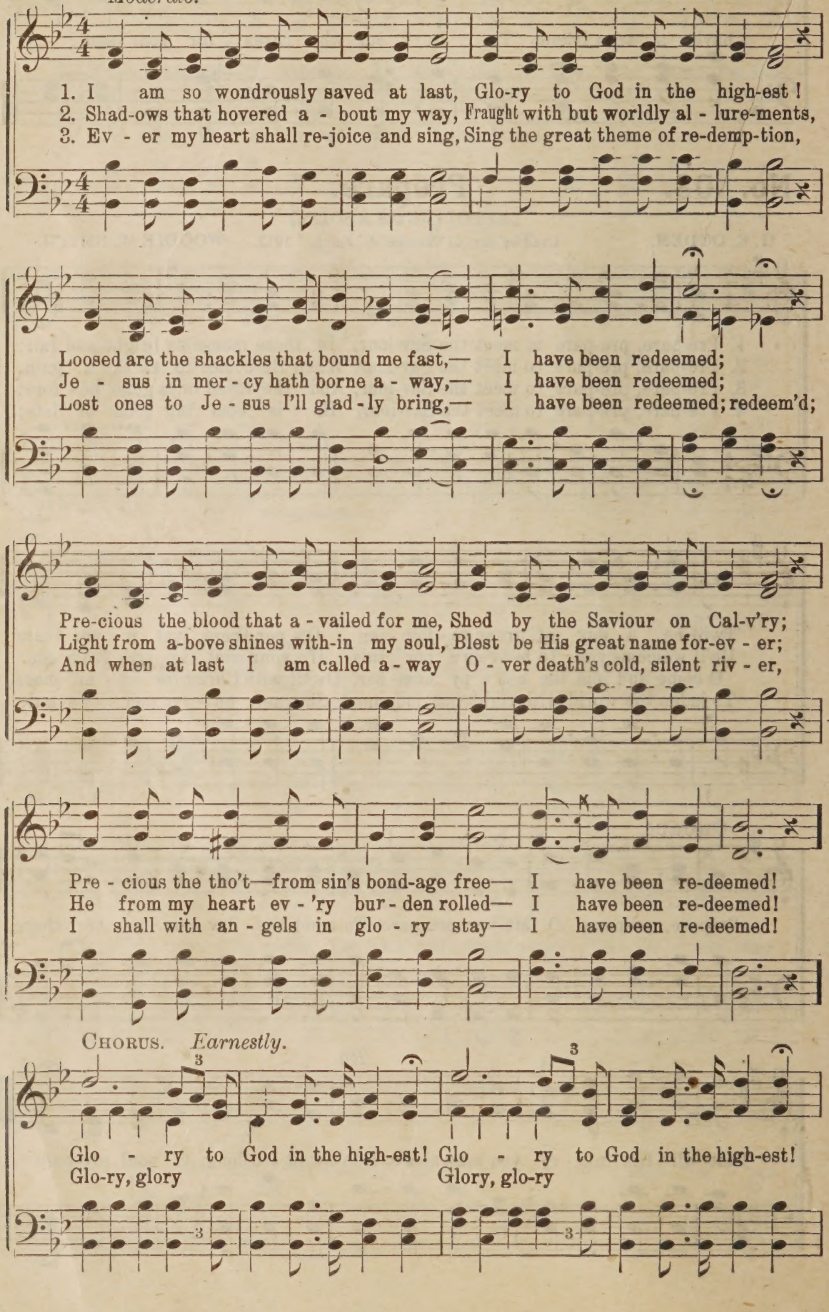


No. 109. I Have Been Redeemed.

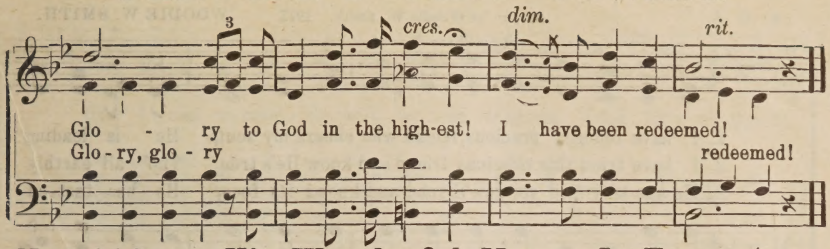
"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 1.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1911, by M. D. Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

Moderato.



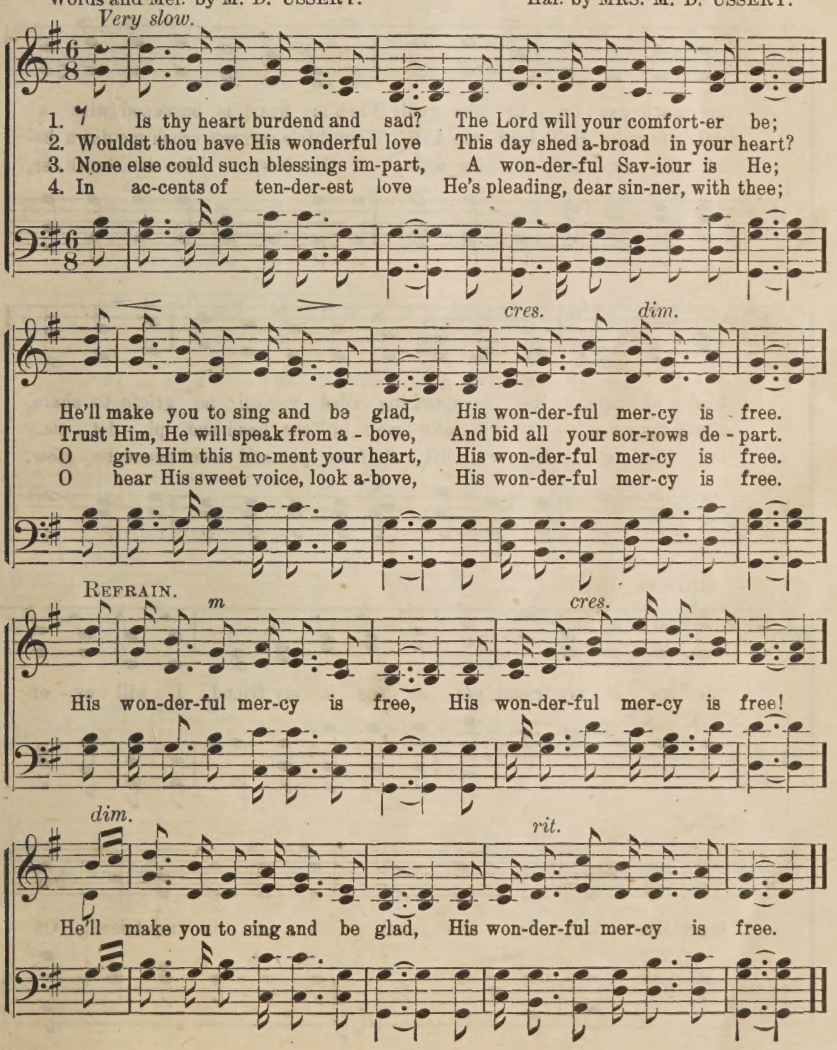
I Have Been Redeemed. Concluded.



No. 110. His Wonderful Mercy Is Free.

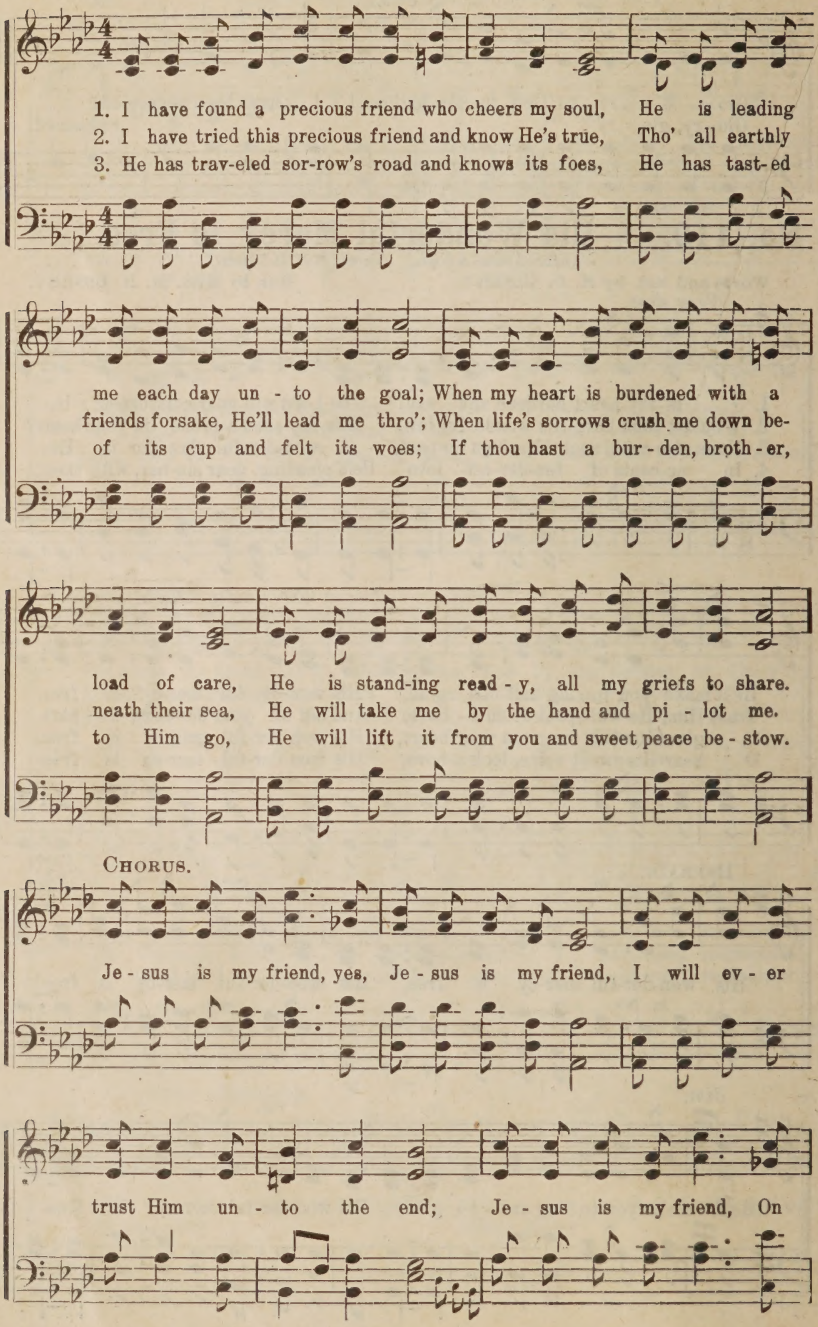
(Effective as a solo.) Property of M. D. Ussery.

Words and Mel. by M. D. USSERY. Har. by MRS. M. D. USSERY.

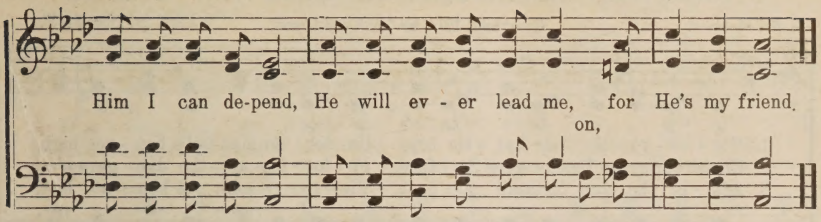


No. 111. Jesus Is My Friend.

W. W. S. By per. of Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

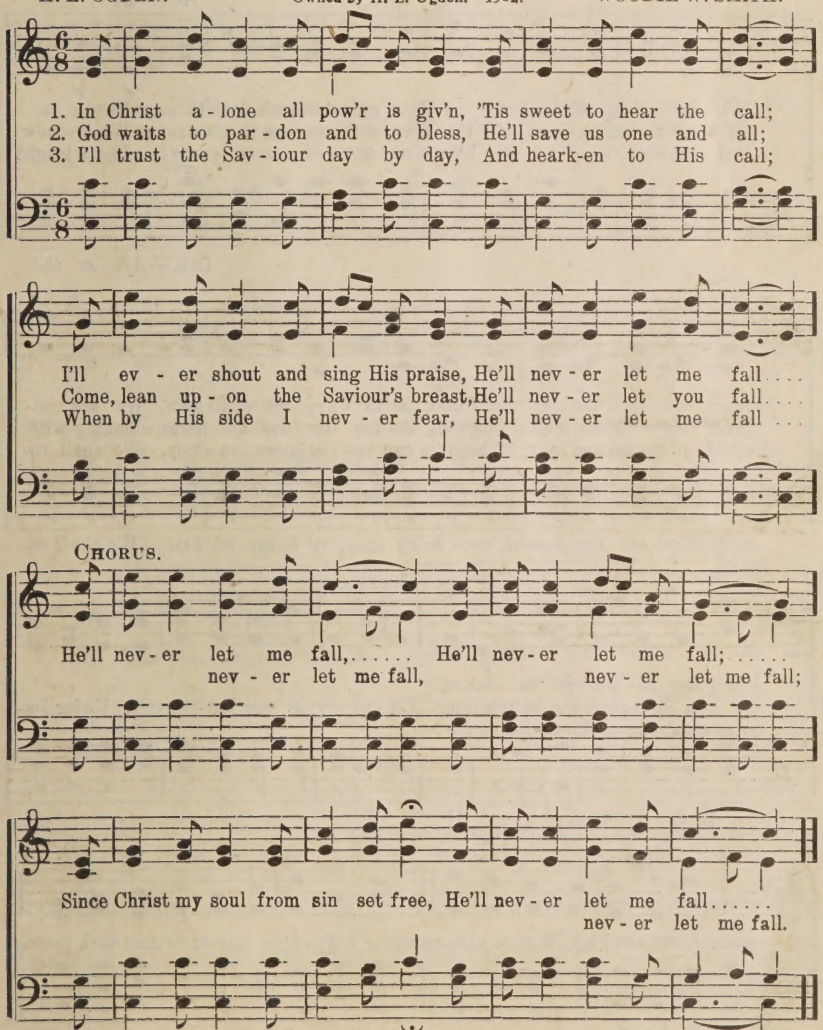


Jesus Is My Friend. Concluded.



No. 112. He'll Never Let Me Fall.

H. E. OGDEN. Owned by H. E. Ogden. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 113. Victory Is Our Battle Cry.

"Therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

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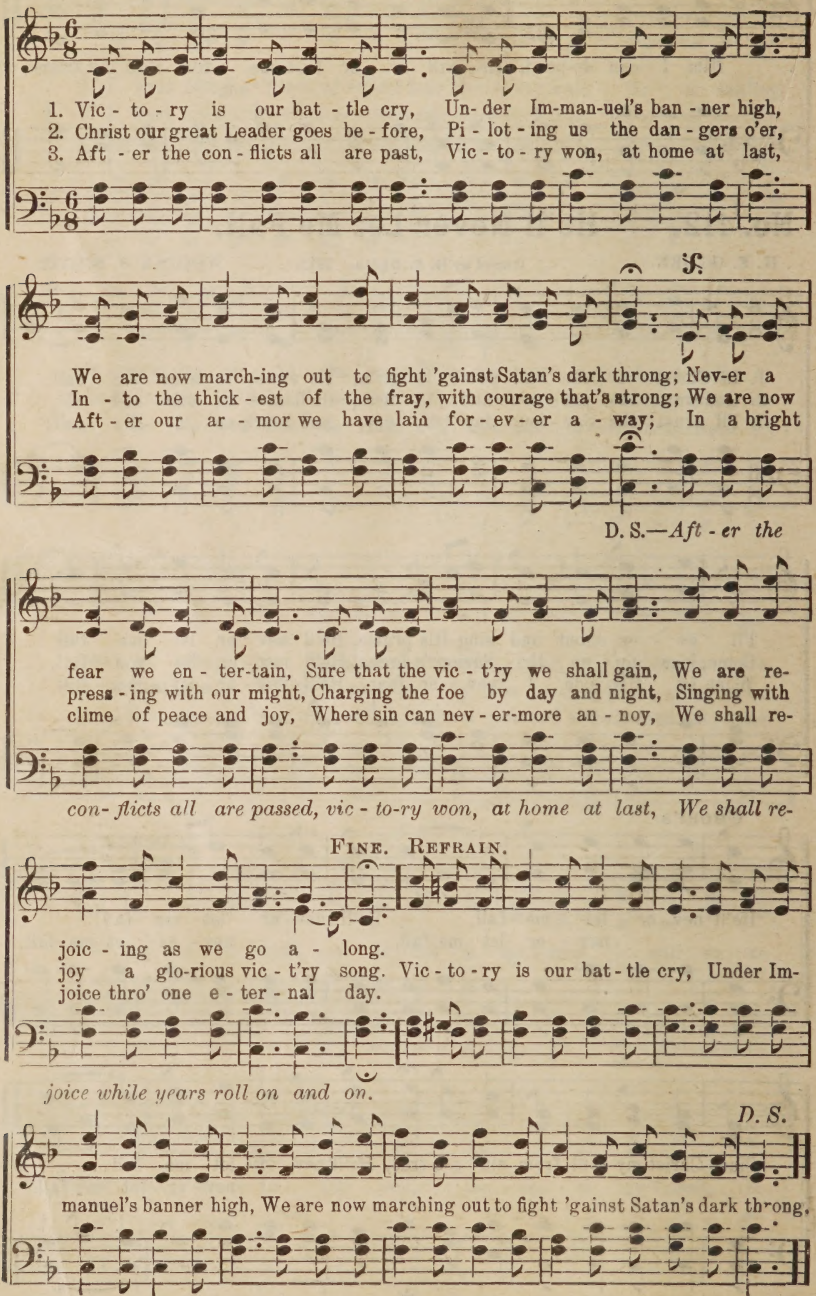
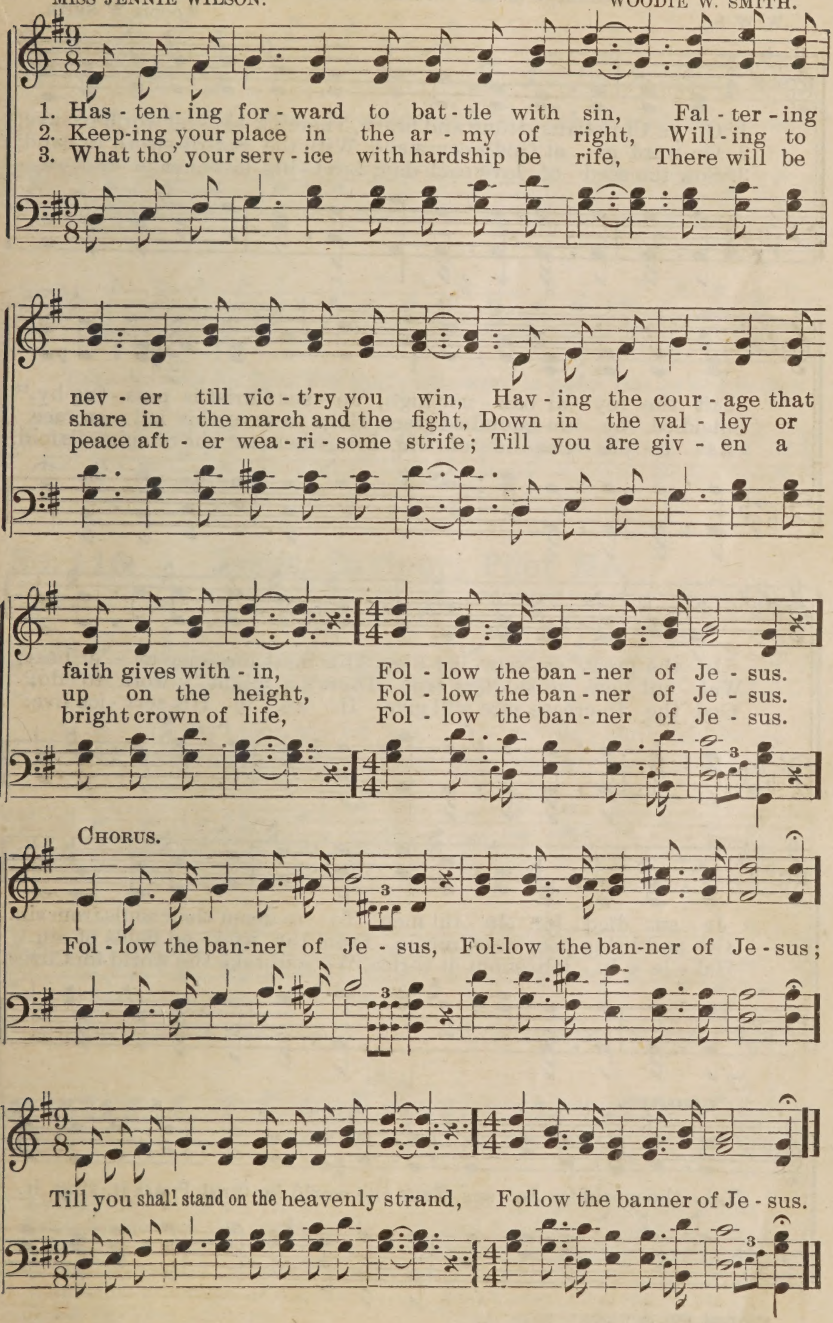


No. 114. Follow the Banner of Jesus.

Copyright, 1910, by Woodie W. Smith.

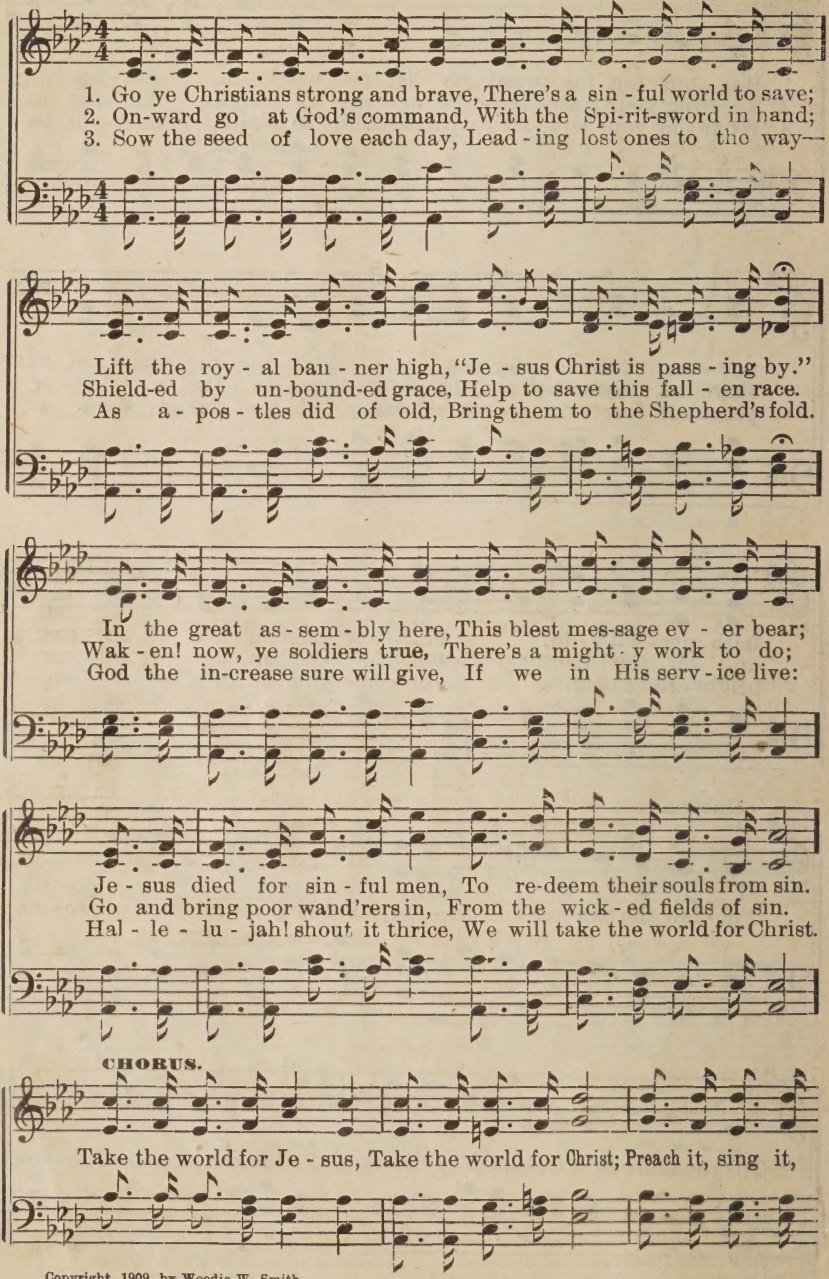
MISS JENNIE WILSON. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 115. Take the World For Christ.

Dedicated to the Christian workers of the world.

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.



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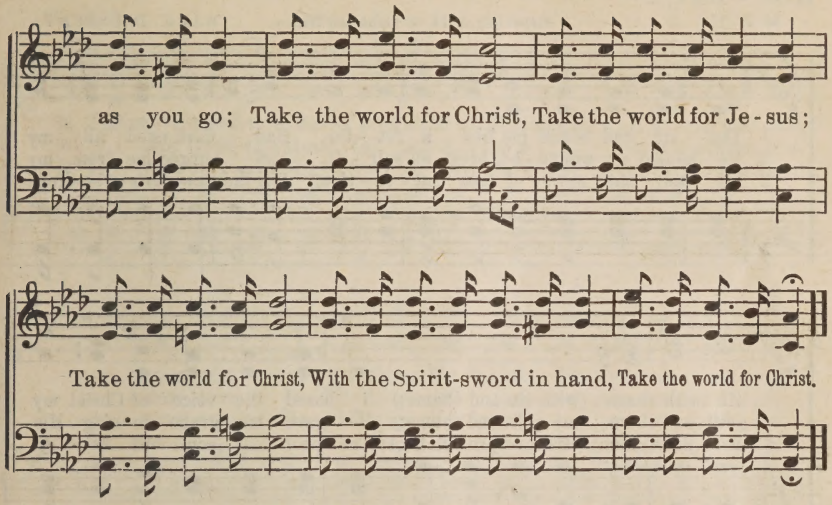
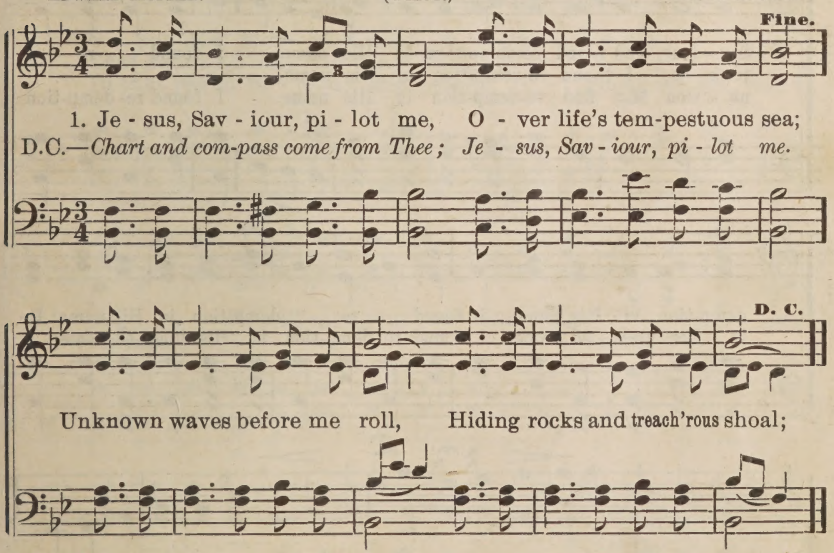
Take the World For Christ. Concluded.



No. 116. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. (PILOT.) J. E. GOULD.



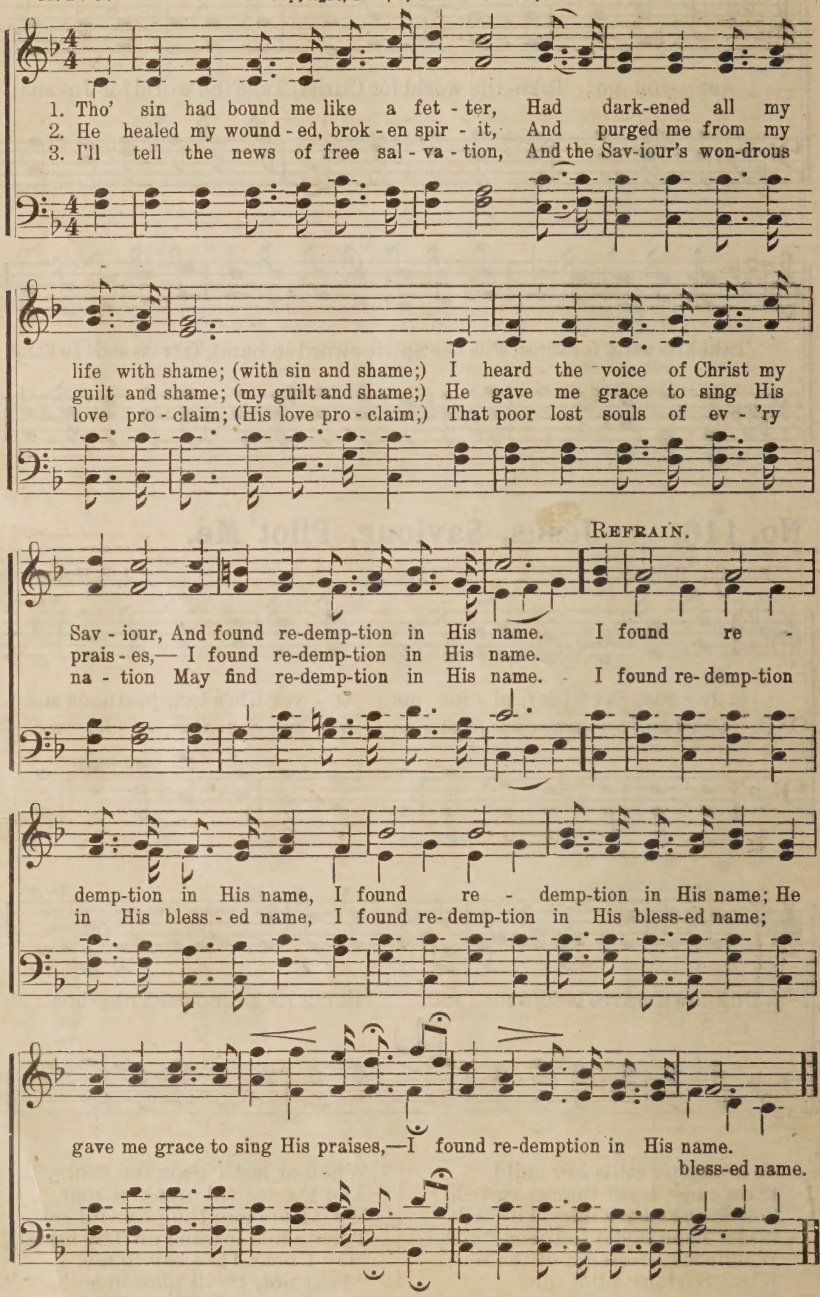
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous sovereign of the sea;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 117. I Found Redemption in His Name.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

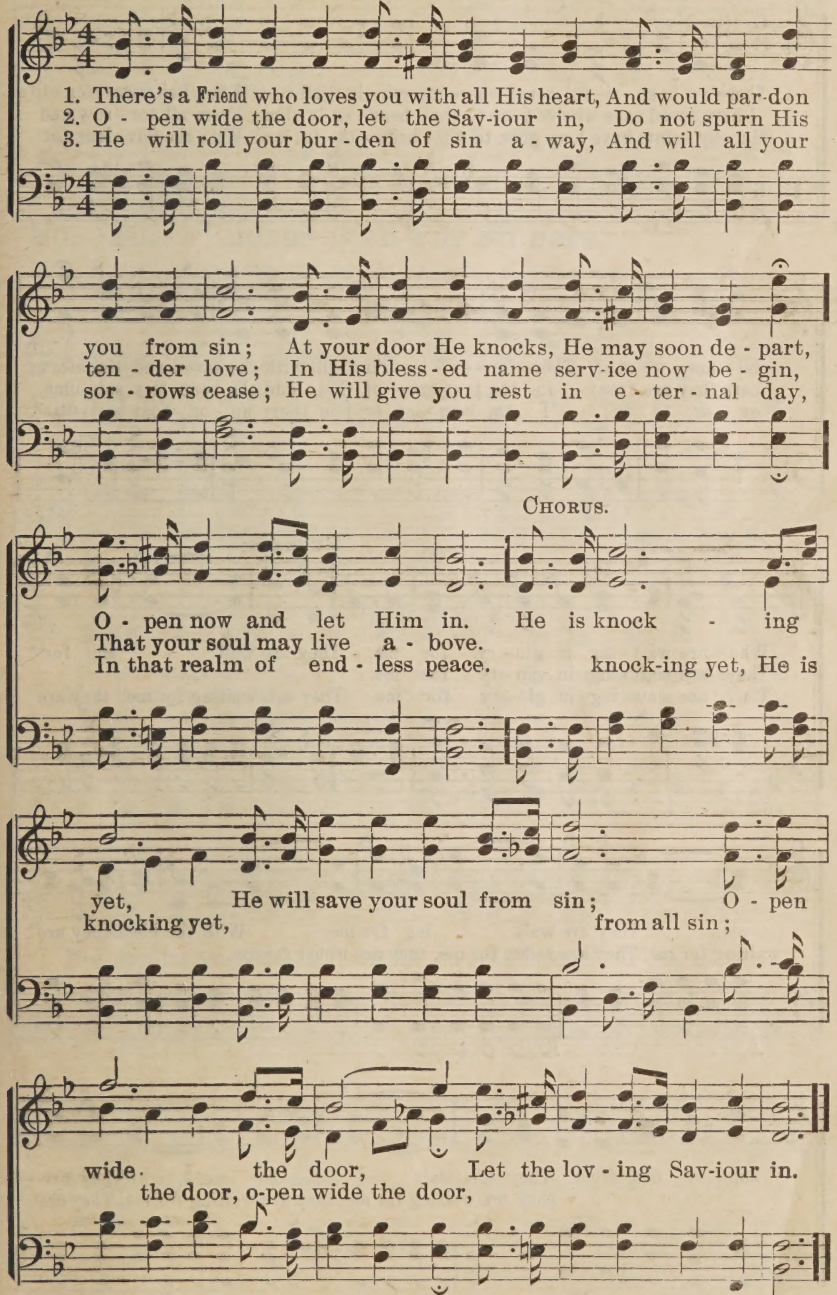
M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK. D. USSERY.



No. 118. Let The Saviour In.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

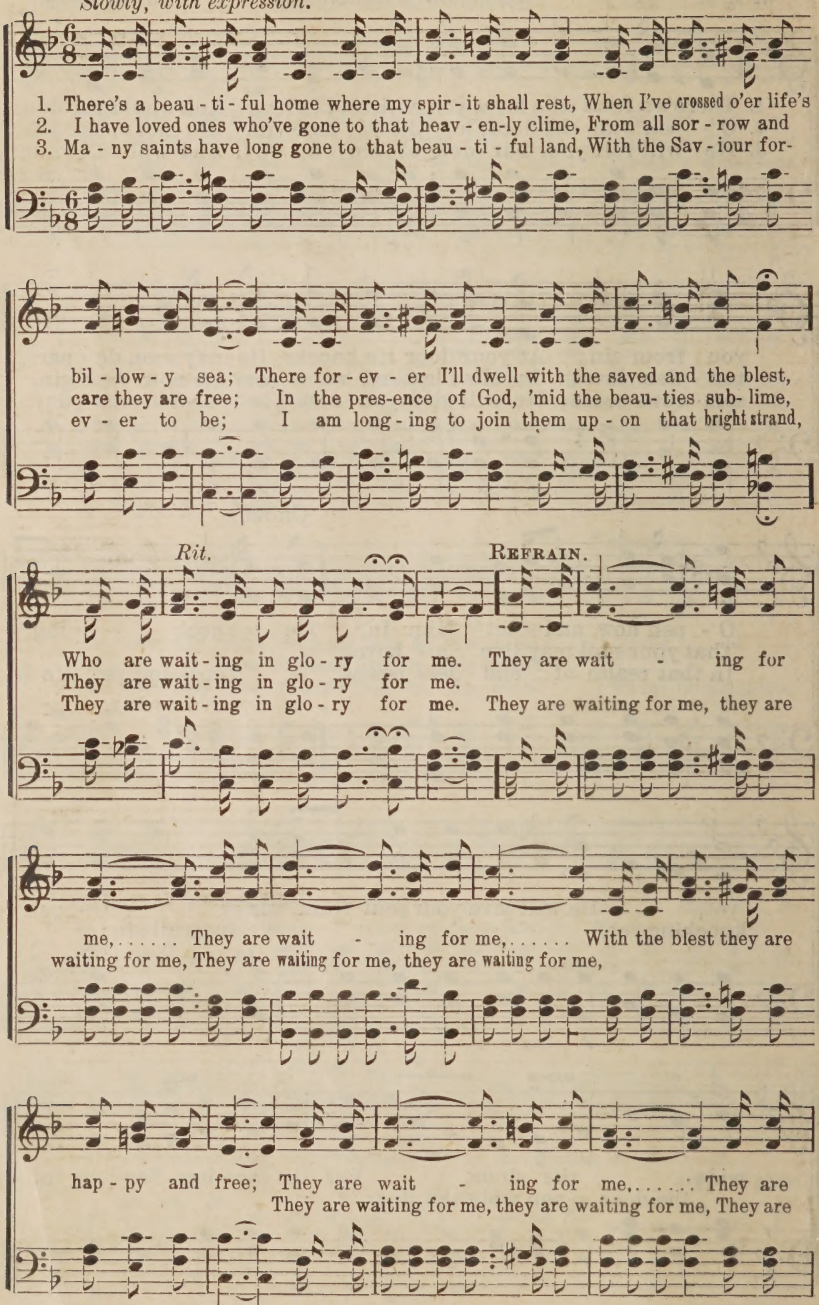
W. M. S. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. W. M. SPECK.



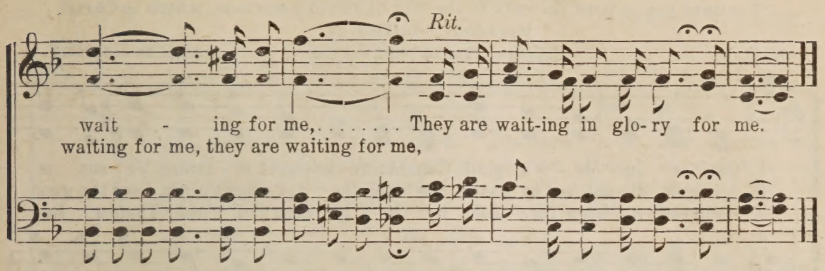
No. 119. They Are Waiting For Me.

J. A. C. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery, J. A Cole, owner. J. A. COLE.

Slowly, with expression.



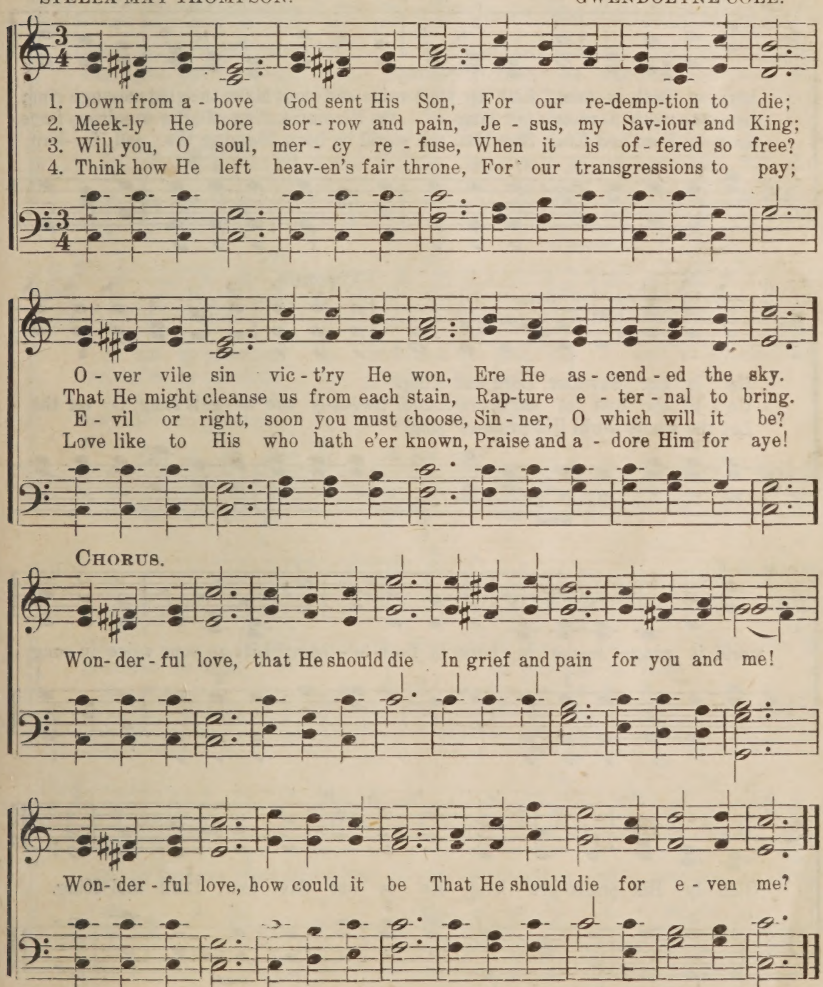
They Are Waiting For Me. Concluded.



No. 120. Jesus Died For Sinners.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. J. A. Cole, owner.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. GWENDOLYNE COLE.



No. 121. Jesus of Bethlehem.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2: 11.

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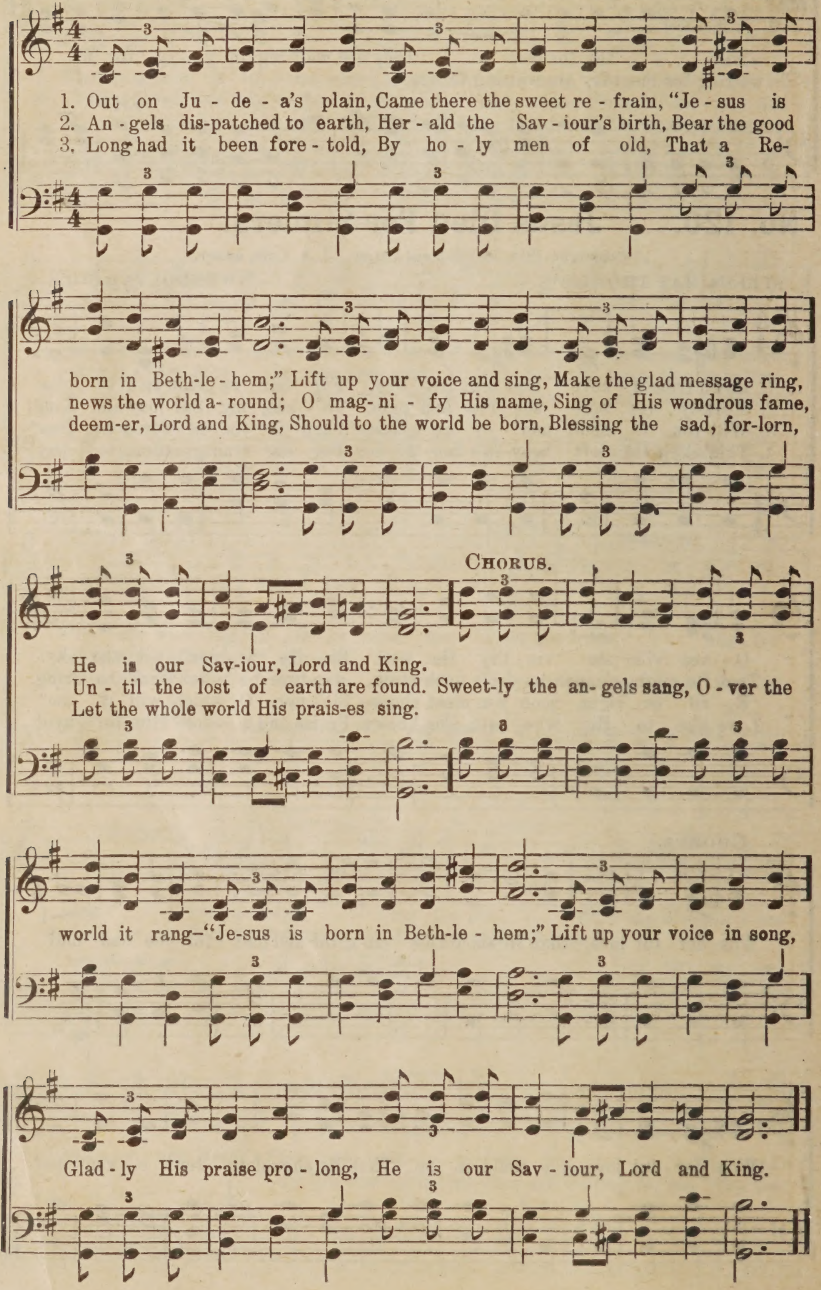
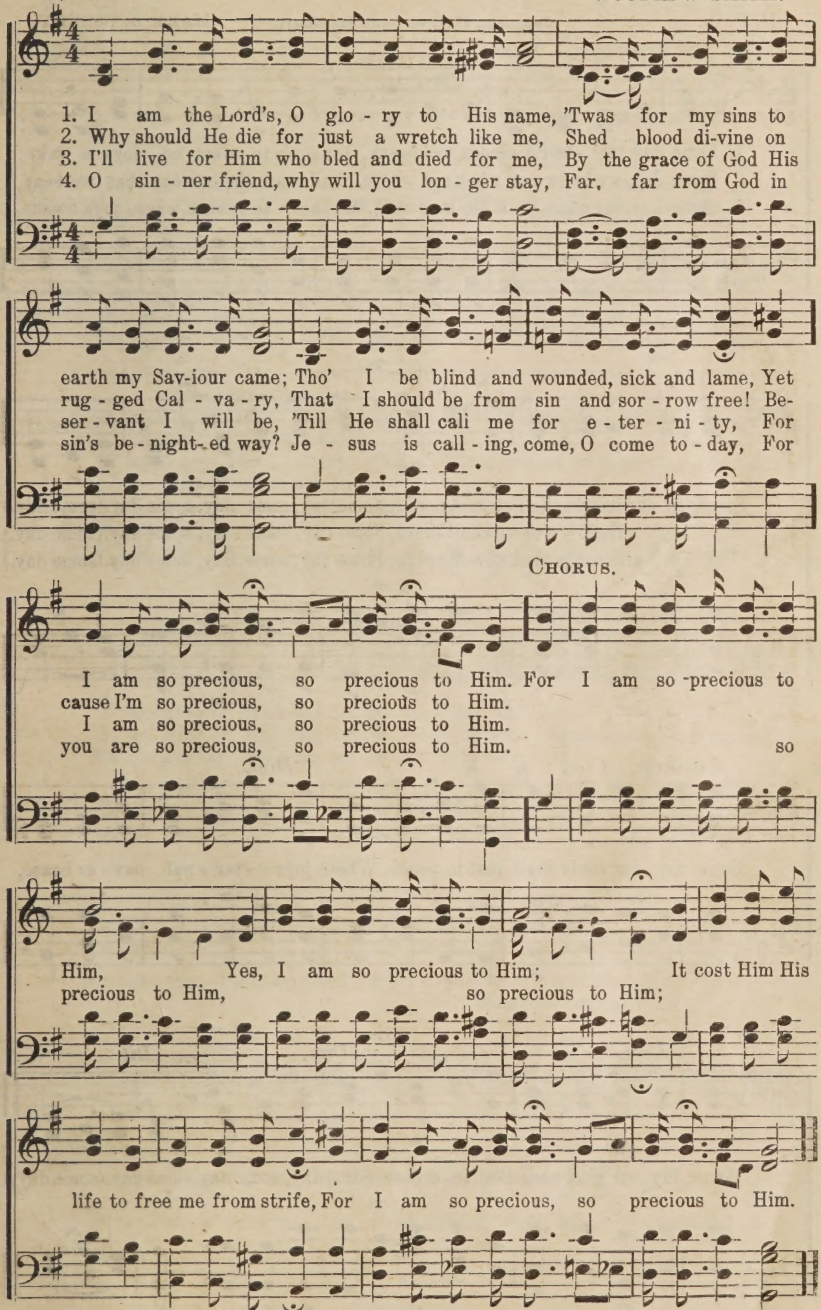


No. 122. I Am So Precious To Him.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.

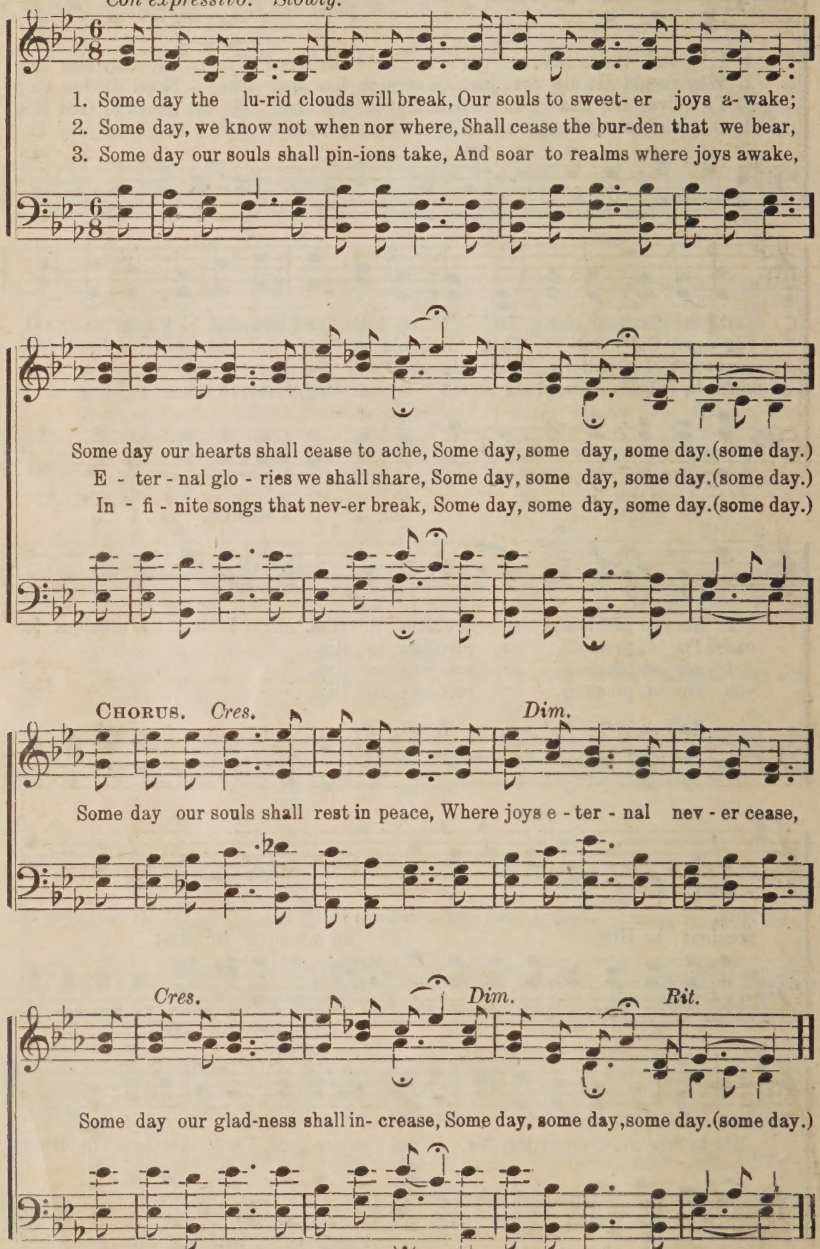


No. 123. Some Day.

(EFFECTIVE AS SOLO.)

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

Con expressivo. Slowly.



No. 124. The Sun-Light Way.

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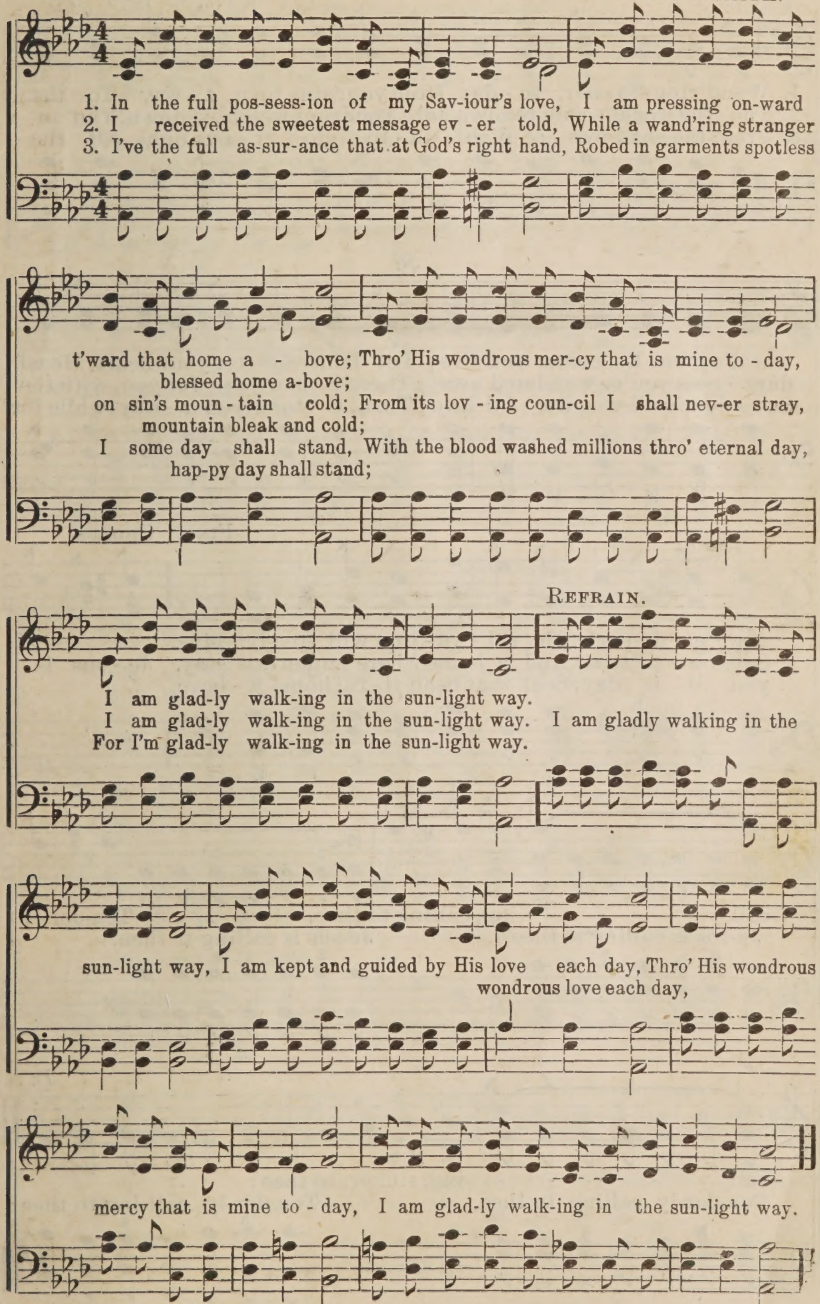
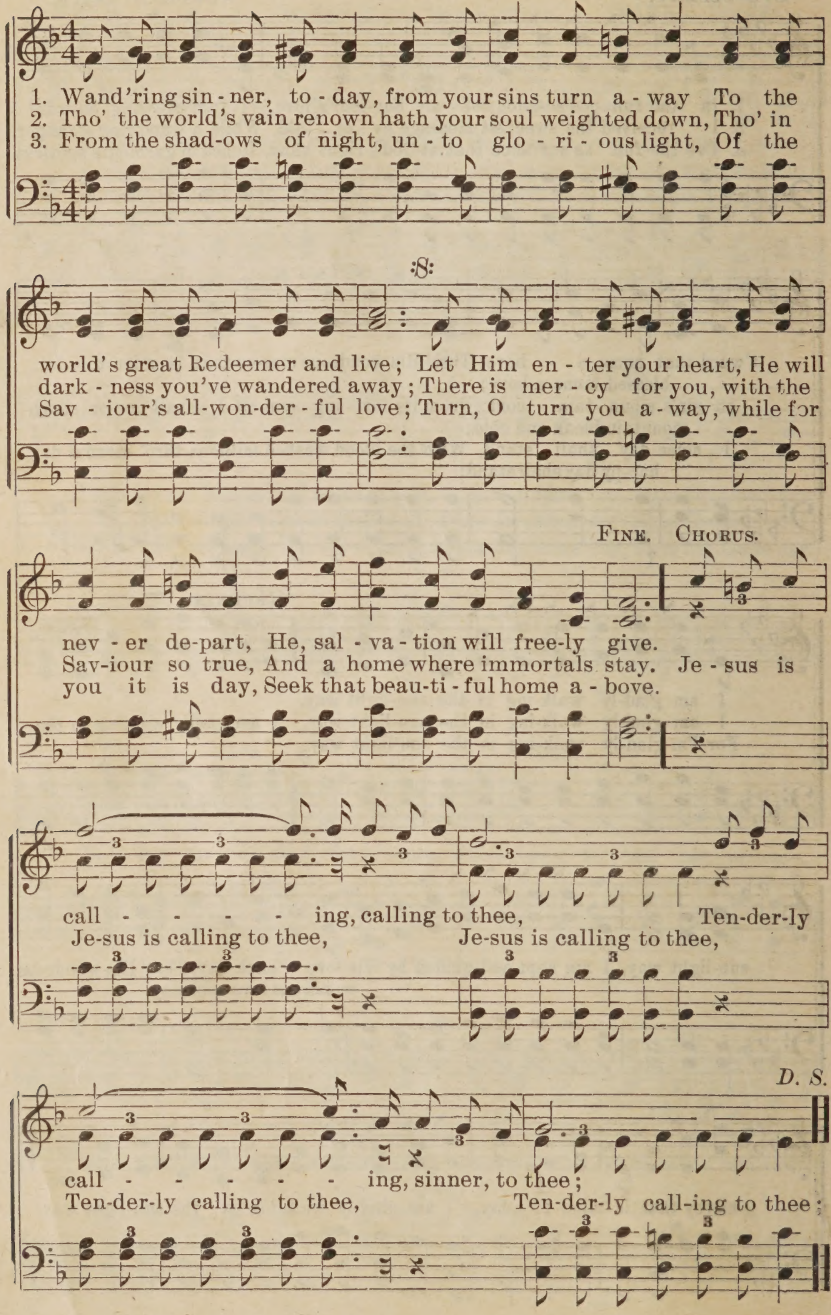
M. D. USSERY. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 125. Tenderly Calling for Thee.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

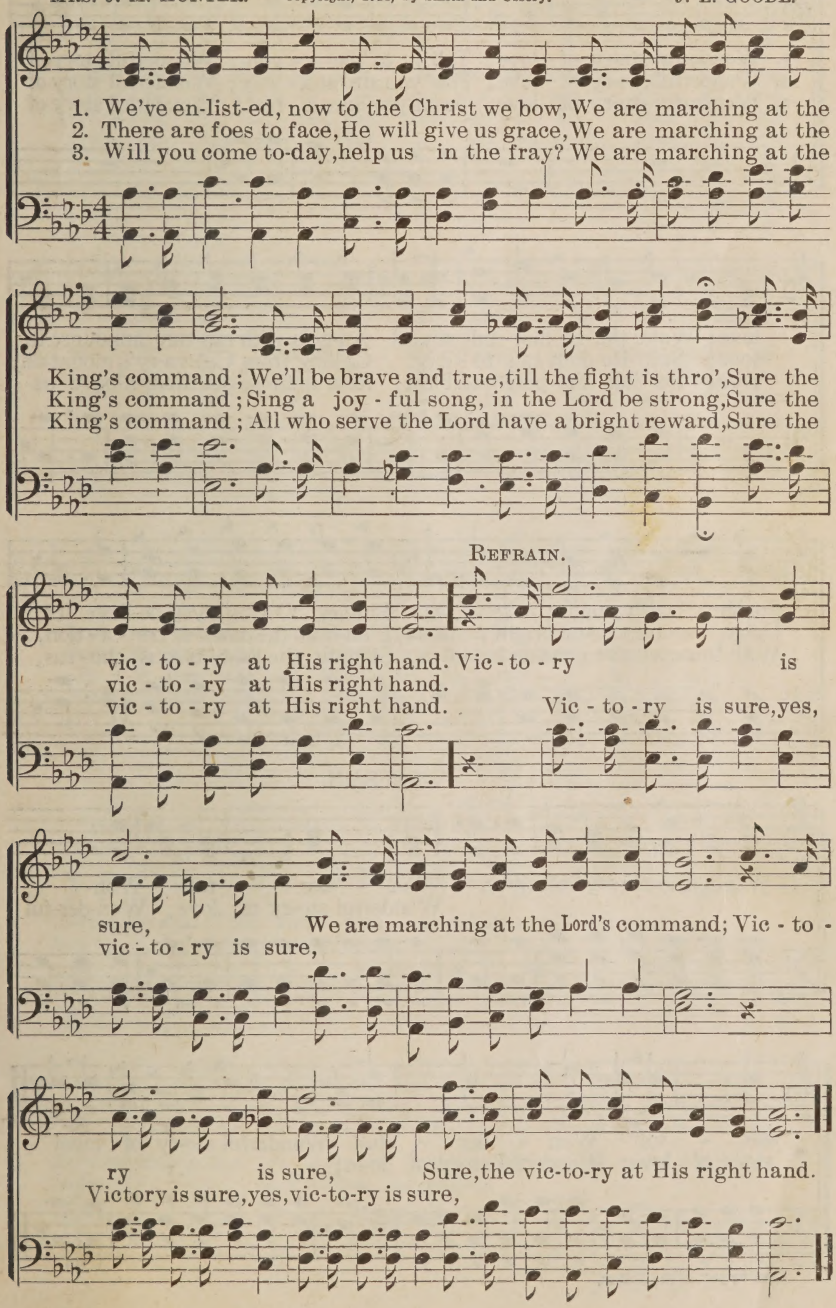
MARK D. USSERY. E. D. STEPHENS.



No. 126. At His Right Hand.

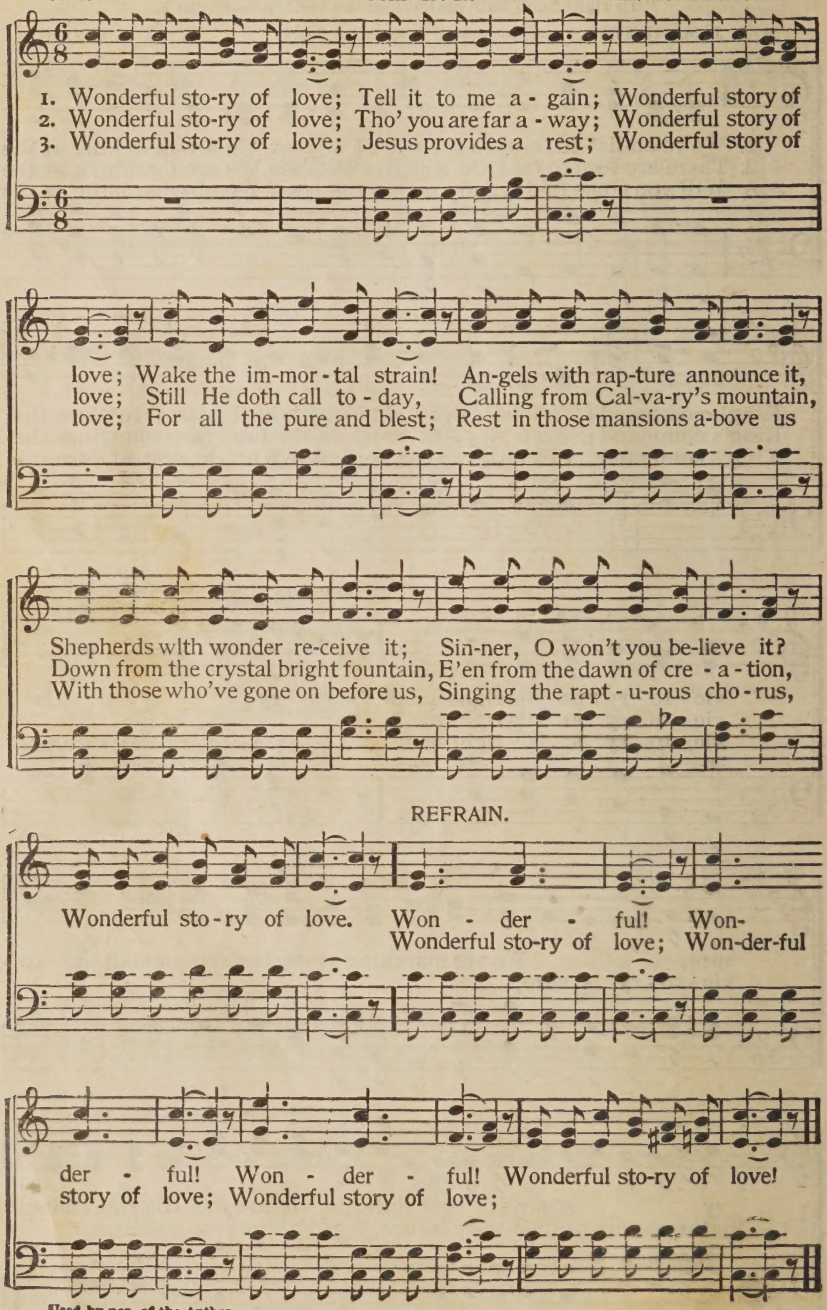
"His right hand hath gotten him the victory."—Ps. 98: 1.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. J. L. GOODE.



No. 127 Wonderful Story of Love.

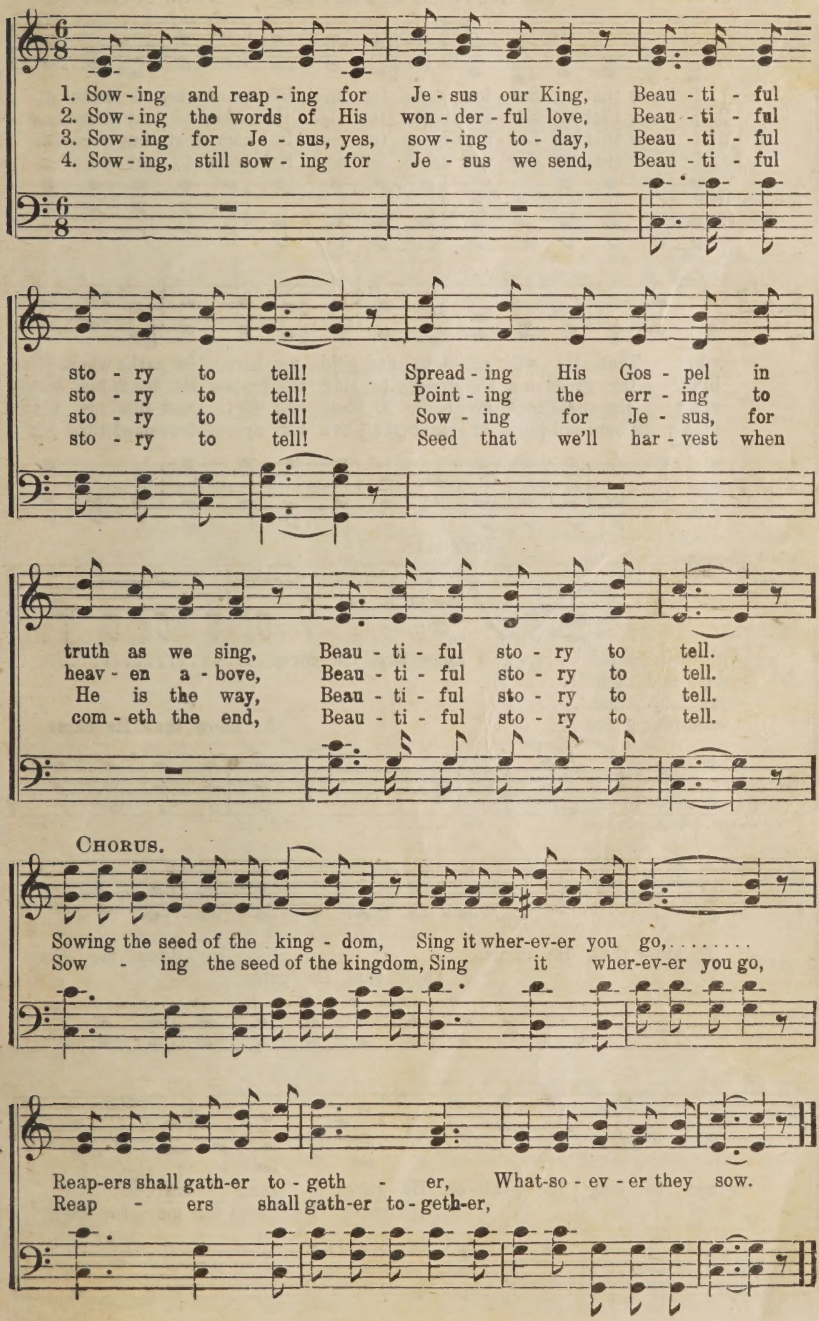
J. M. D. JOHN 15: 13. REV. J. M. DRIVER.



Used by per. of the Author.

No. 128 Beautiful Story to Tell.

F. L. EILAND. Used by per. Quartet Music Co. F. A. MYERS.



No. 129. I Know He Cares.

"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."—Isa. 3:10.

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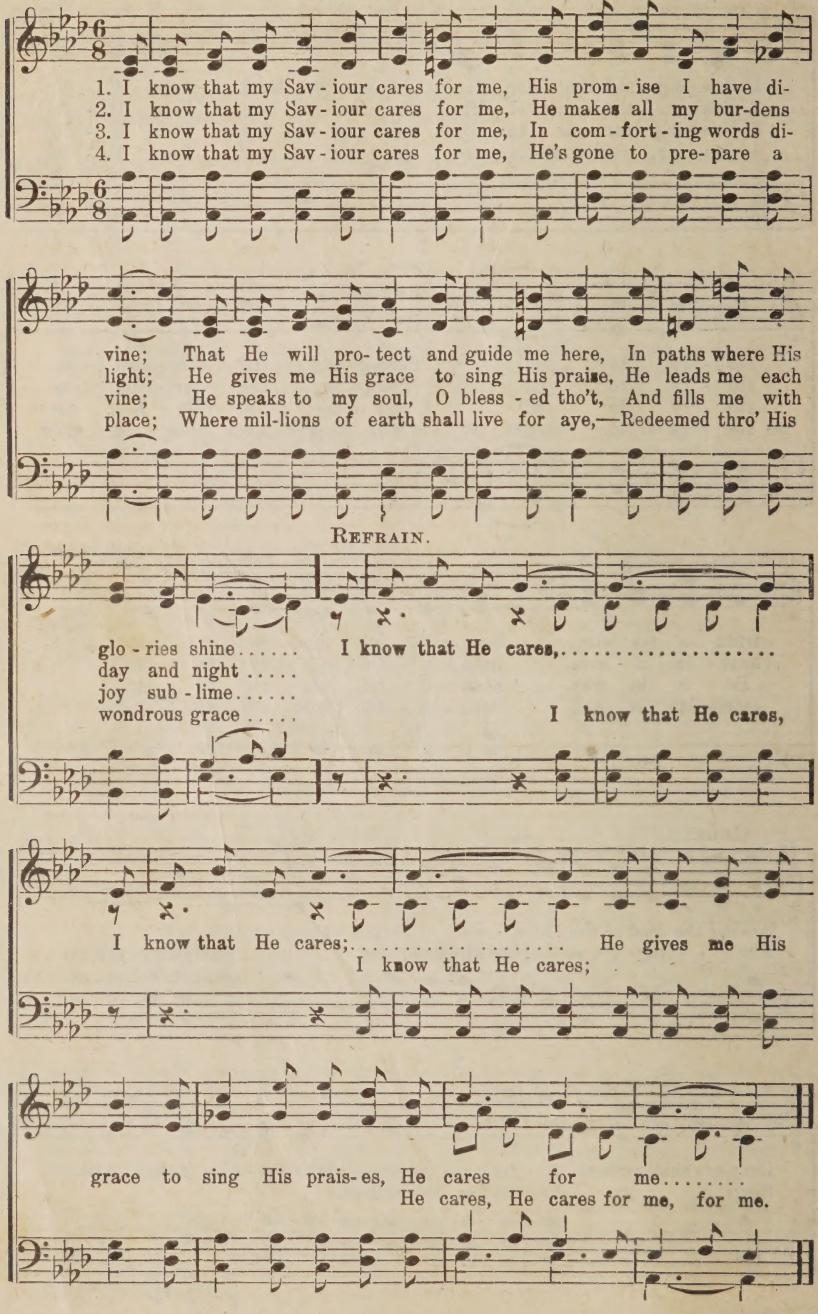
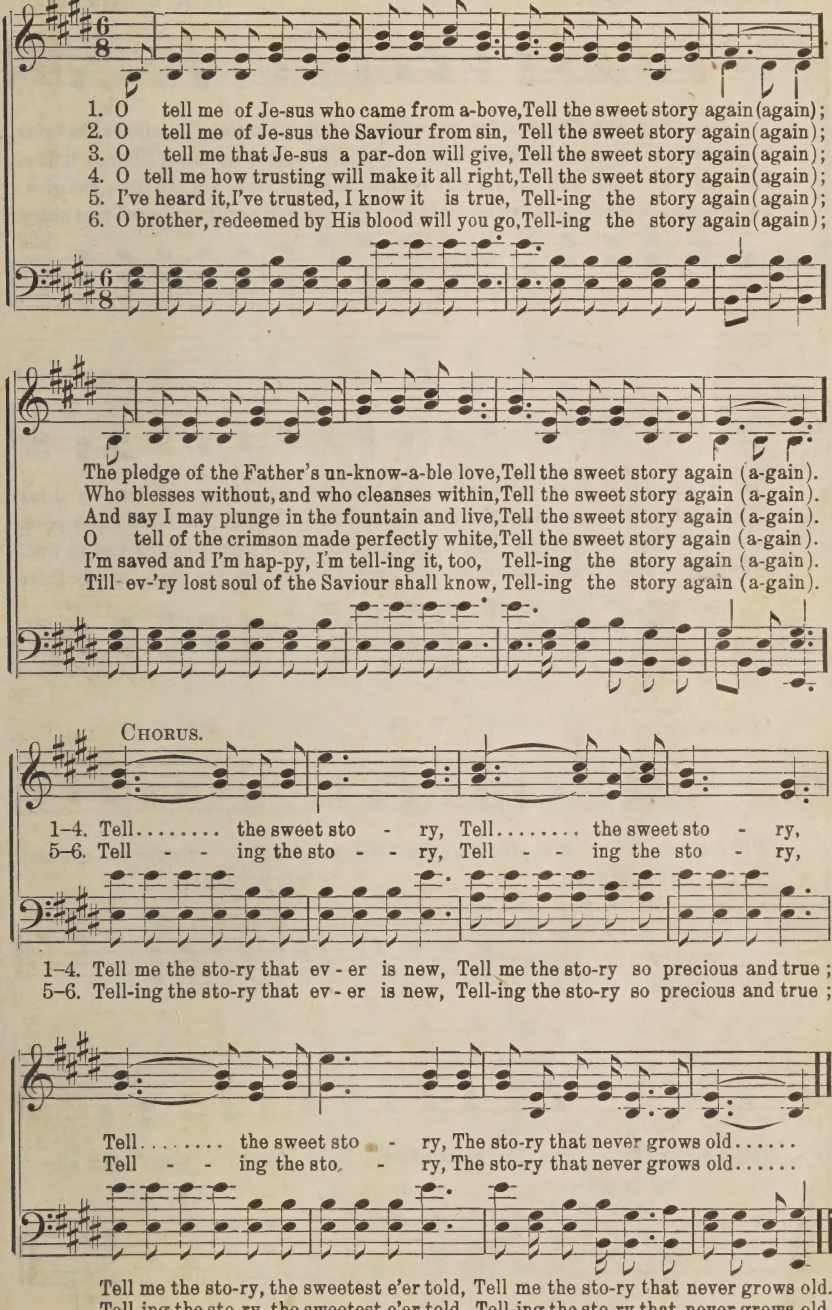


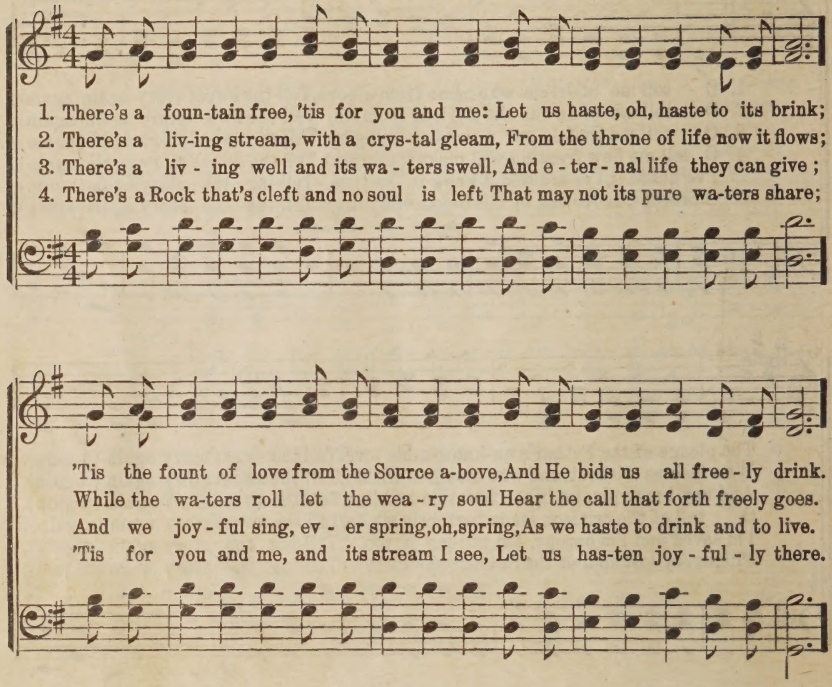
No. 130. Tell The Sweet Story Again.

D. E. D. Copyright, 1909. by D. E. Dortch. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 131 Free Waters.

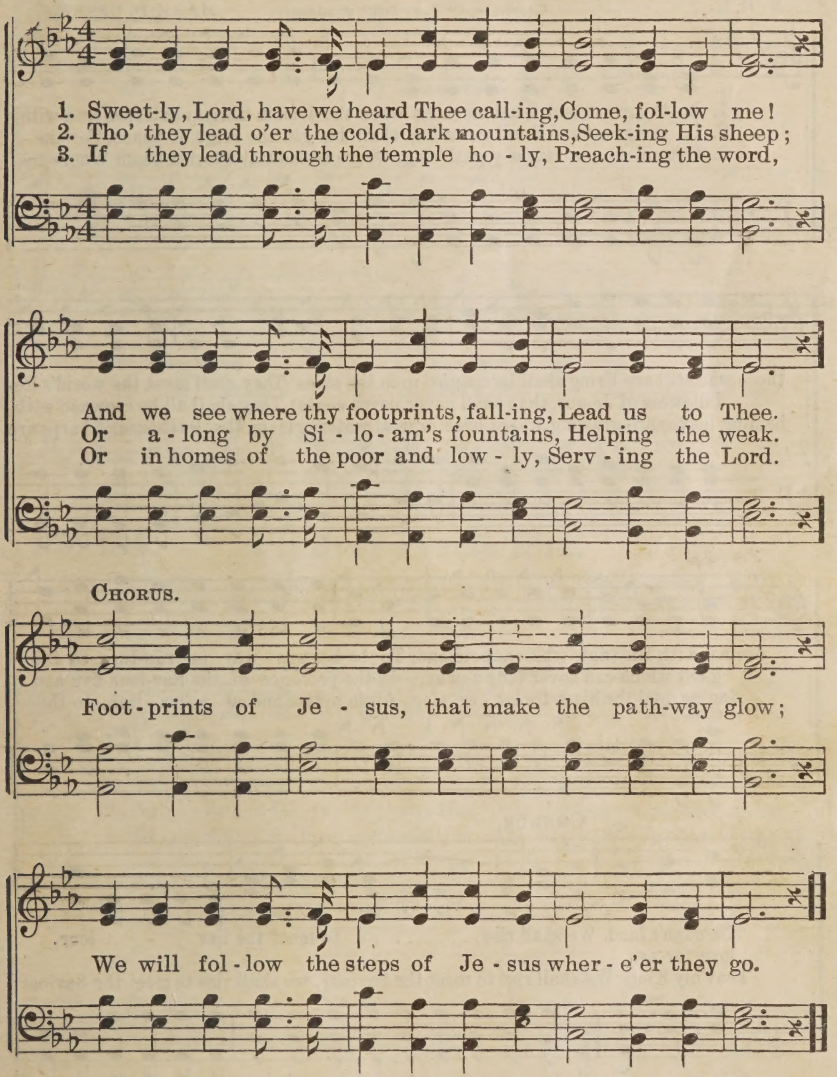
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



Used by per.

No. 132 Footsteps Of Jesus.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



4 Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway
We follow Thee; [keeping,
Through the gloom of that place of
Gethsemane!—CHO. [weeping,

5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing
We go again,
Up the slope of the hillside bearing
Our cross of pain.—CHO.

6 By and by, through the shining
Turning our feet, [portals,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.

7 Then at last when on high He sees
Our journey done, [us
We will rest where the steps of
End at His throne.—CHO. [Jesus

Used by per.

No. 133. We Shall Rise.

See I Thess. 4: 16, 17.

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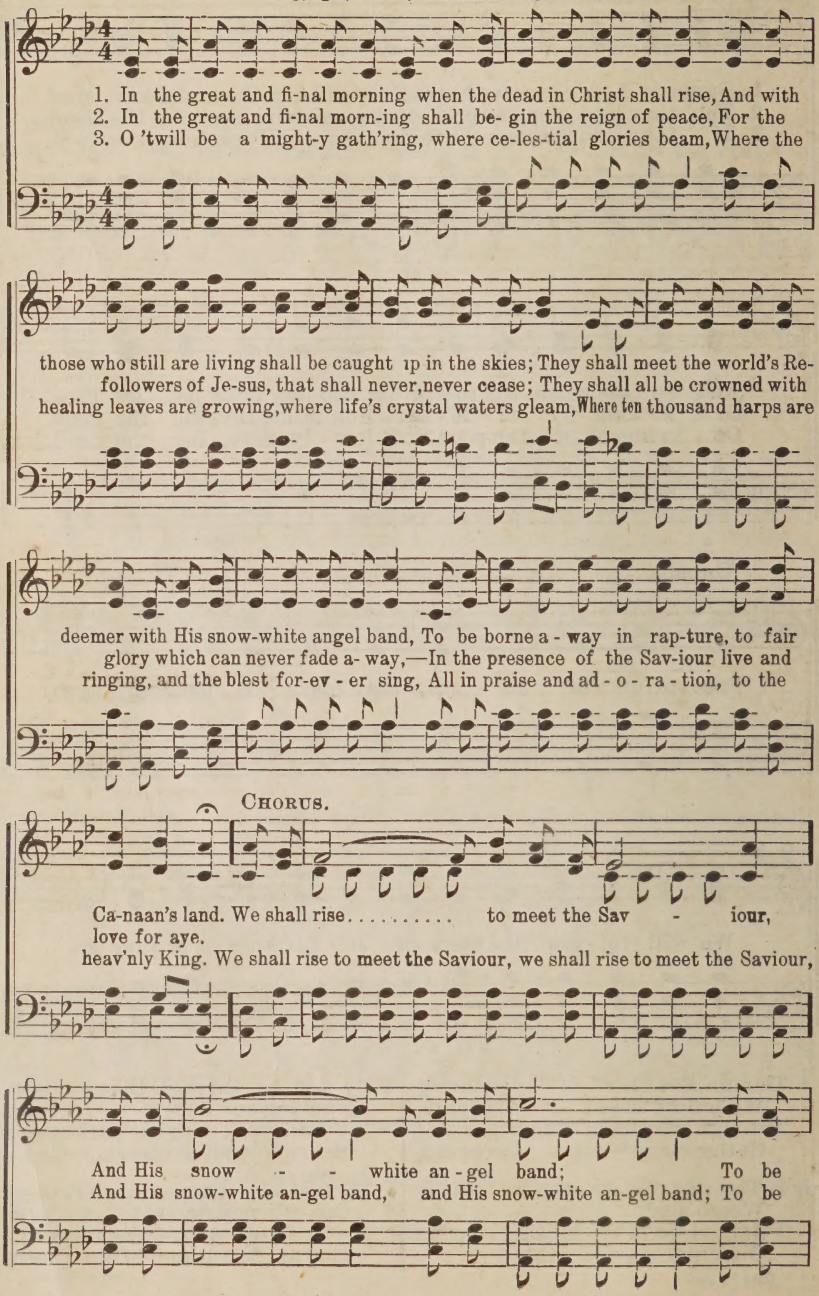
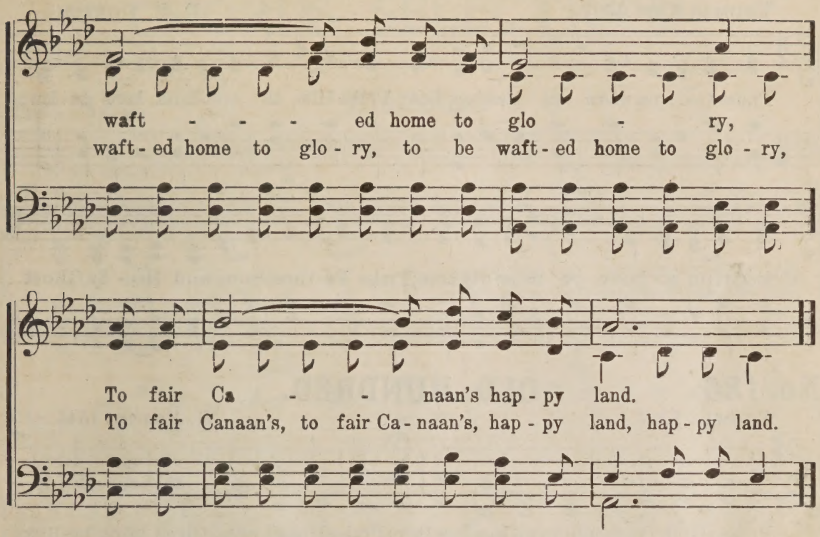


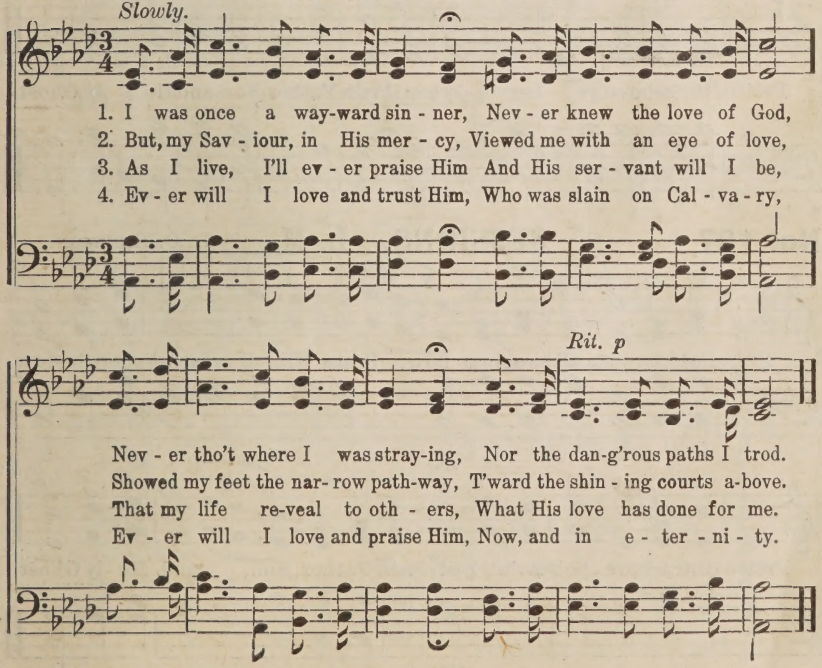
We Shall Rise. Concluded.



No. 134. I'll Ever Praise Him.

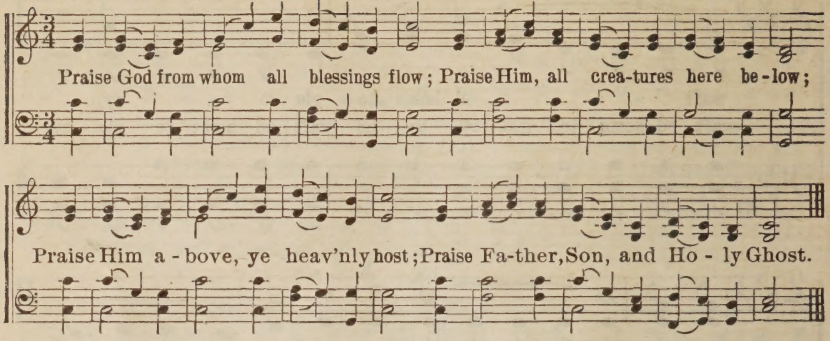
Oh, that every wayward sinner, Would the love of Jesus know,
Then to praise Him for salvation, As the shining way they go.—E.

MISS HATTIE M. PETTY. Arr. by M. D. USSERY. W. H. FREE.



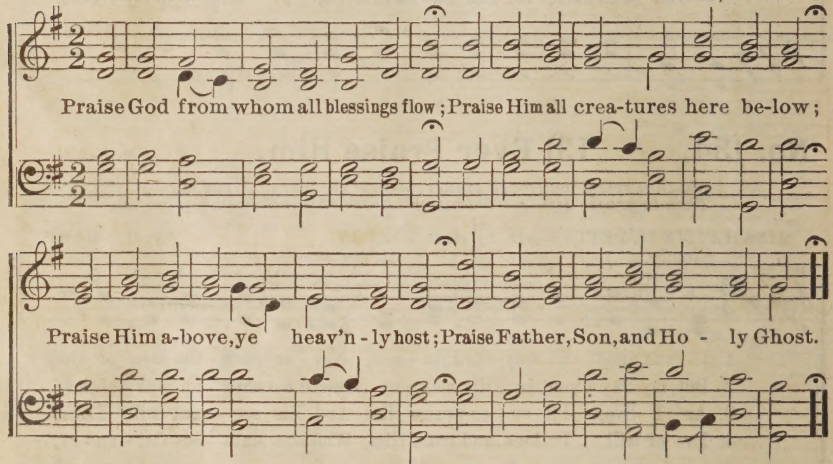
No. 135 DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



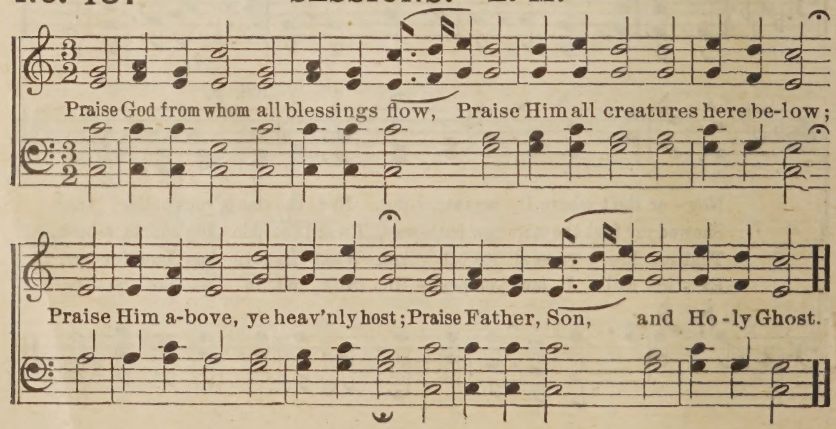
No. 136 OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



No. 137 SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

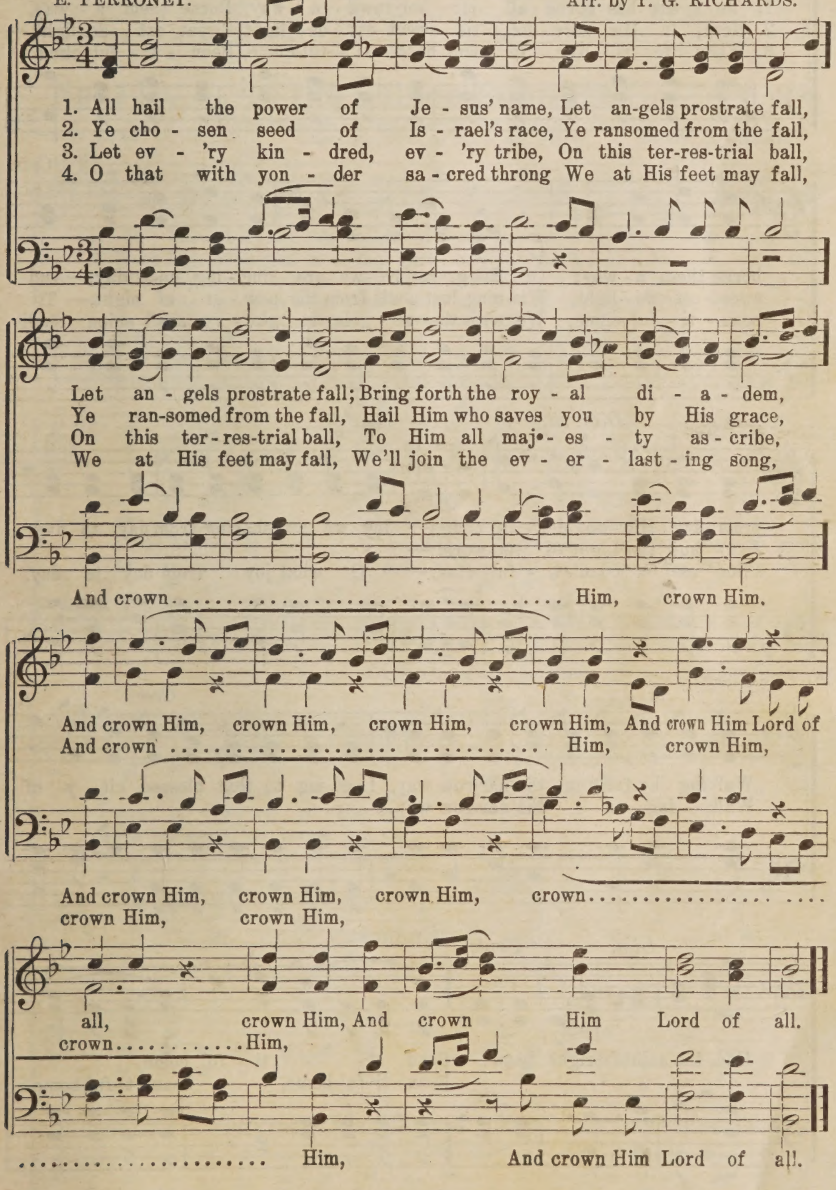


CHORUS SELECTIONS.

No. 138. Diadem.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—1 Tim. 6: 15.

E. PERRONET. Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.



No. 139. The Saints' Bright Home.

Read 21 chapter of Rev.

Inscribed to the faithful in Christ.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

1. Je - sus has borne all our sor-rows a - way, Borne them a - way,
2. Here, in His serv - ice, 'tis sweet- est de - light, Sweet - est de- light,—
3. When life is o'er, in some beau - ti - ful clime, Beau - ti - ful clime,

Cres.

borne them a - way; Of His great love we are sing - ing each day,—And
sweet- est de - light, Win-ning lost souls from the pow - er of night,— To
beau - ti - ful clime, We, with the an - gels in glo - ry shall shine; Shall

Dim. rit. *f* *m* *m*

prais - ing His won-der - ful name;— Joy we are sharing from day to day,
Je - sus the Light of the world;—
shine as a beau - ti - ful star;— O what joy from day to day,

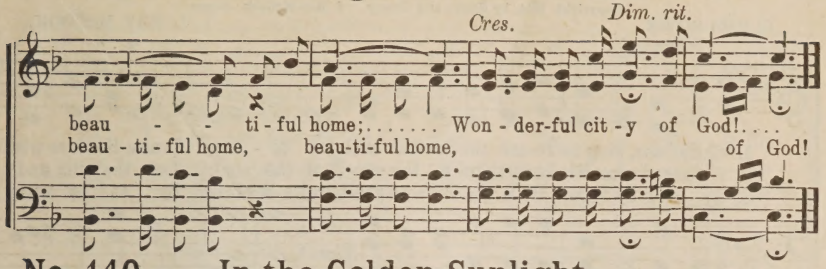
m *Cres.*

Walking by faith in the nar-row way, Lead-ing to that blessed cit - y of
Walk - ing in the nar-row way,

Dim. FINE. CHORUS.

God, the saints' bright home. Beau - - ti - ful home, ...
Beau - ti- ful home, beau - ti-ful home,

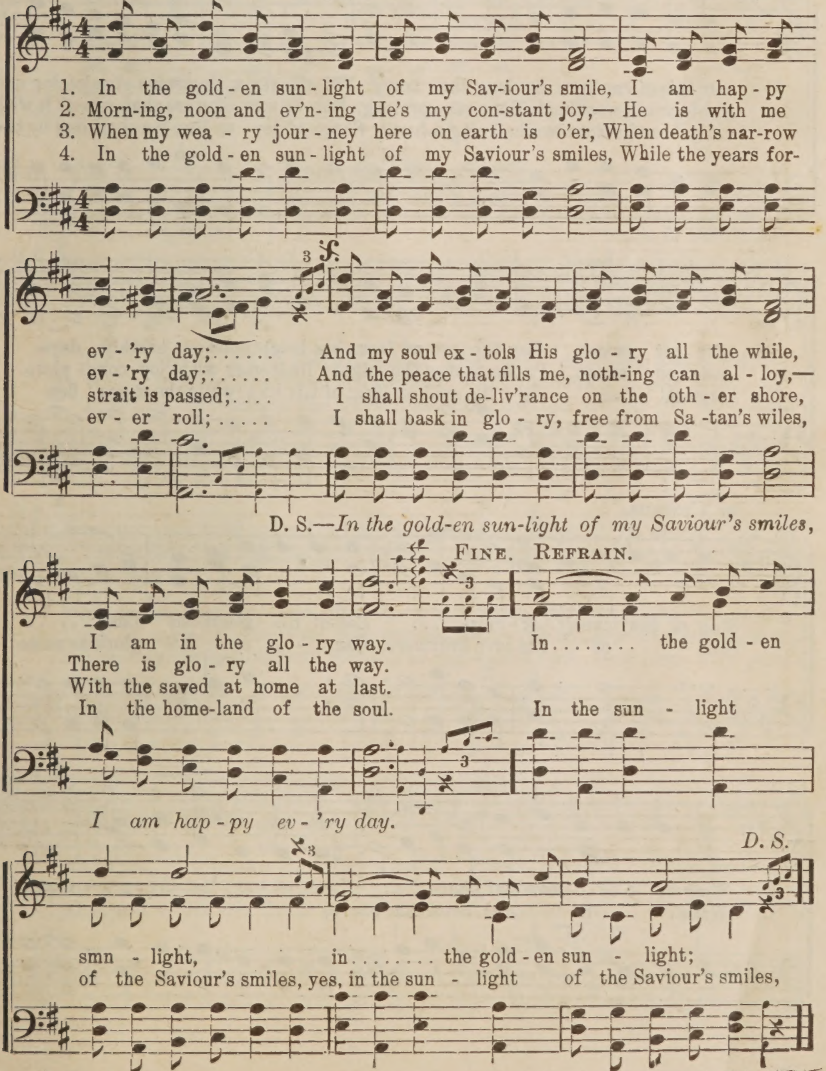
The Saints' Bright Home. Concluded.



No. 140. In the Golden Sunlight.

"Let us walk in the light of the Lord."—Is. 2: 5.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

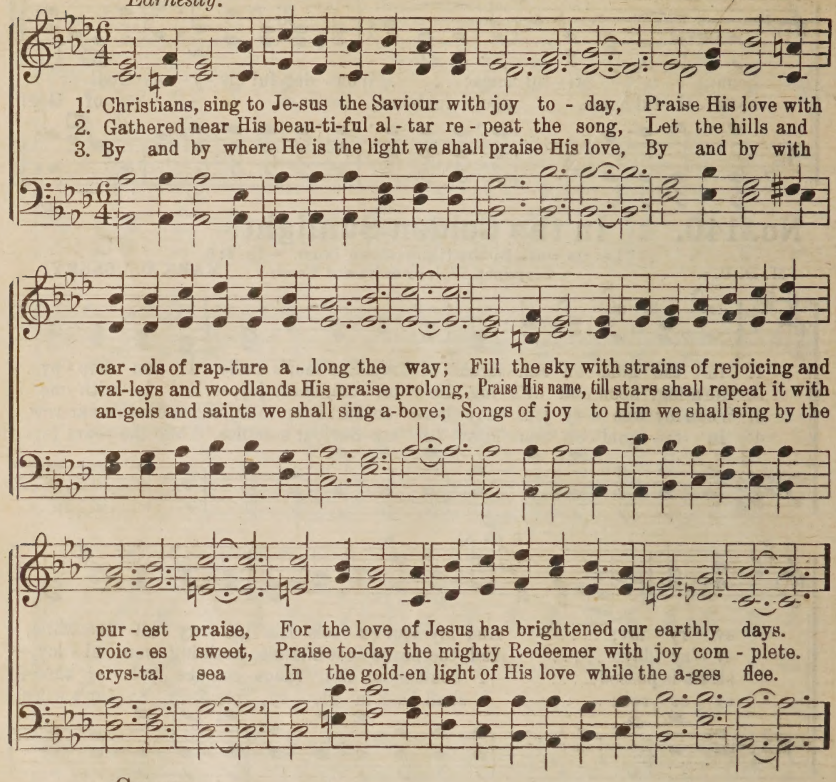


No. 141. Sing of His Love Evermore.

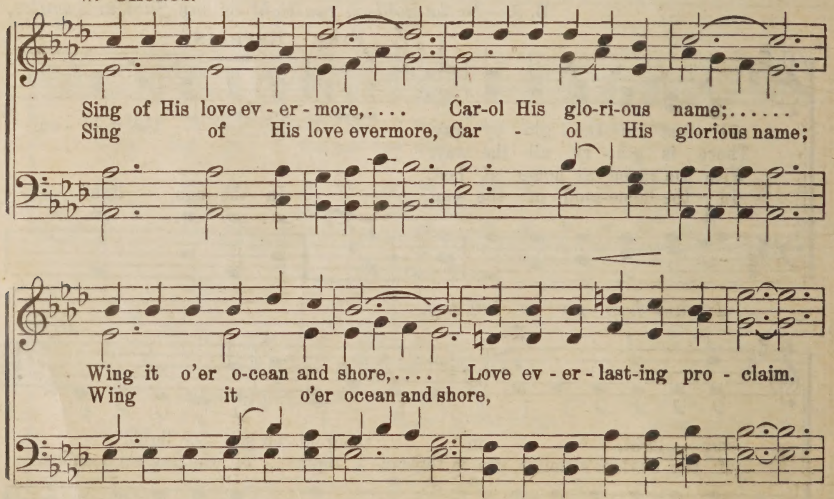
Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. J. Roy McCook, owner.

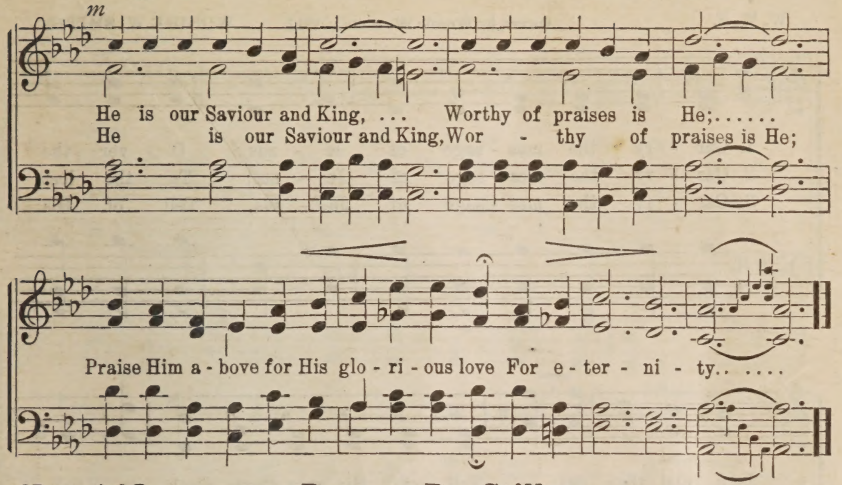
JAMES ROWE. J. ROY McCOOK.

Earnestly.



m CHORUS.



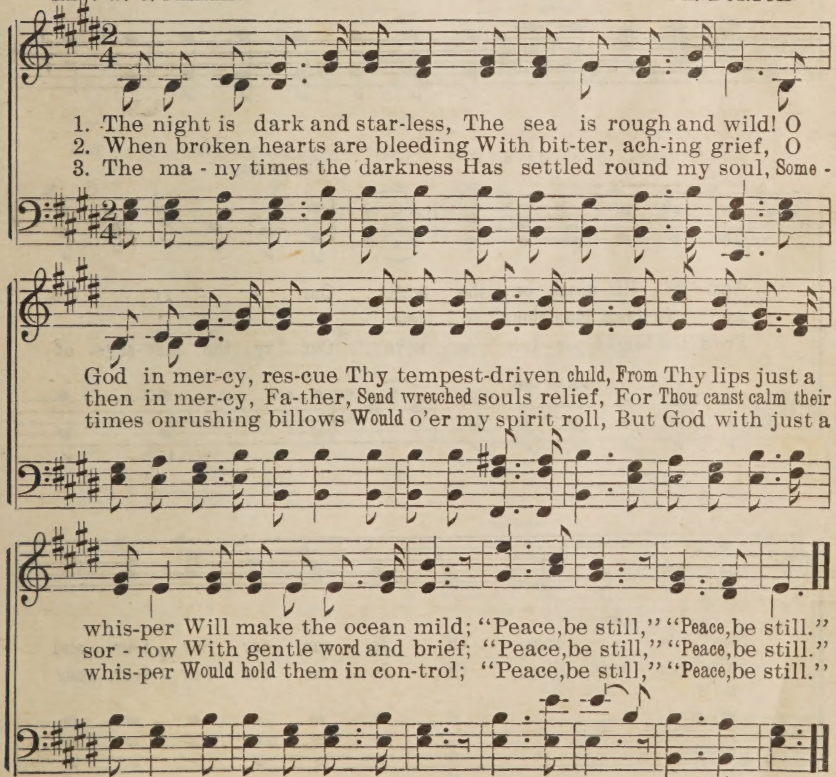


No. 142. Peace, Be Still.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

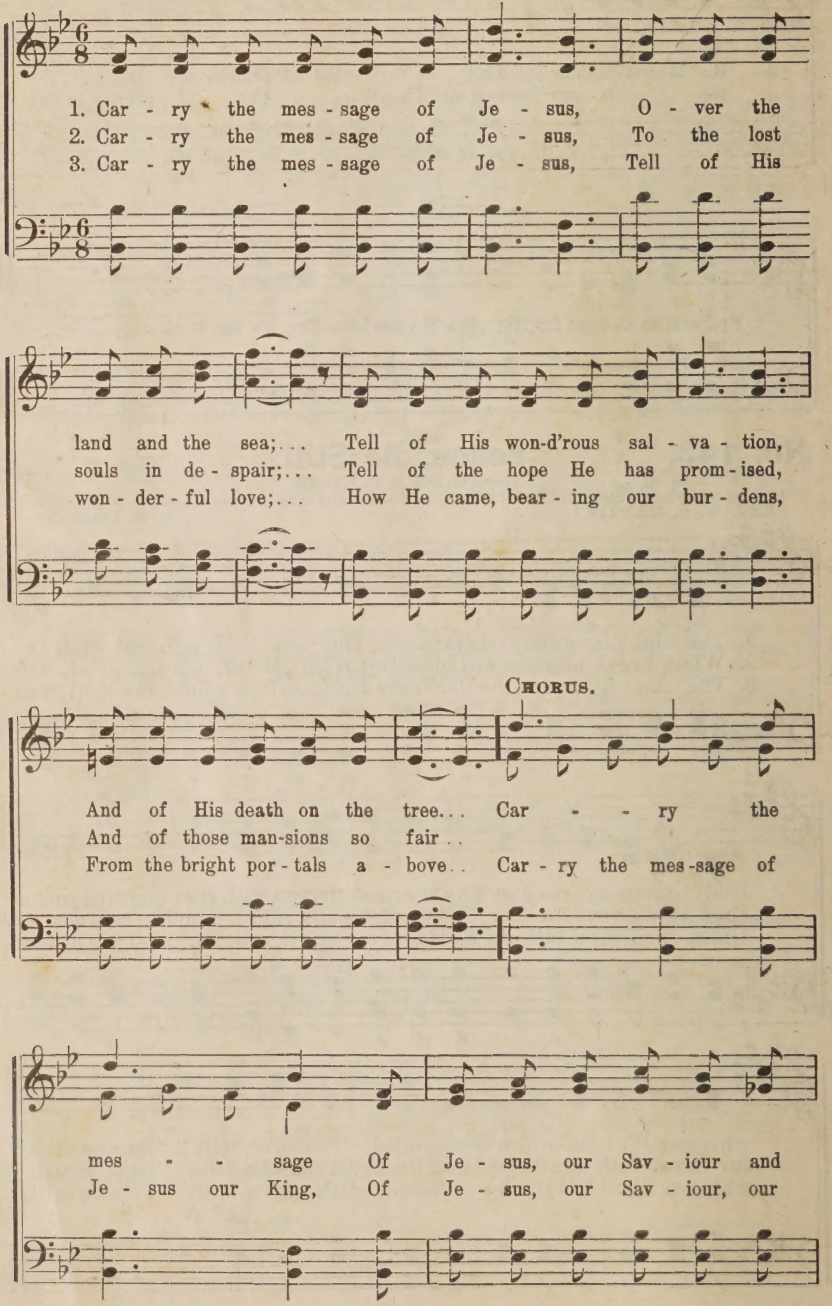
"And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, 'peace, be still.' "—MARK 4: 39.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

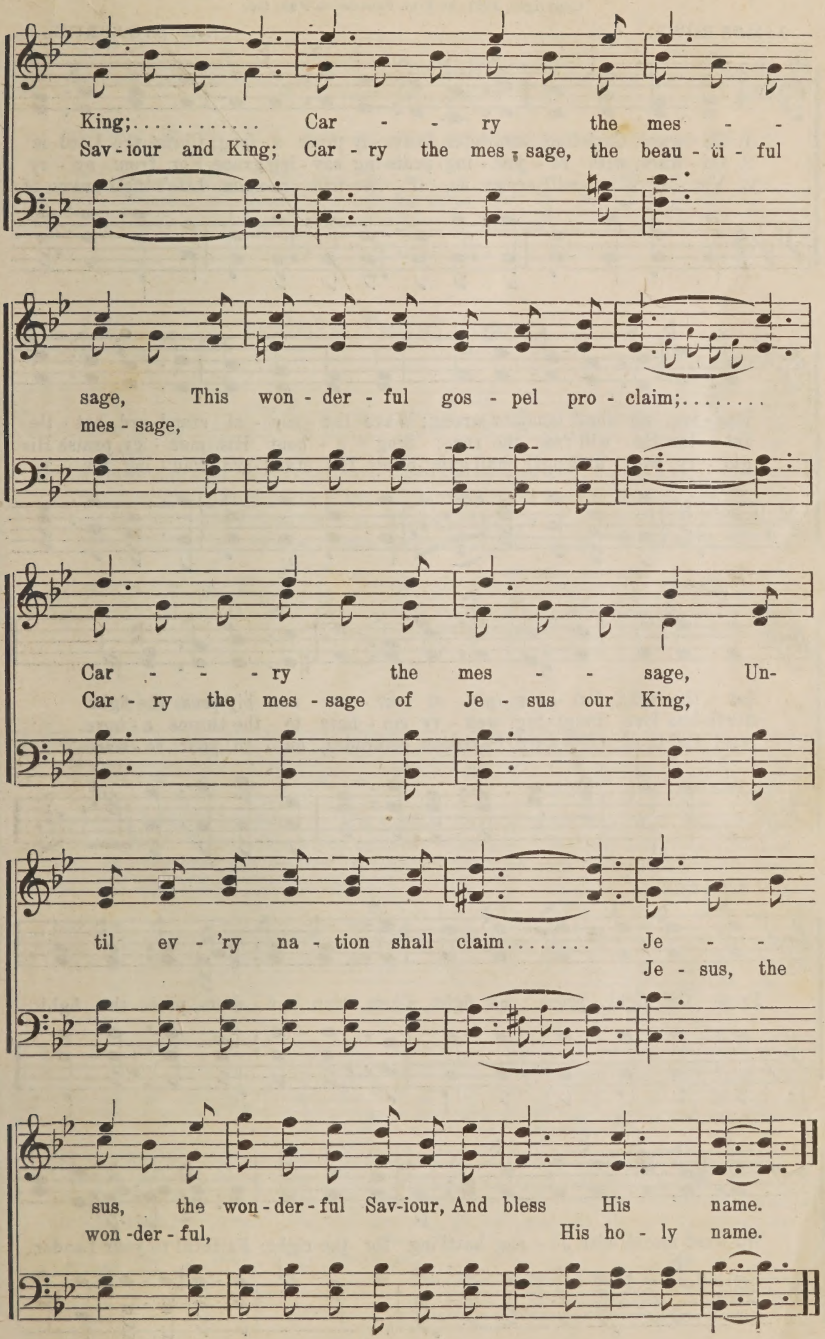


No. 143. Carry the Message of Jesus.

W. W. S. Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.



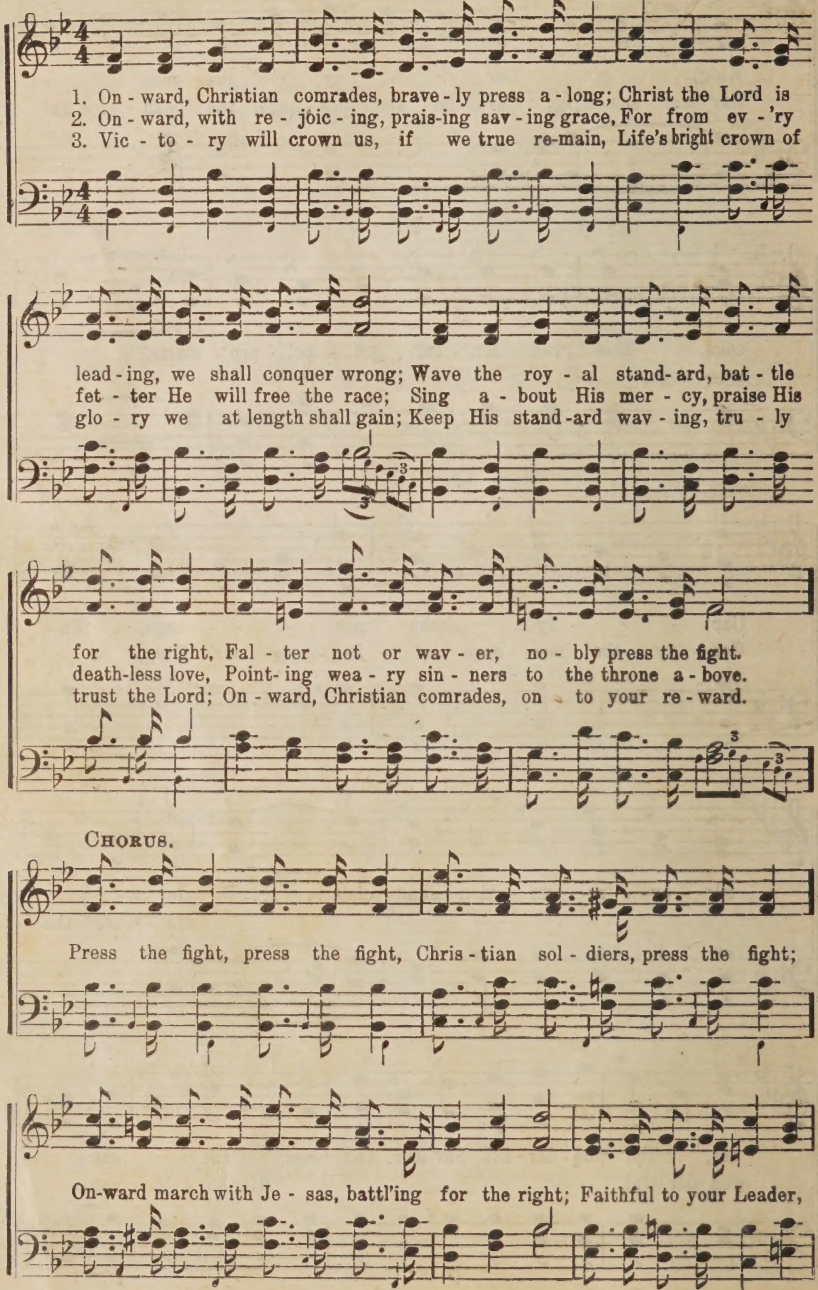
Carry the Message of Jesus. Concluded.



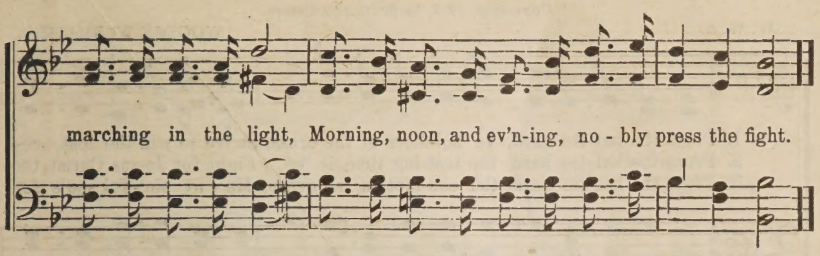
No. 144. Press the Fight.

Copyright, 1911, by Firm Foundation Pub. Co.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

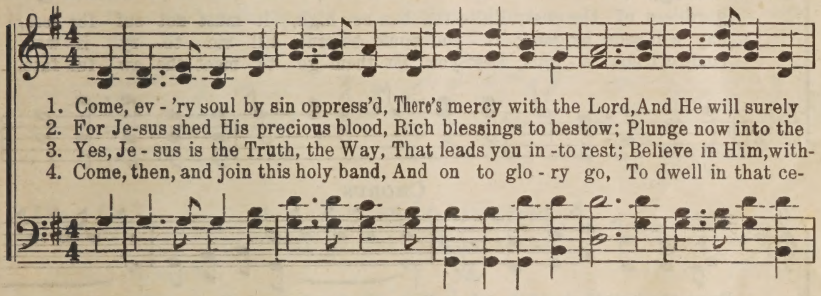


Press the Fight. Concluded.

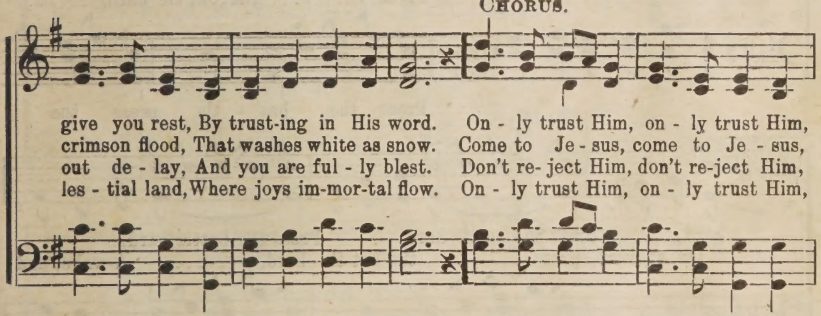


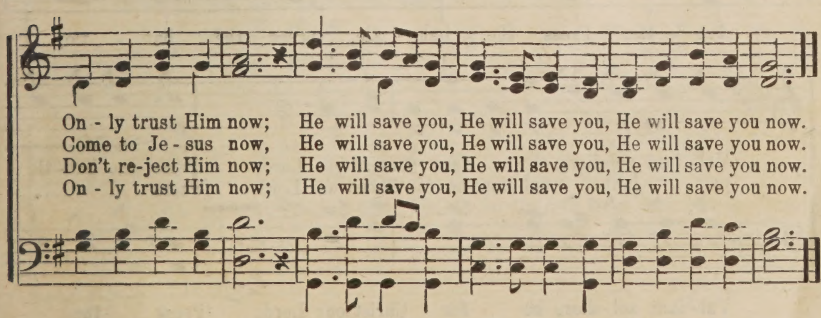
No. 145. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Arr. J. H. STOCKTON.



CHORUS.

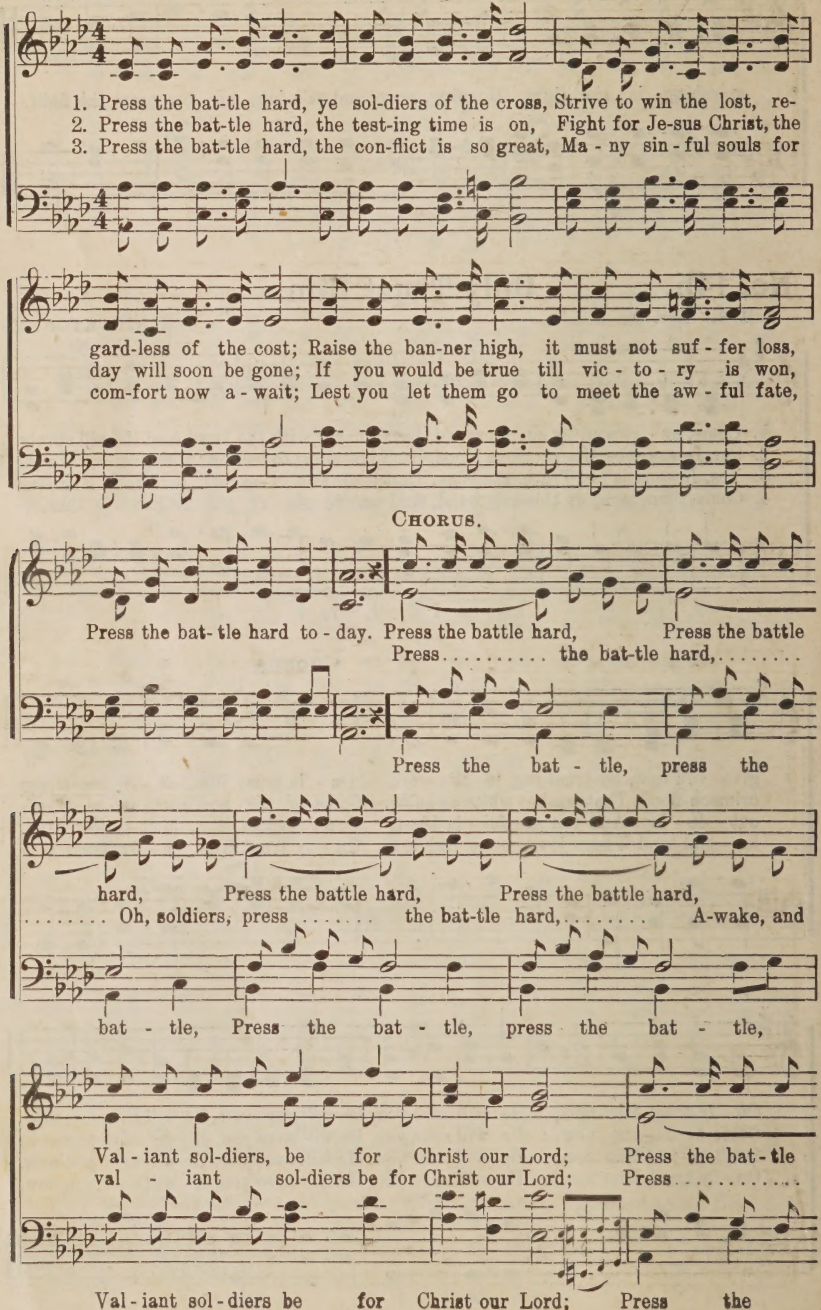




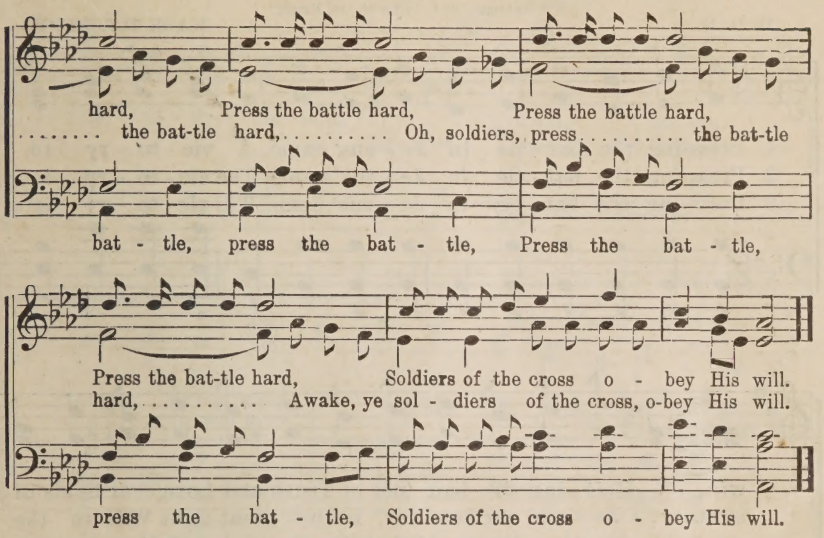
No. 146. Press the Battle Hard.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.



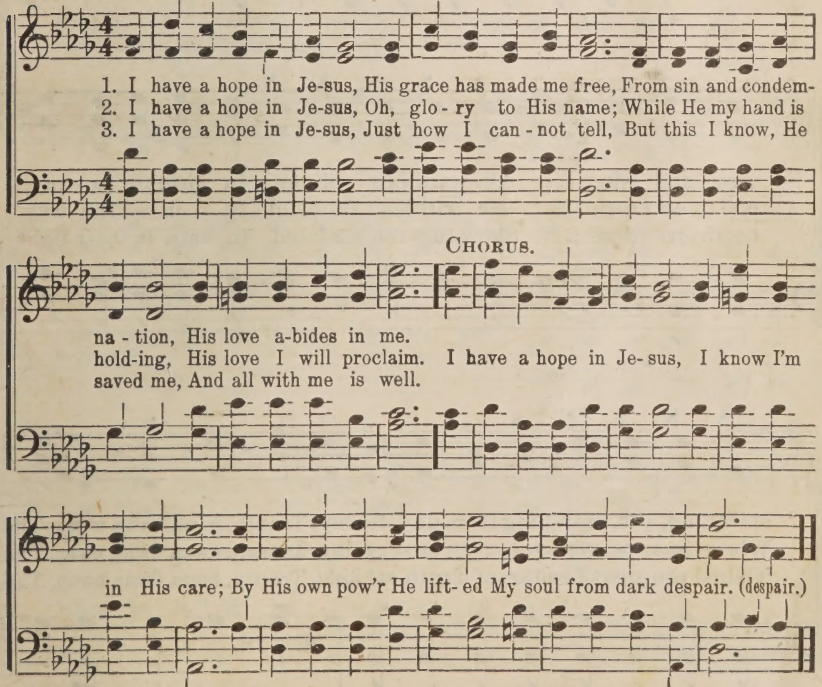
Press the Battle Hard. Concluded.



No. 147. A Hope In Jesus.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

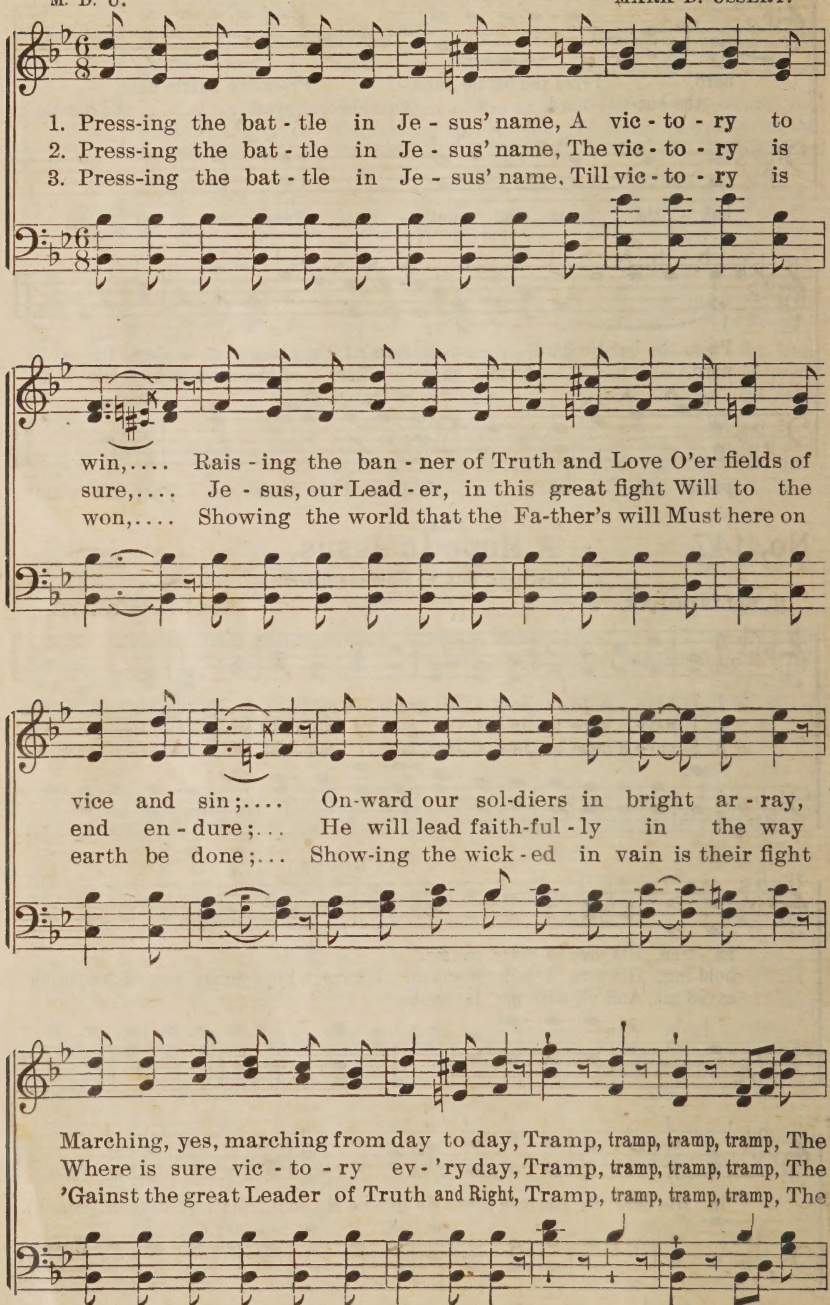
H. ELLIS OGDEN. WOODIE W. SMITH.



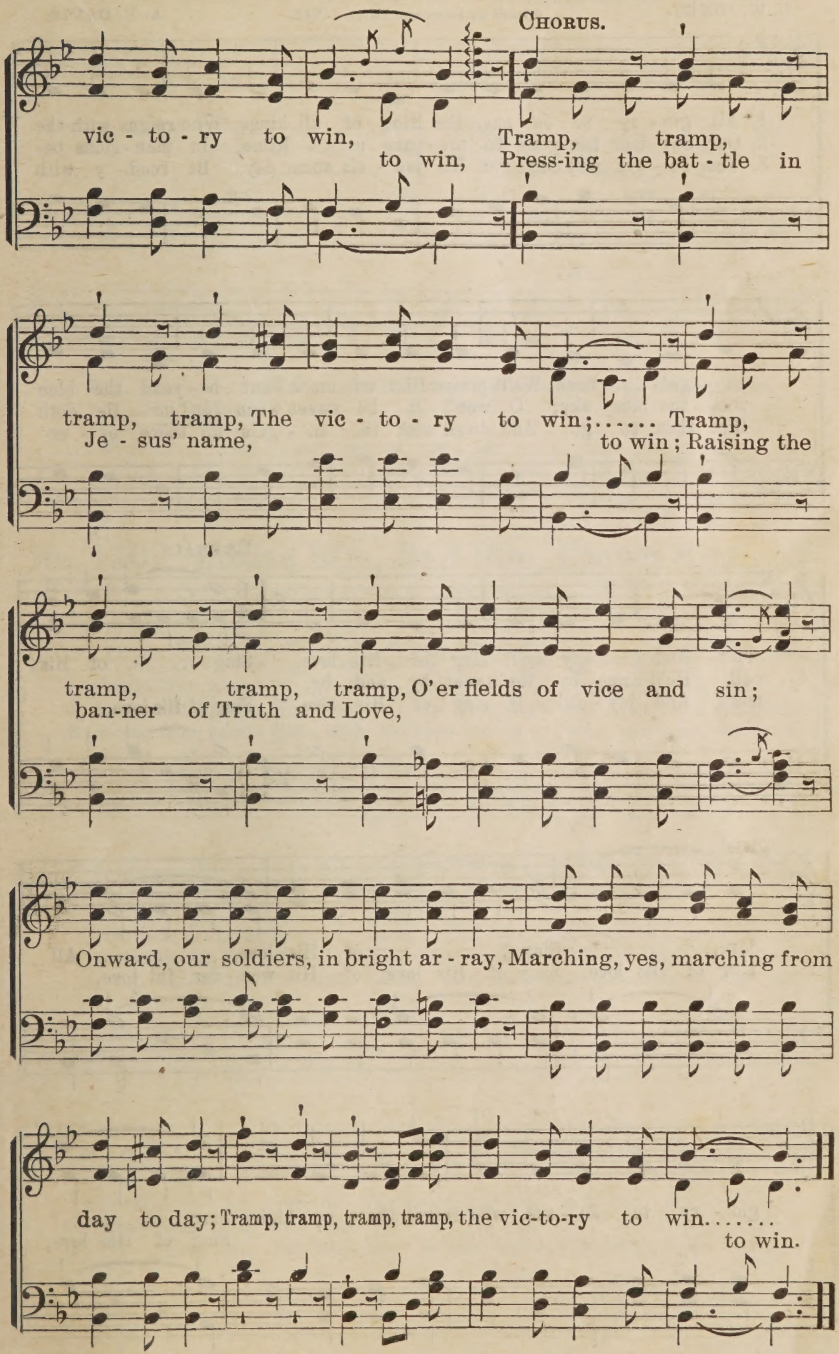
No. 148. The Victory To Win.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery.

M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.

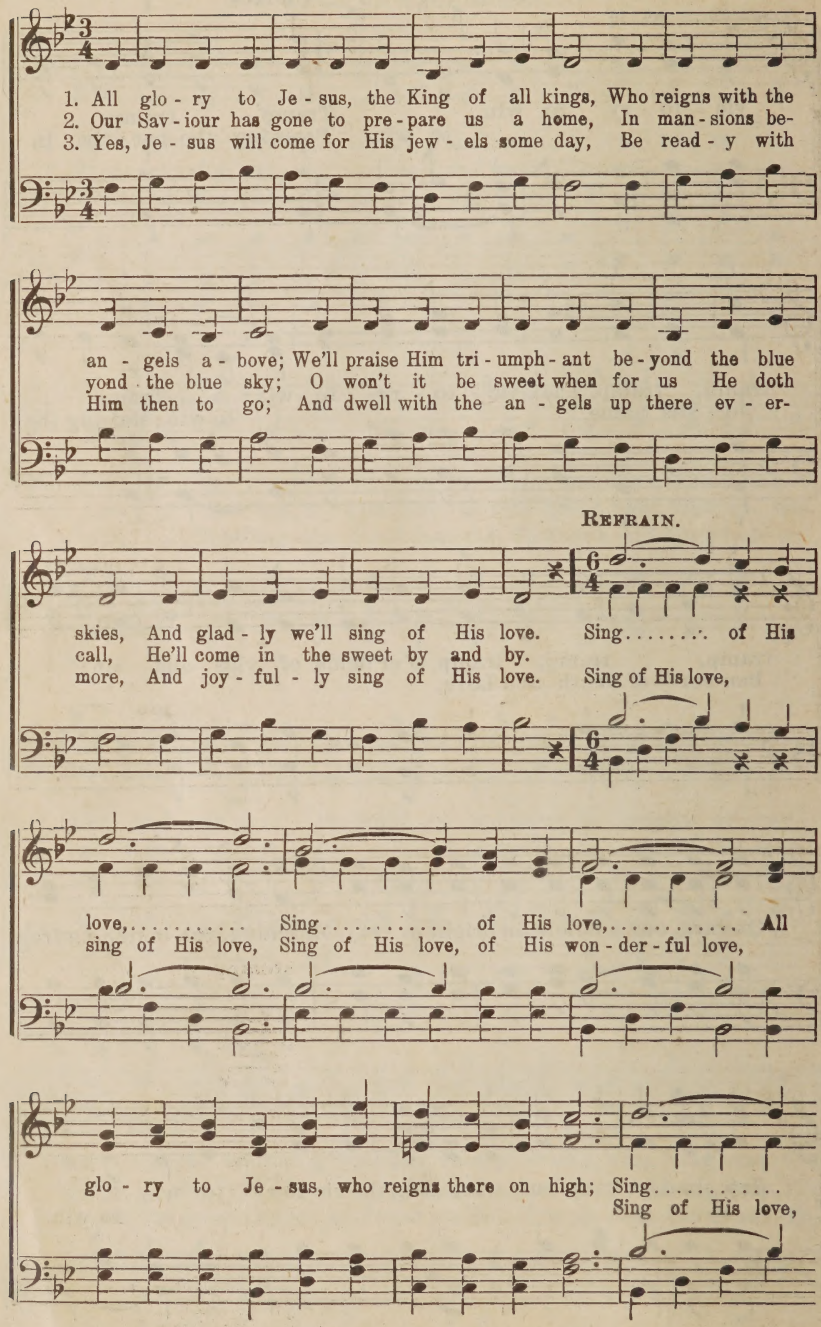


The Victory To Win. Concluded.

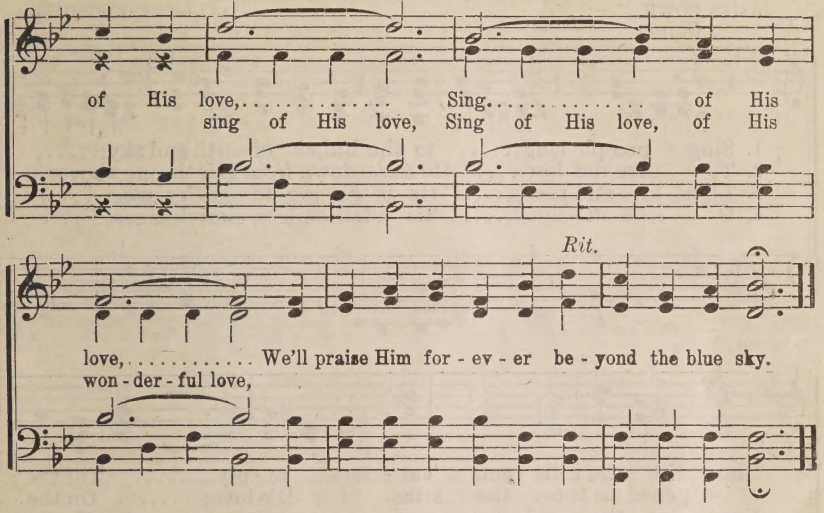


No. 149. Sing of His Love.

S. W. JONES. Owned by Jones and Davis. 1912. A. E. DAVIS.

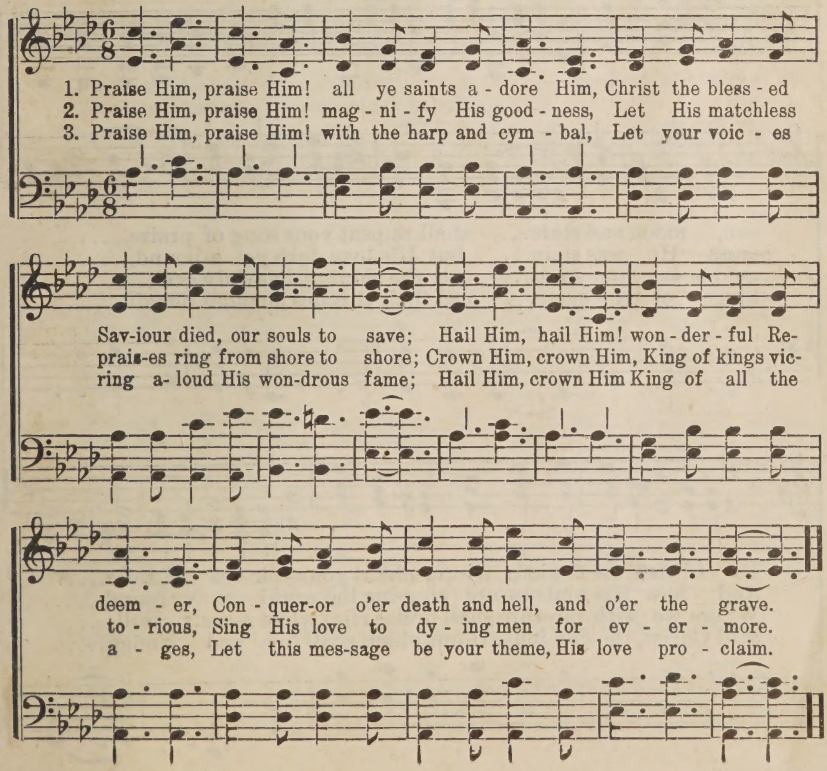


Sing of His Love. Concluded.



No. 150. Praise Him, Hail Him, Crown Him.

W. W. S. Owned by W. W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

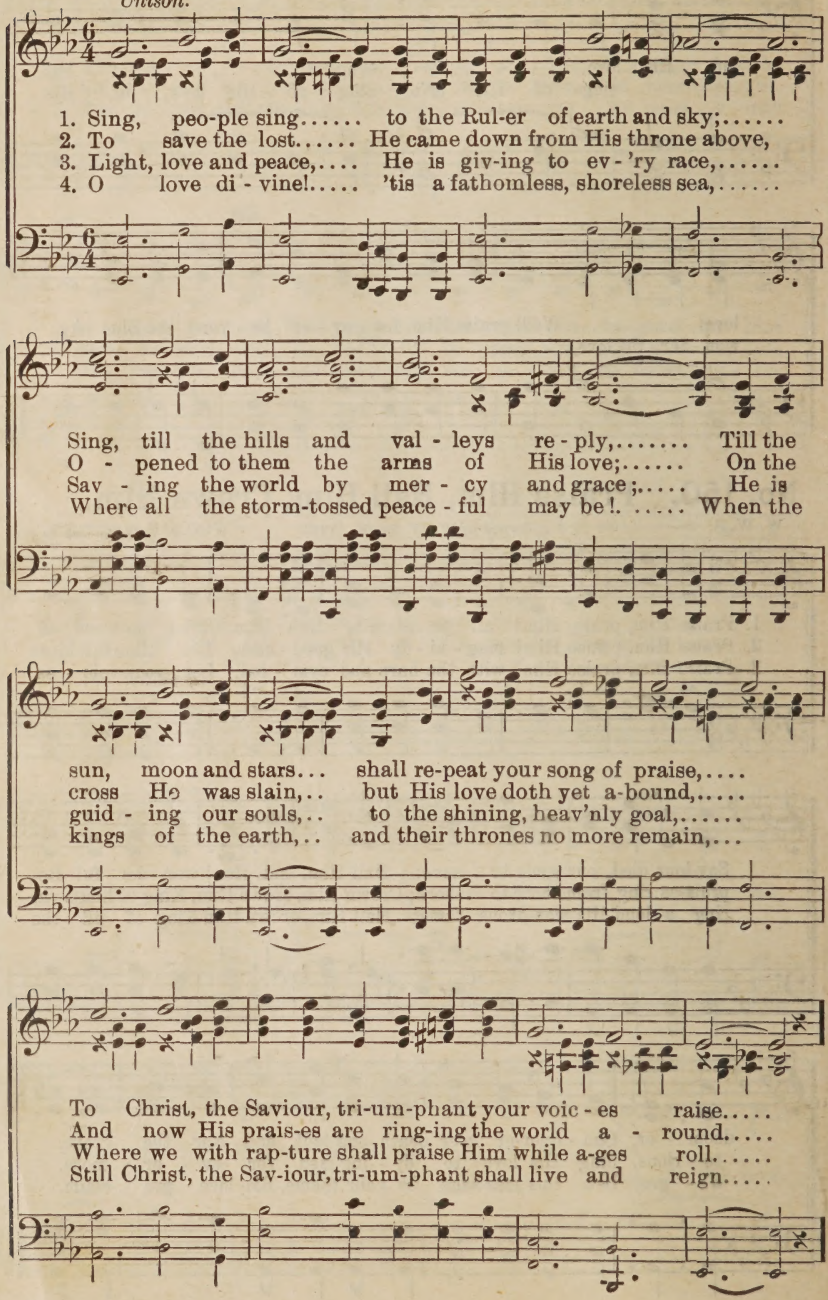


No. 151. The Saviour Triumphant.

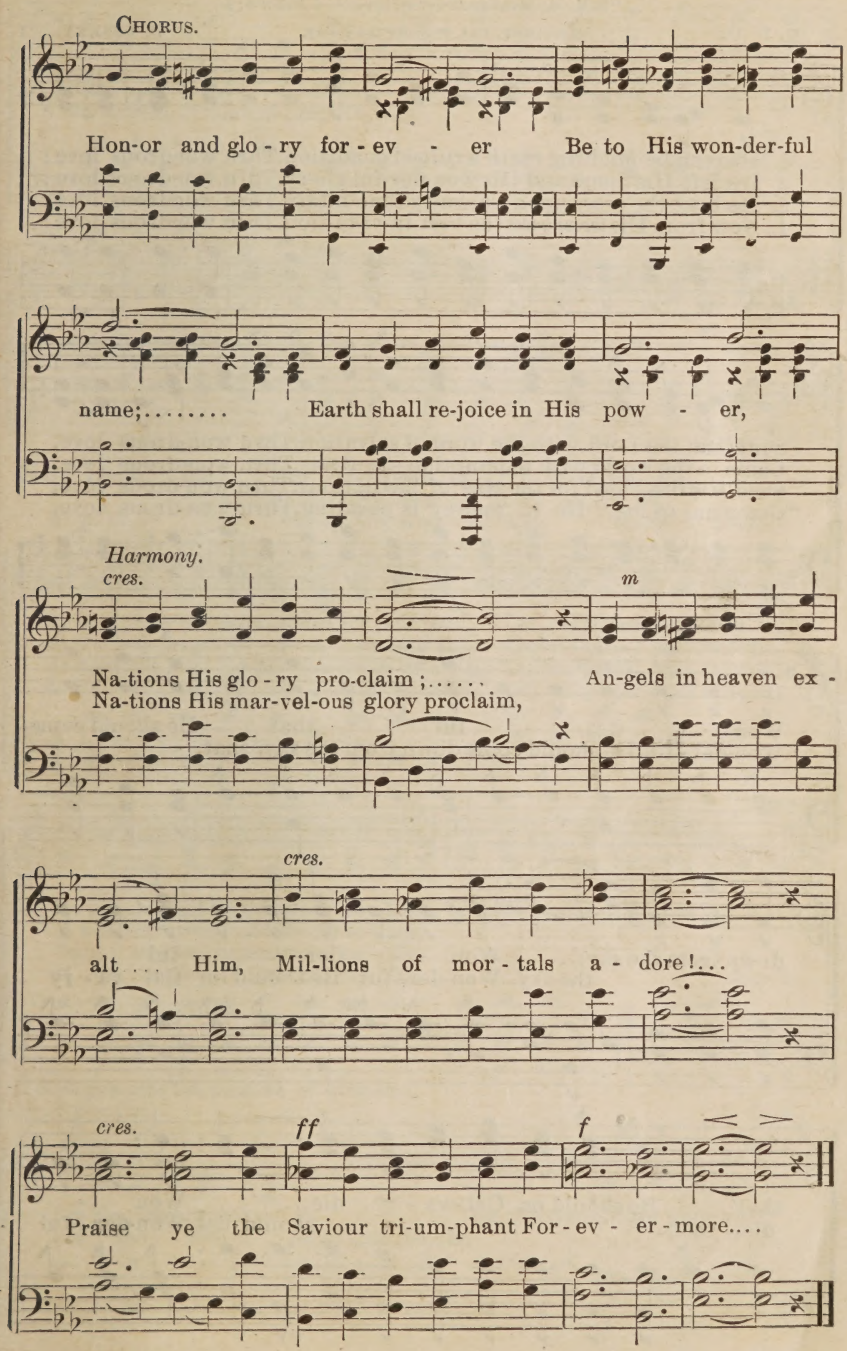
Copyright, 1910, by Albert C. Fisher, Fort Worth, Texas.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT C. FISHER.

Unison.



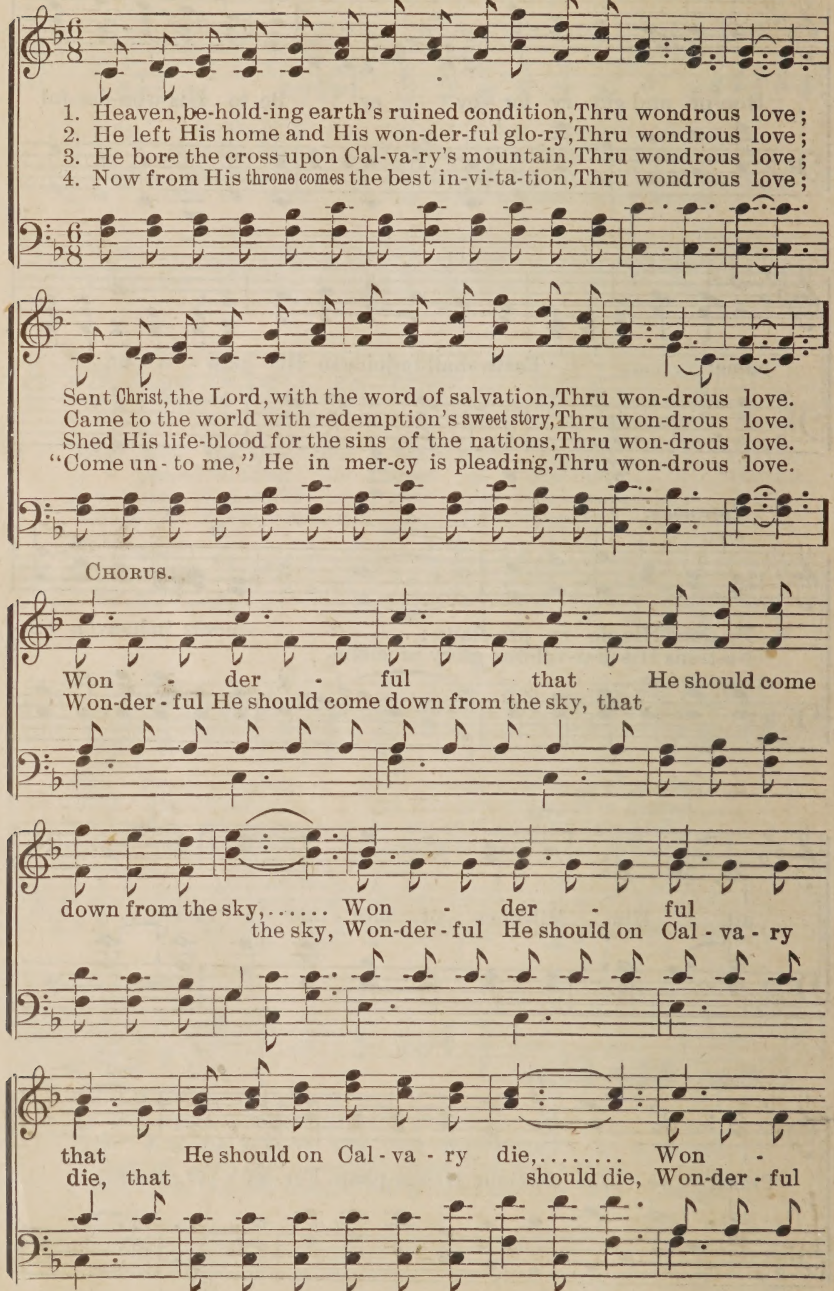
The Saviour Triumphant. Concluded.



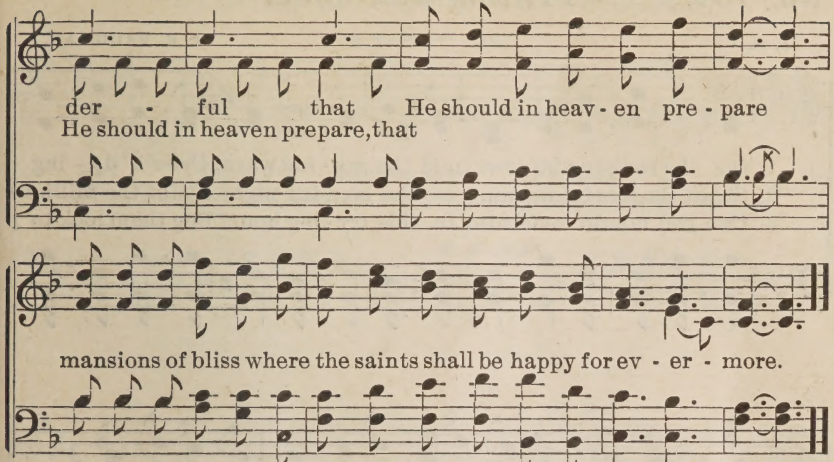
No. 152. Thru Wondrous Love.

"Behold, what manner of love."—1 JOHN 3:1.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. USSERY.



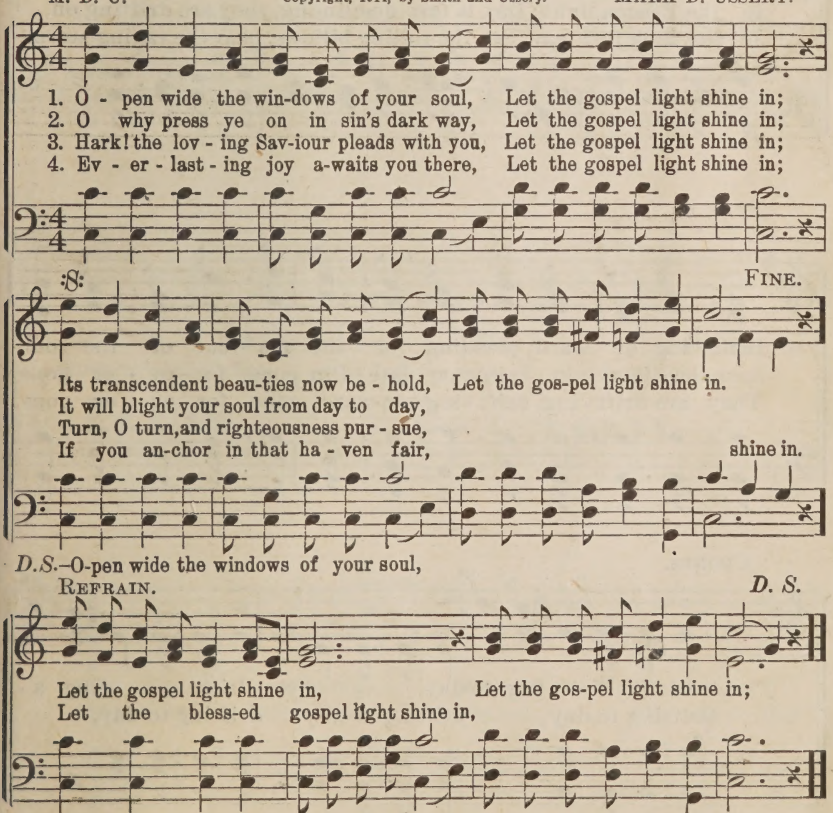
Thru Wondrous Love. Concluded.



No. 153. Let The Gospel Light Shine In.

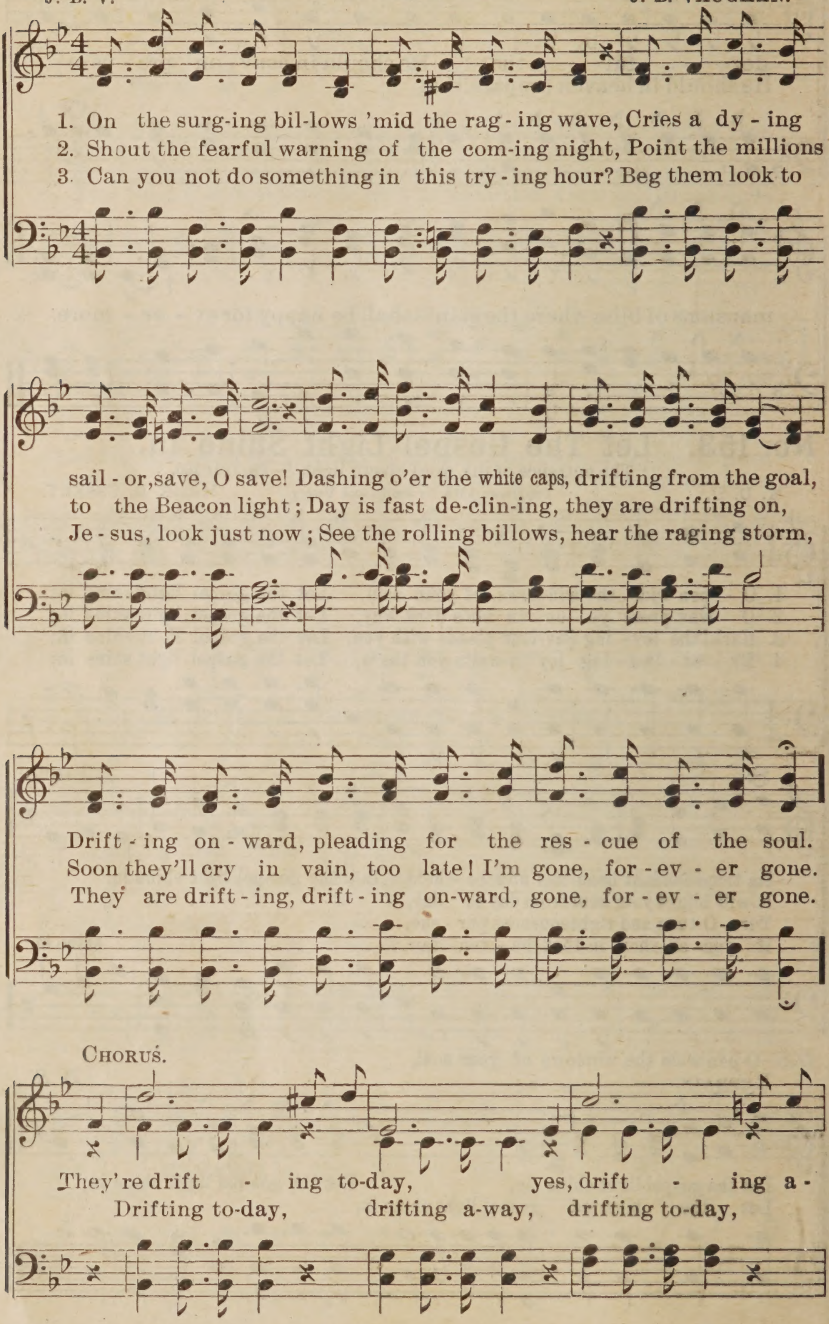
"The entrance of thy word giveth light."—Ps. 119: 130.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

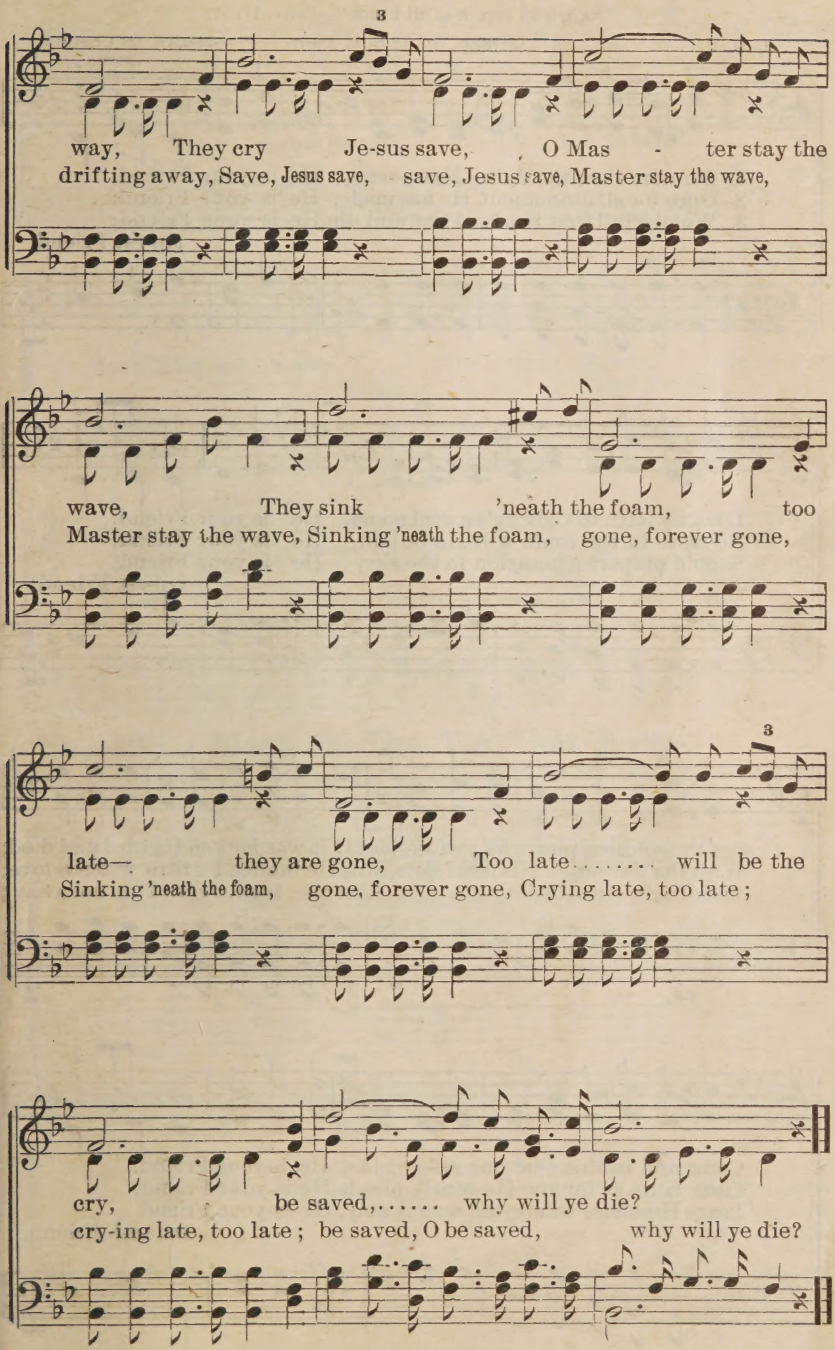


No. 154. Drifting and Gone.

J. B. V. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUGHAN.



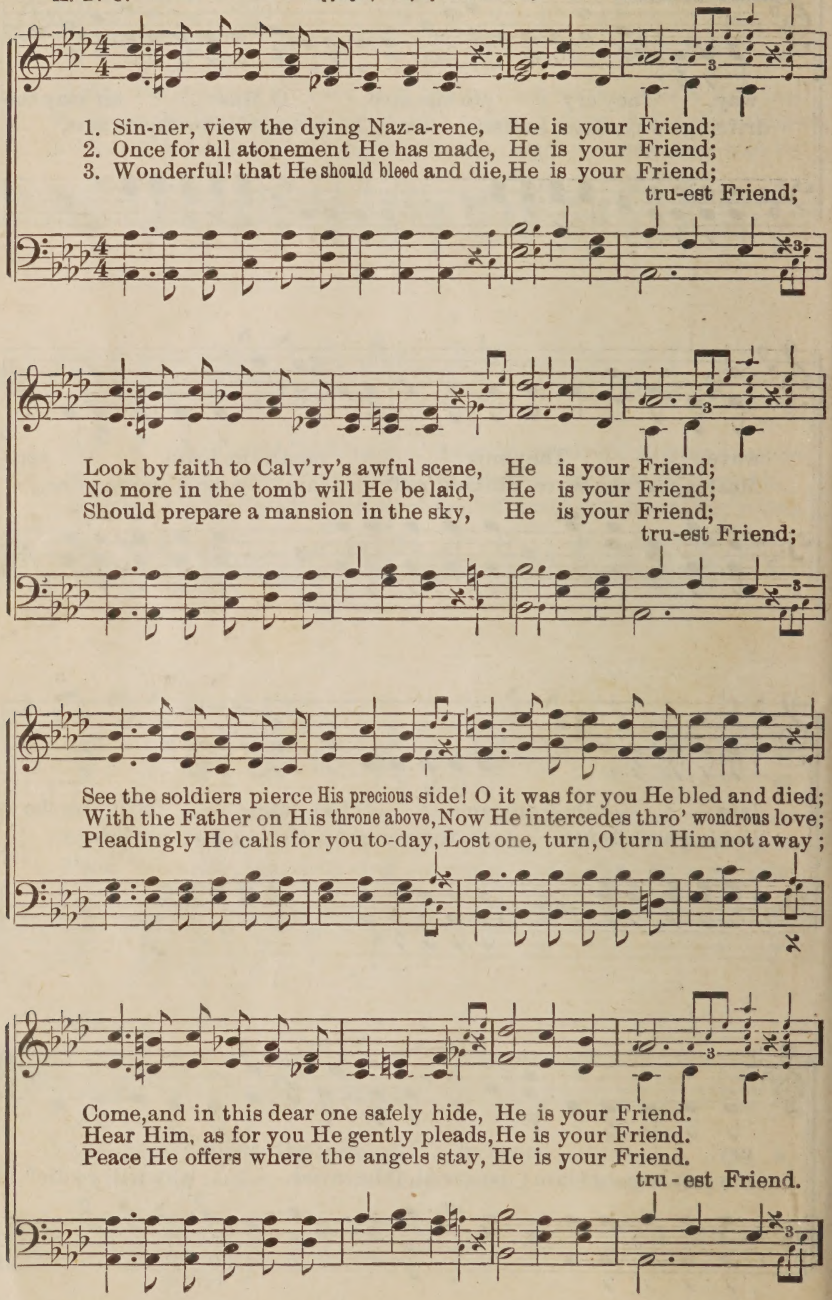
Drifting and Gone. Concluded.



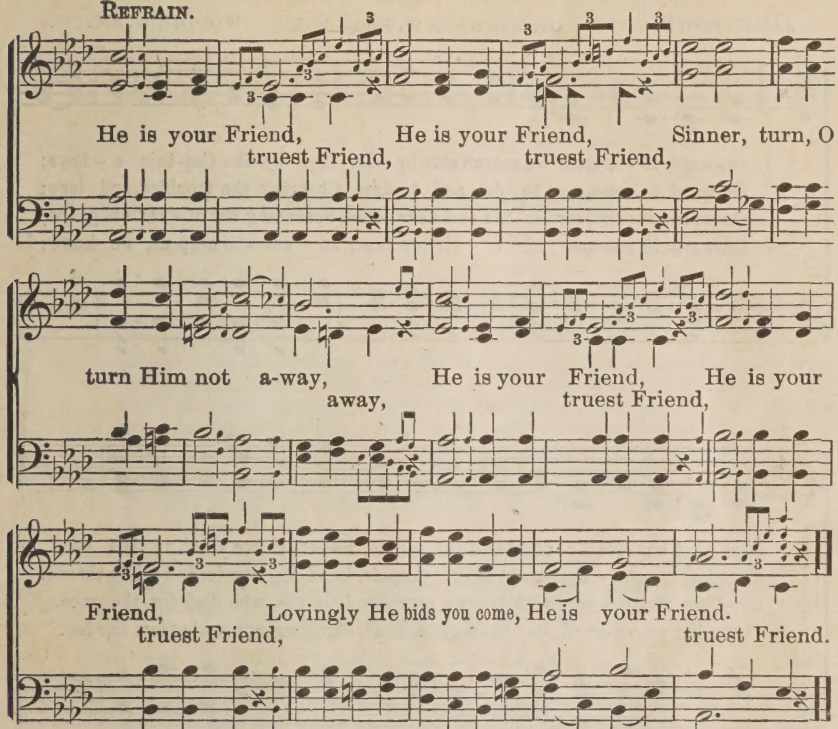
No. 155. He Is Your Friend.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. 17: 17.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1912, by M. D. Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.



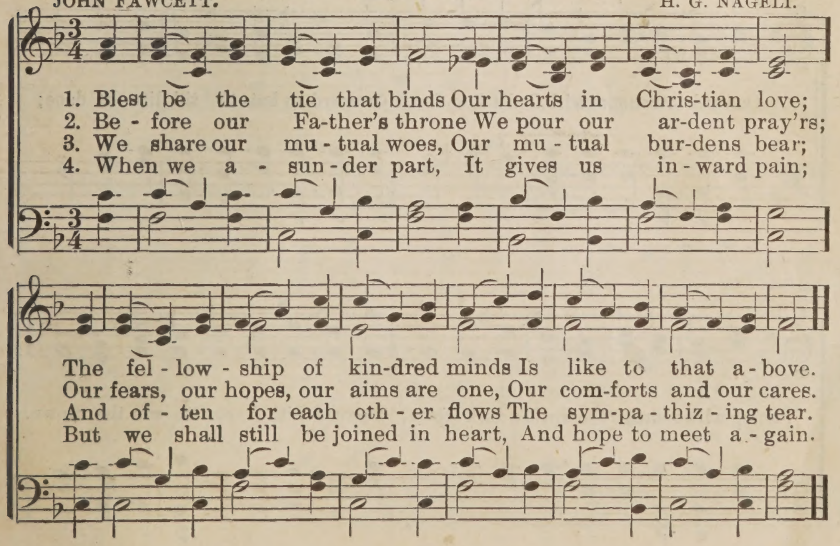
He Is Your Friend. Concluded.



No. 156. Blest Be The Tie That Binds.

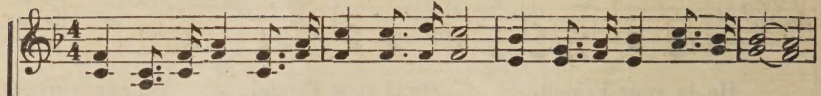
"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. 133.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

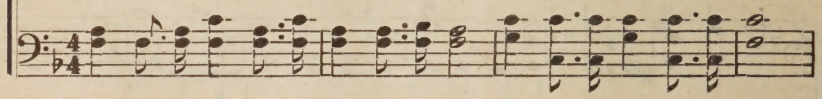


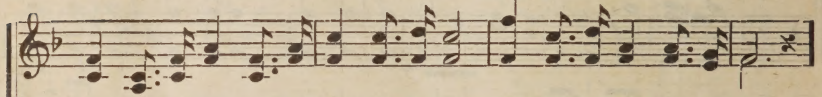
No. 157. Onward to Conquer.

JAMES ROWE. Owned by Woodie W. Smith. 1912. WOODIE W. SMITH.

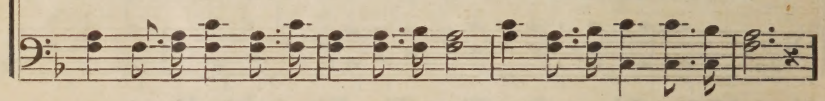


1. On-ward to con-quer we march side by side, Led by the Cap-tain a - bove;
2. On-ward to con-quer, to do and to dare, Cheering the troubled and lone;
3. On-ward to con-quer in Je-sus' dear name, Spreading His of - fer of grace;
4. On-ward to con-quer; no e - vil we fear, Je - sus will keep us, we know;

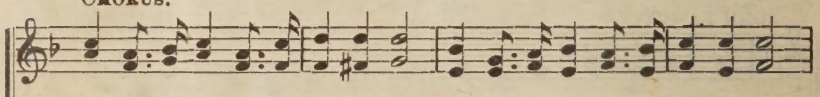




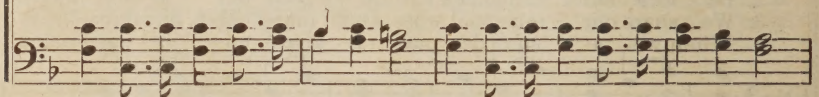
Sure that our Leader will faith-ful a-bide, Sweet-ly we trust in His love.
Com-fort-ing ma - ny who bend in despair, Lead- ing the lost to His throne.
O - ver and o - ver, with joy we proclaim Je - sus, who died for the race.
Cheer-ing us on-ward, He al - ways is near, Shielding our souls from the foe.

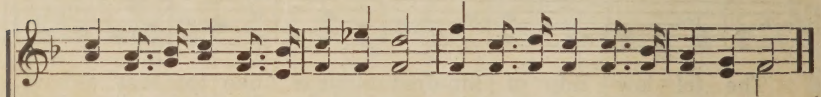


CHORUS.

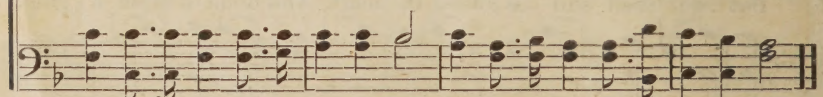


Onward to conquer with God's dear Son, On-ward to bat- tle till life be done;





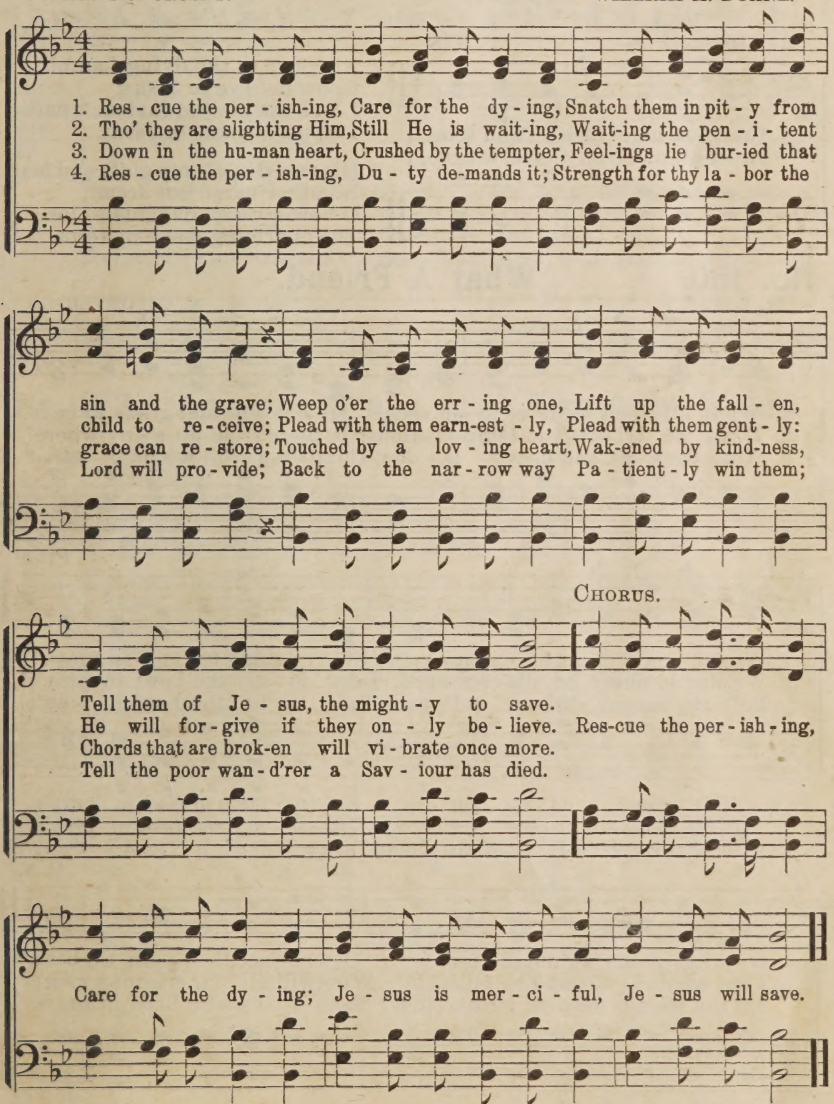
Facing with courage the world's dark frown, Onward with Je-sus to win the crown.



OLD STANDARD HYMNS.

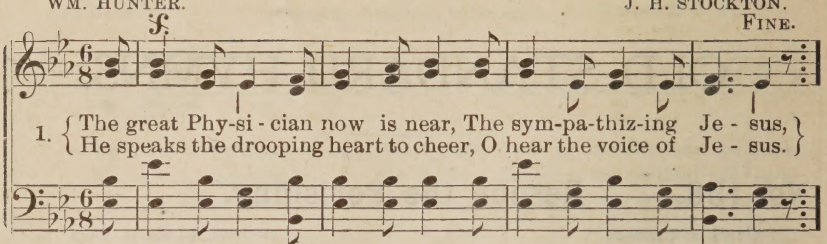
No. 158. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.



No. 159. The Great Physician.

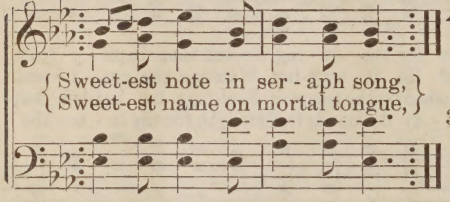
WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. { The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, }
   { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }

D. S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



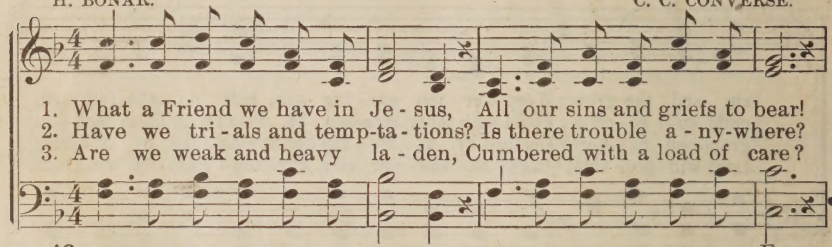
{ Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, }
{ Sweet-est name on mortal tongue, }

2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

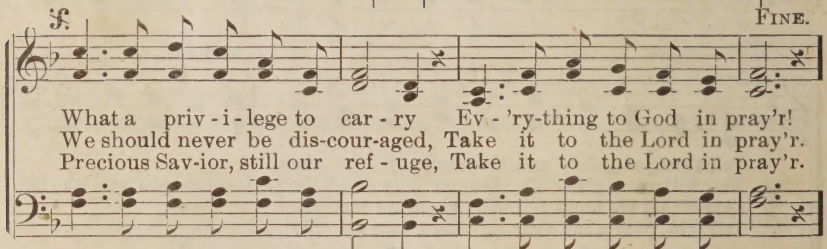
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 160. What A Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.



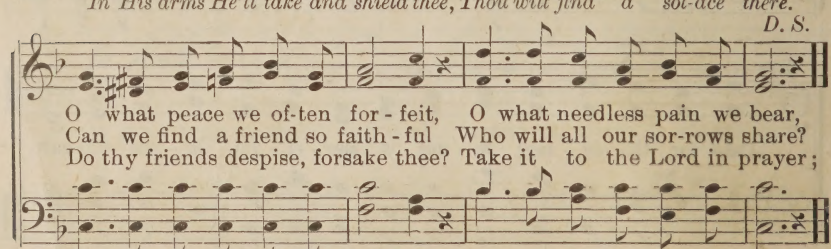
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Precious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
Je-sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

D. S.

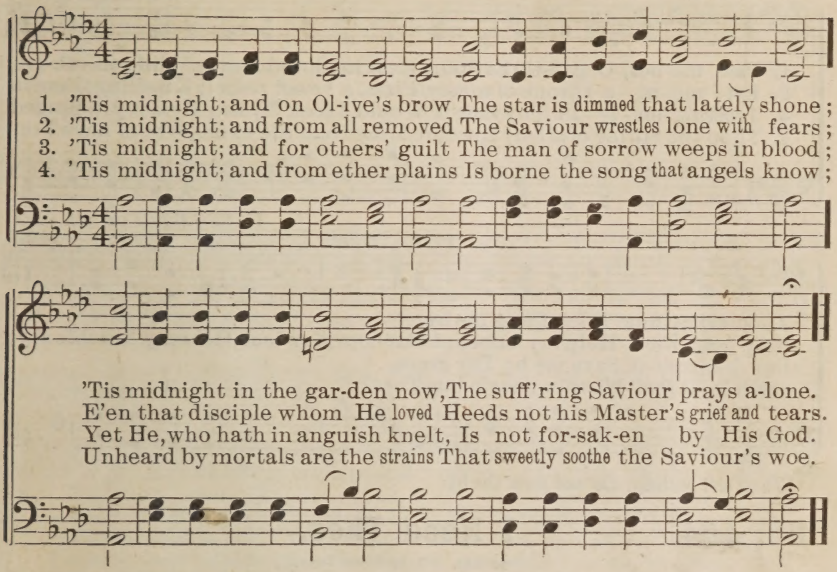


O what peace we of-ten for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 161. Olive's Brow. (Old.)

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

WM. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

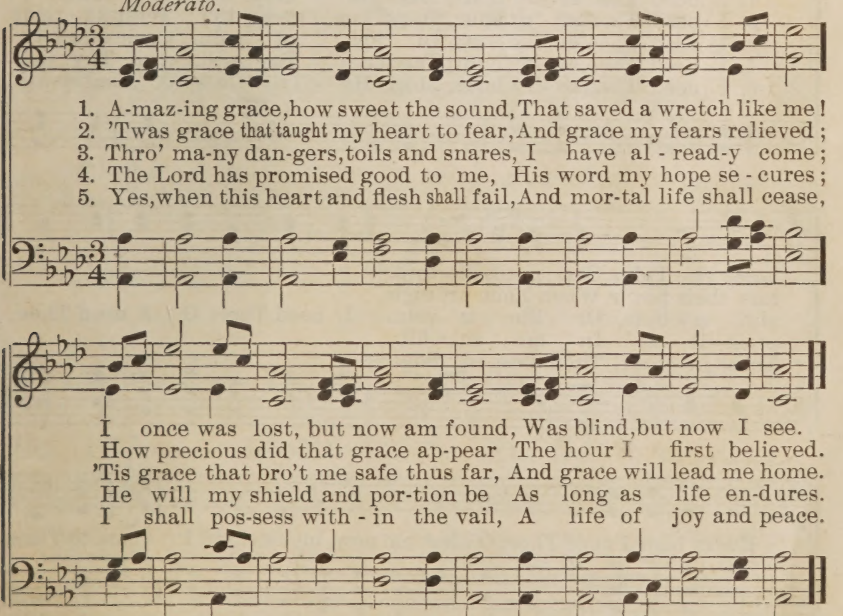


No. 162. Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 5. (HARMONY GROVE. C. M.)

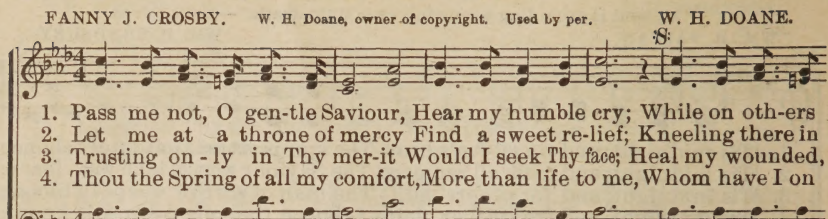
JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

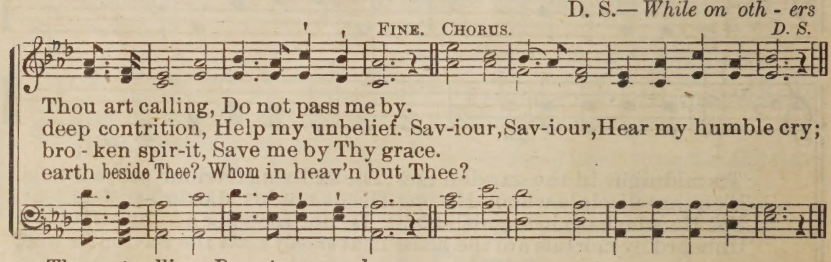
Moderato.



No. 163. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.



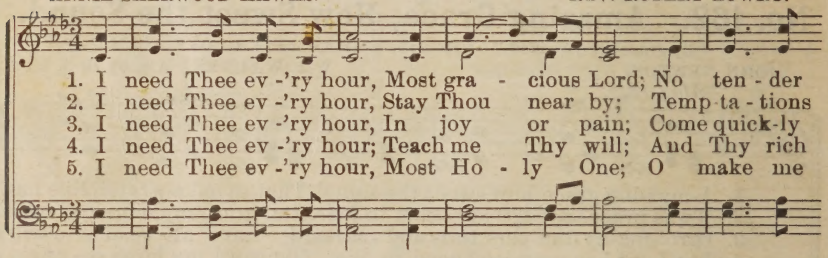


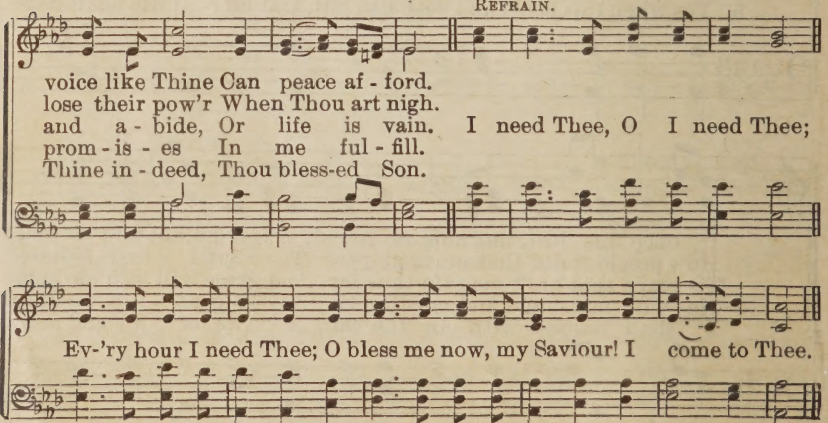
Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 164. I Need Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry.

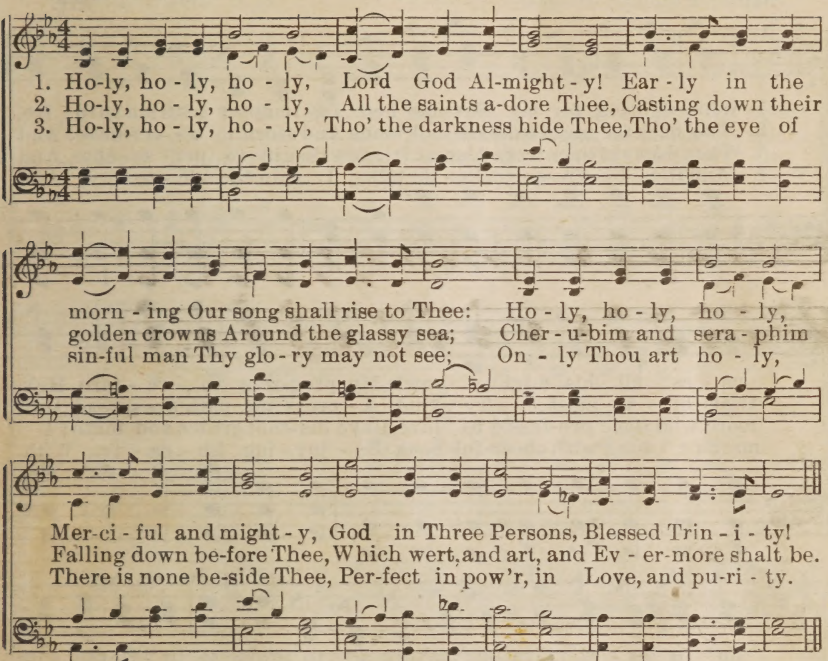
ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.





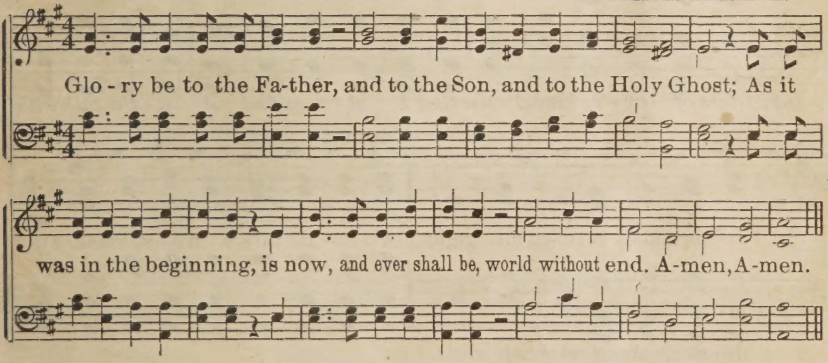
No. 165. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.



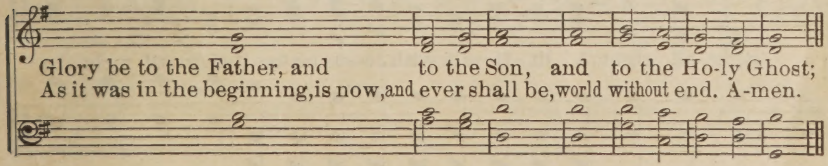
No. 166. Gloria Patri. No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



No. 167. Gloria Patri. No. 2.

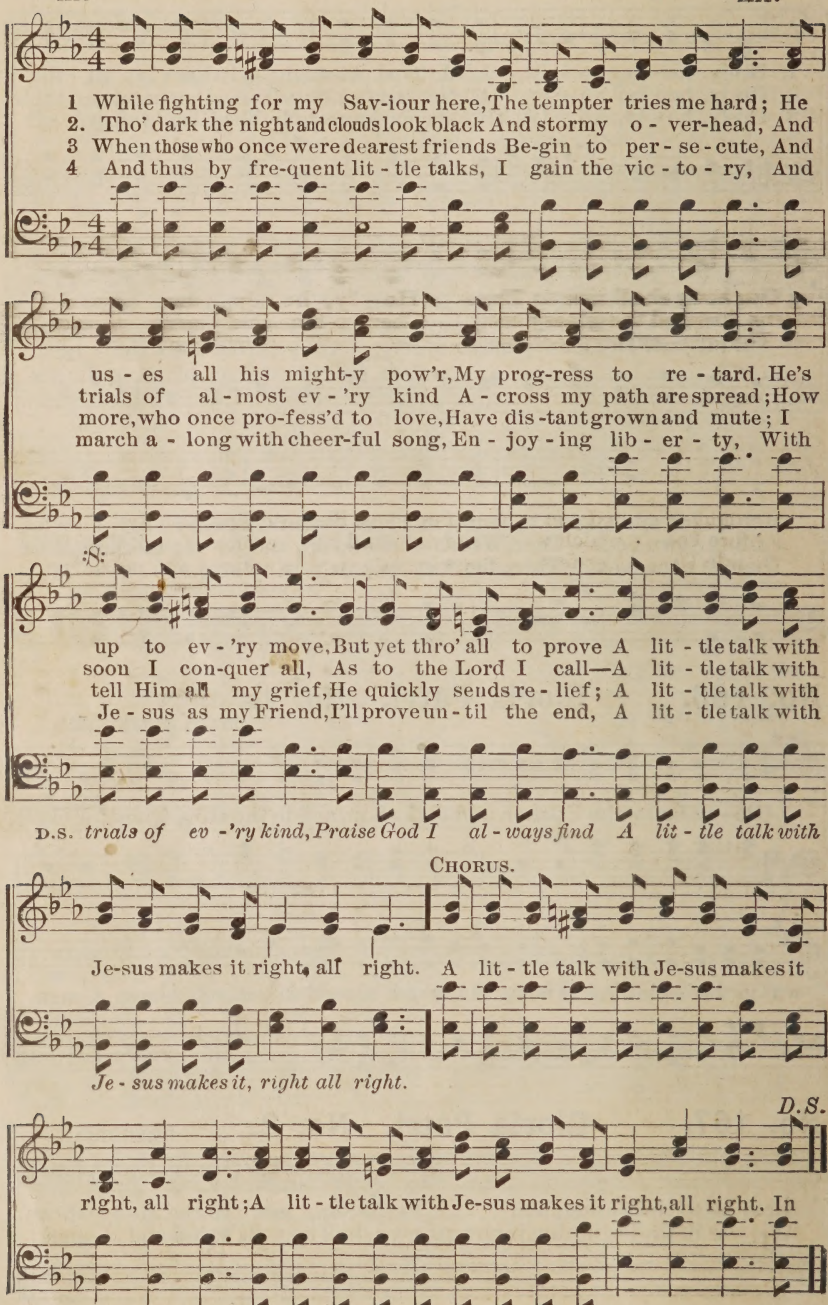
GREGORIAN.



168 A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

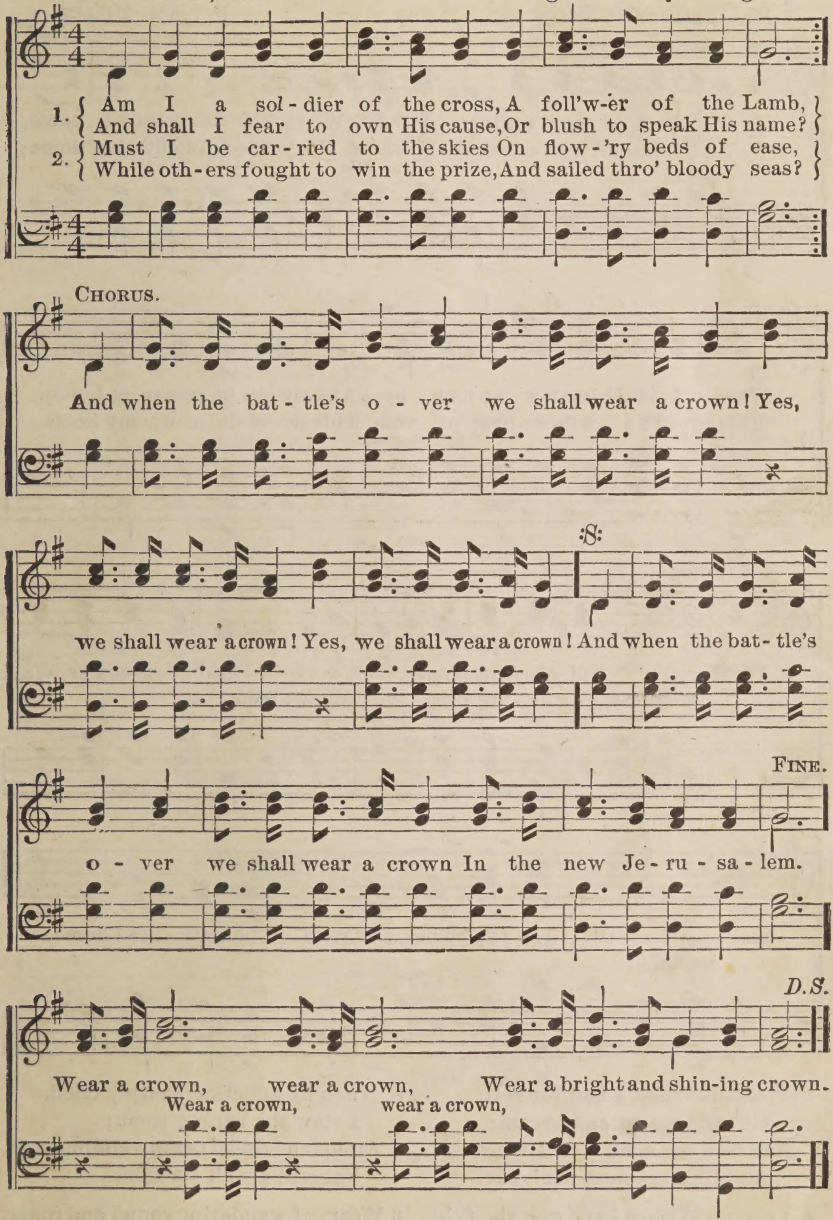
"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.



169. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. Watts, D. D. English melody arranged.



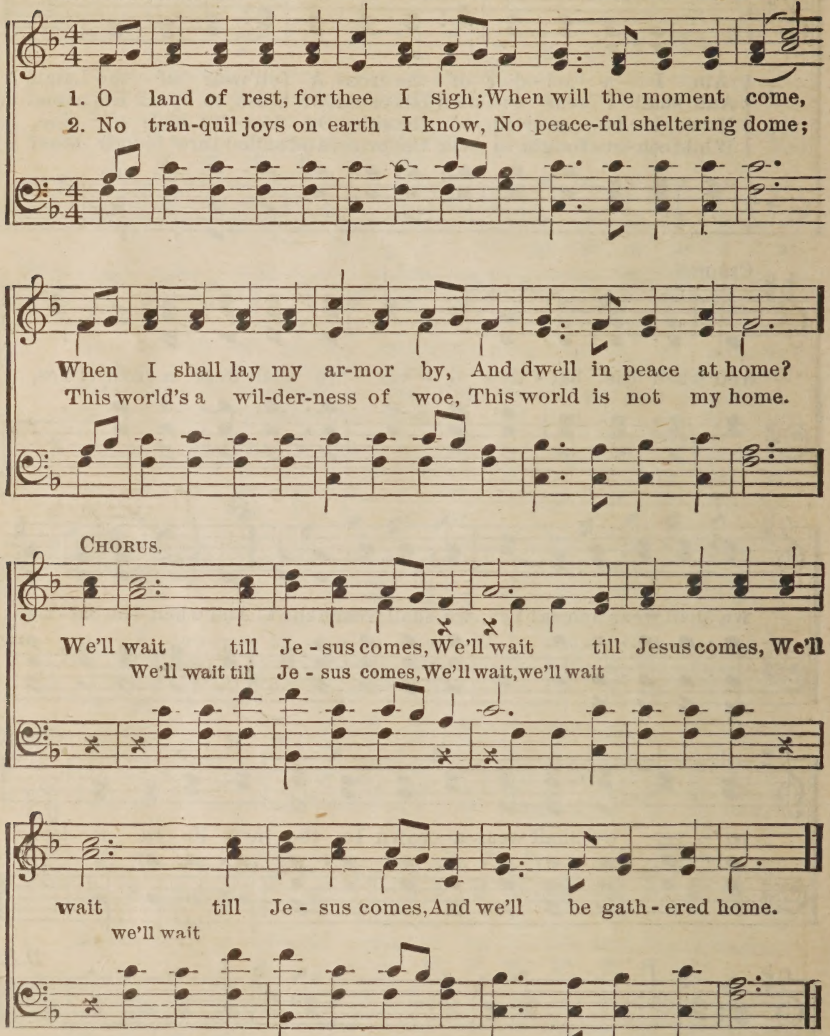
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God? — Cho.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — Cho.

170. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"*I will come again.*" — John 14 : 2.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.



3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

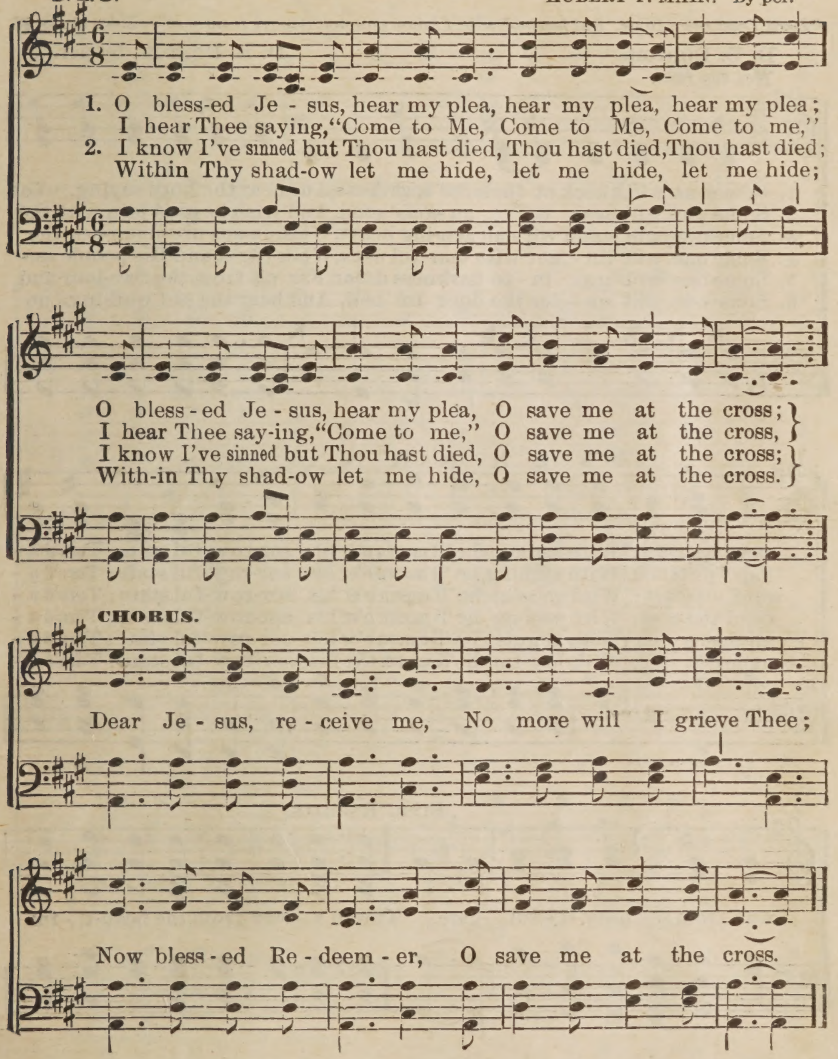
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

171. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14.

D. E. D. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.



3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

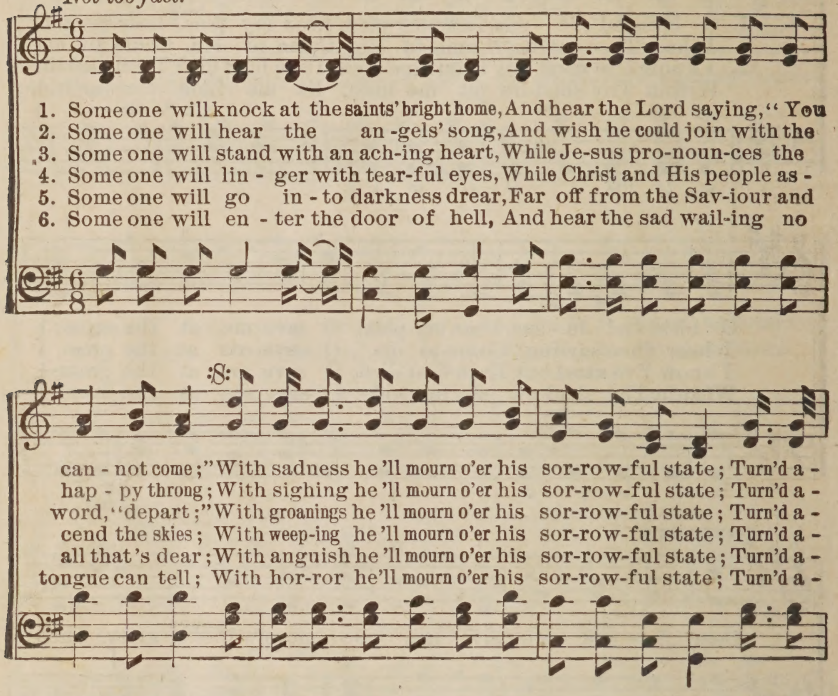
Renewed copyright, 1902, by Hubert P. Main.

172 TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

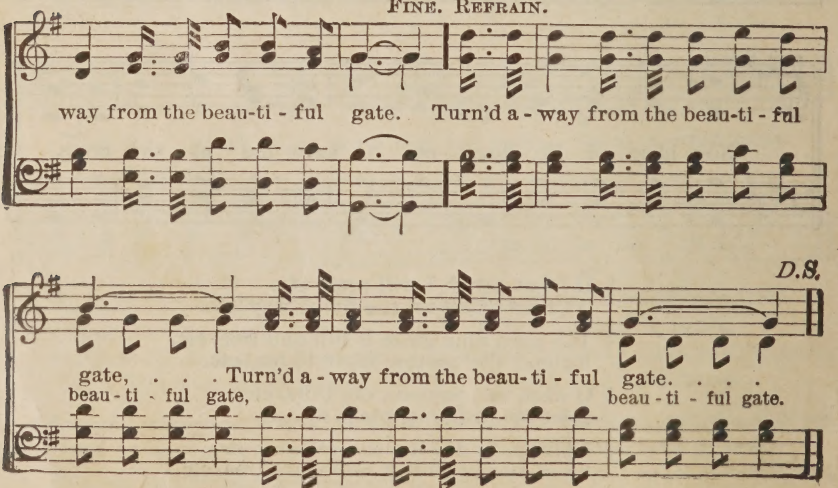
"Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.



FINE. REFRAIN.

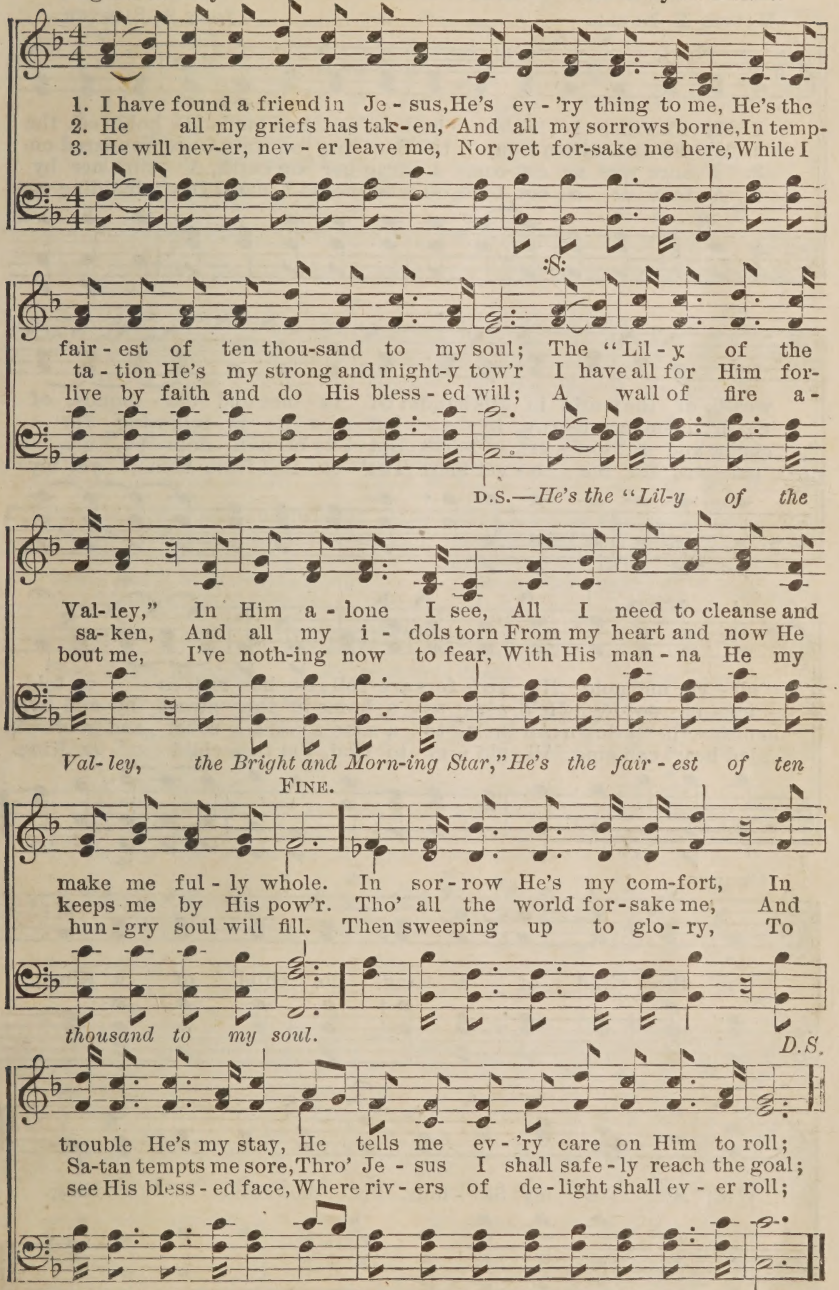


Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

173. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.



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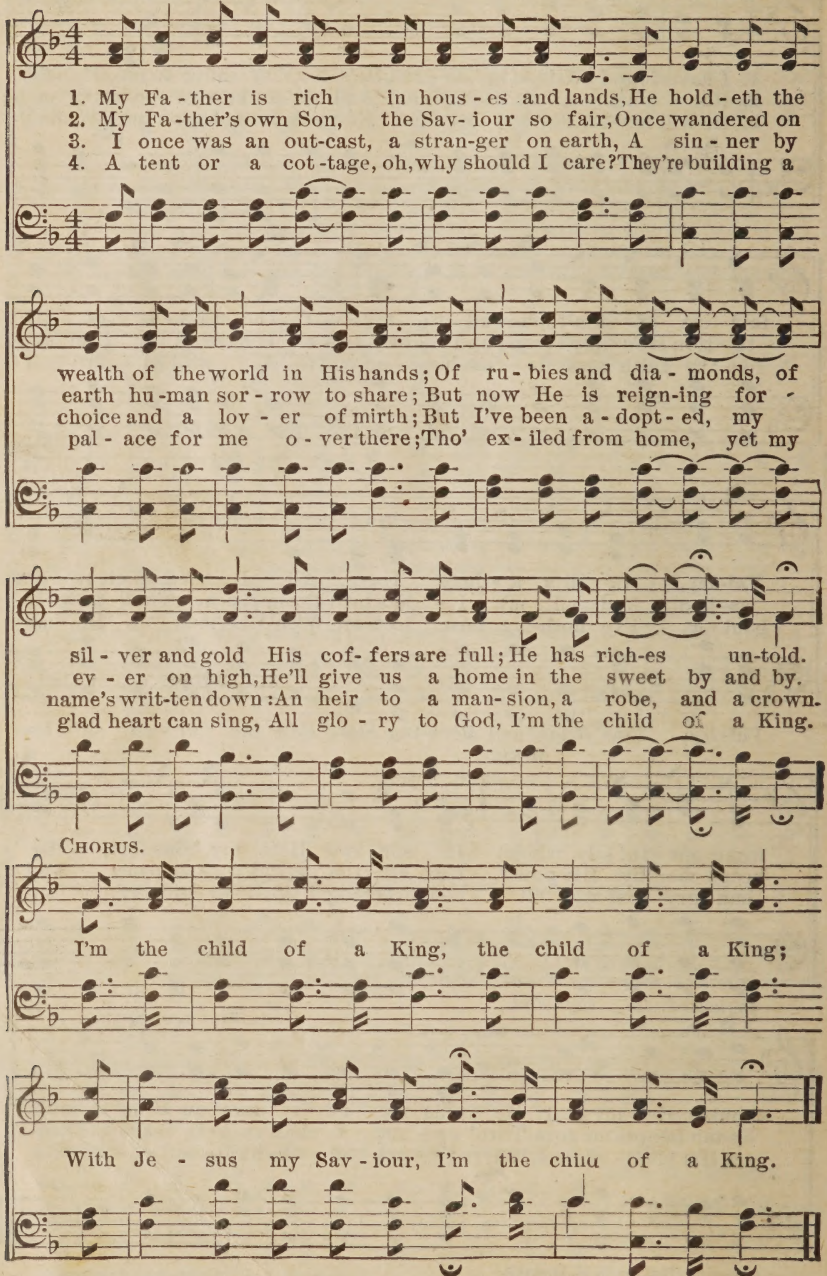
174. THE CHILD OF A KING.

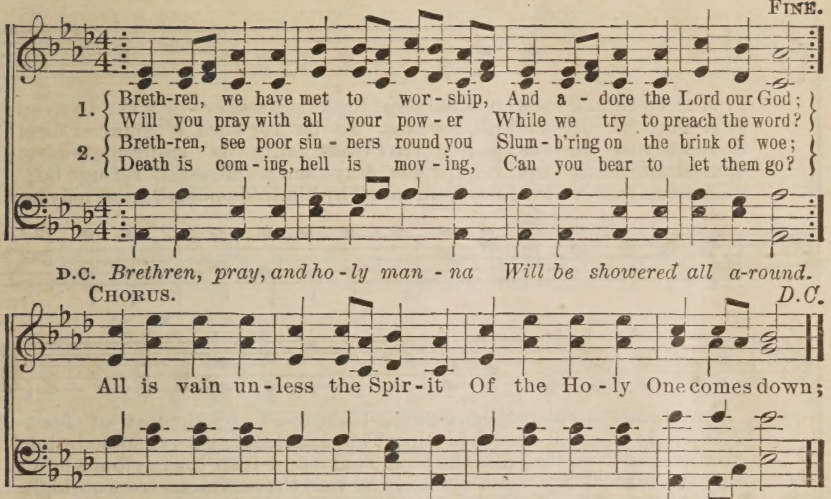
"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him." — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN A. SUMNER.



175. HOLY MANNA.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH, by per.



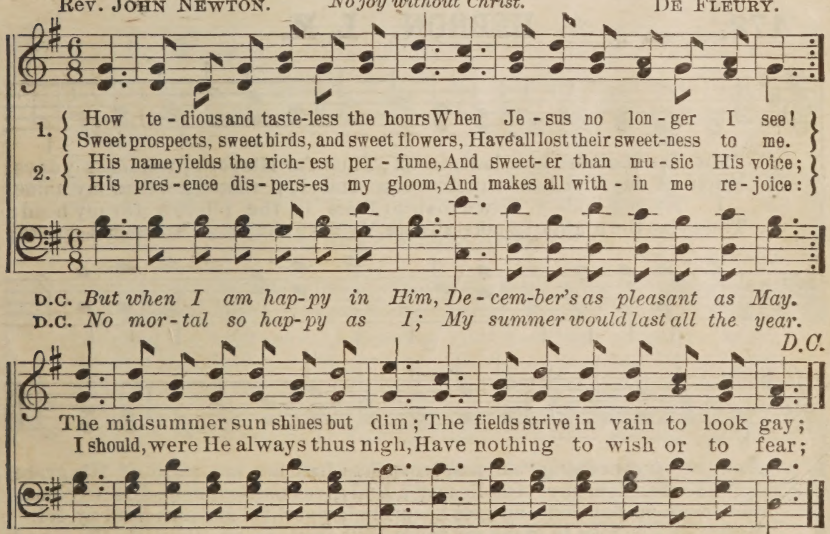
3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

176. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

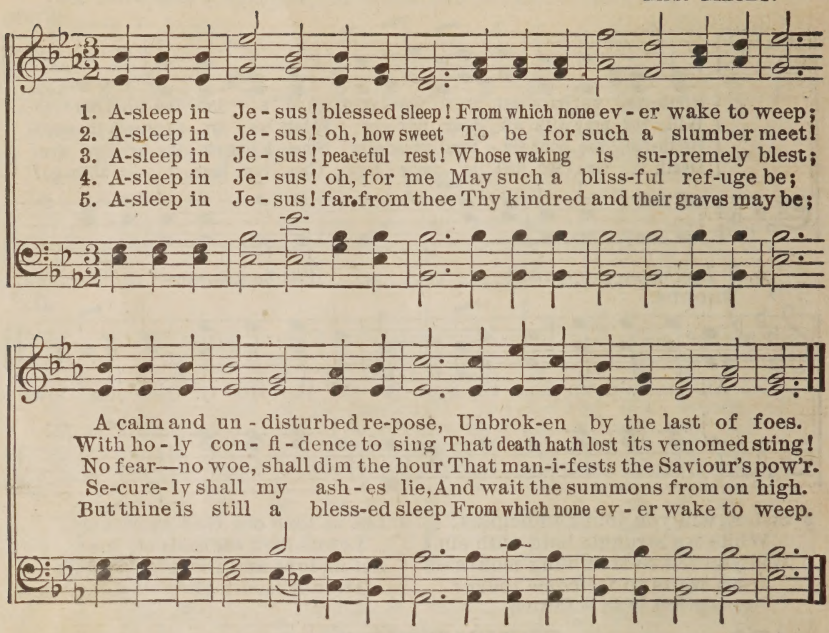
Rev. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



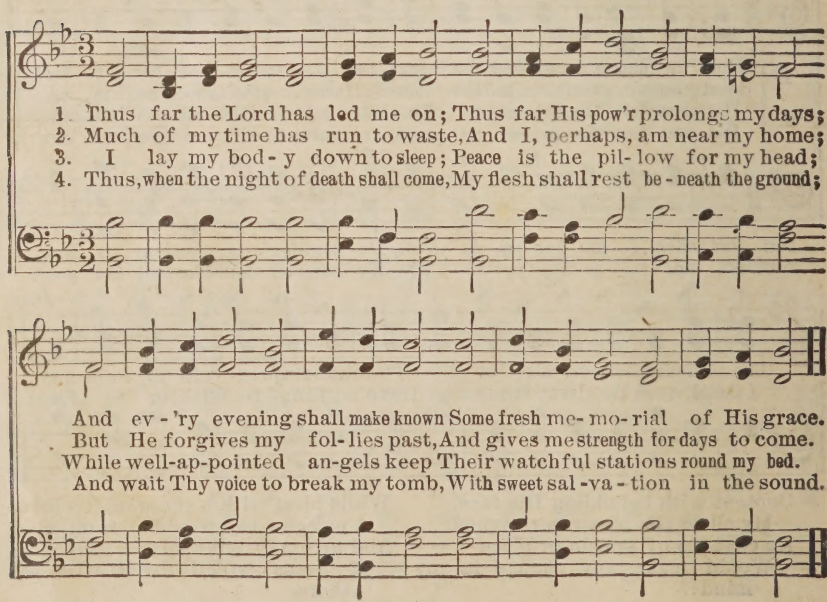
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

177. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. MACAY.

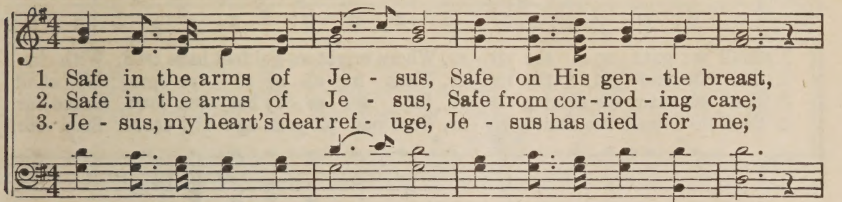


178. HEBRON. L. M.



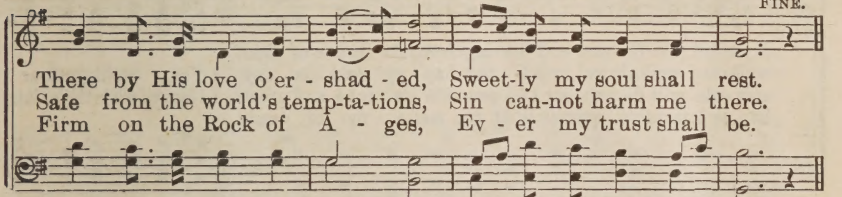
No. 179. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

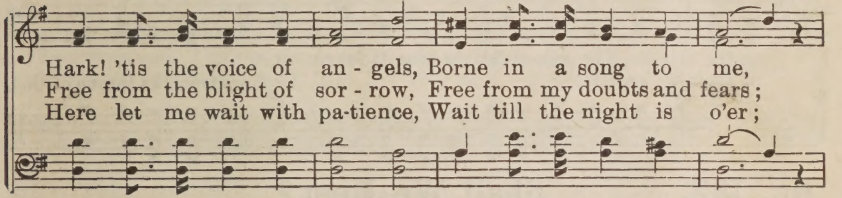


CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

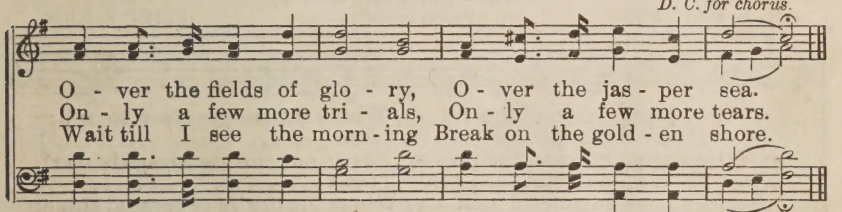
FINE.



There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

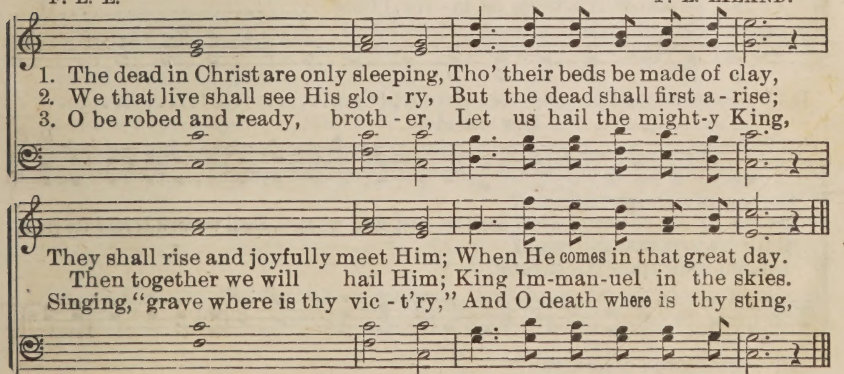


D. C. for chorus.



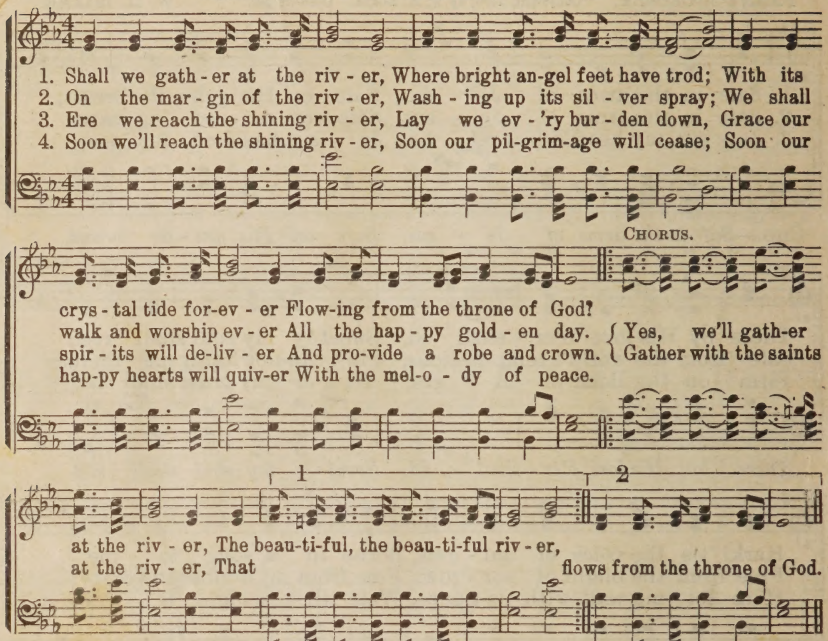
No. 180. Only Sleeping.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.



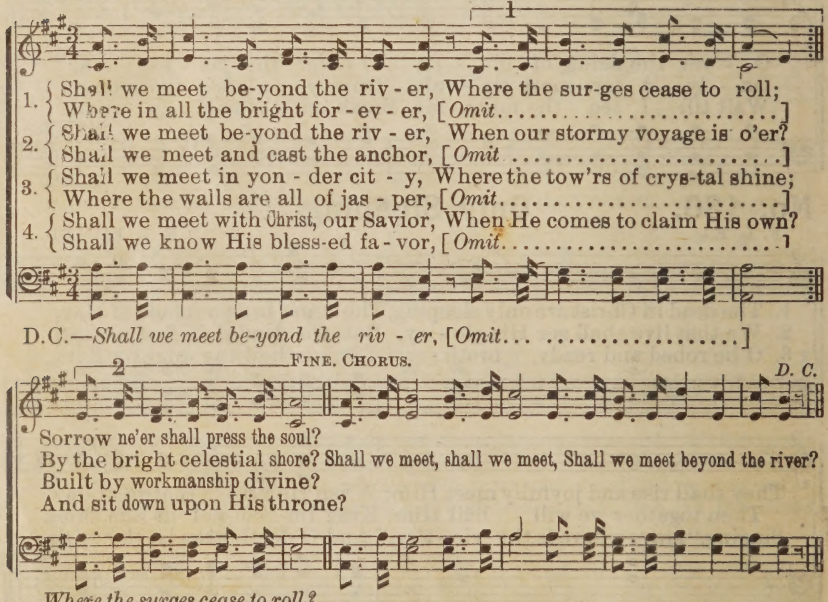
No. 181. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. Copyright, property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. ROBERT LOWRY.



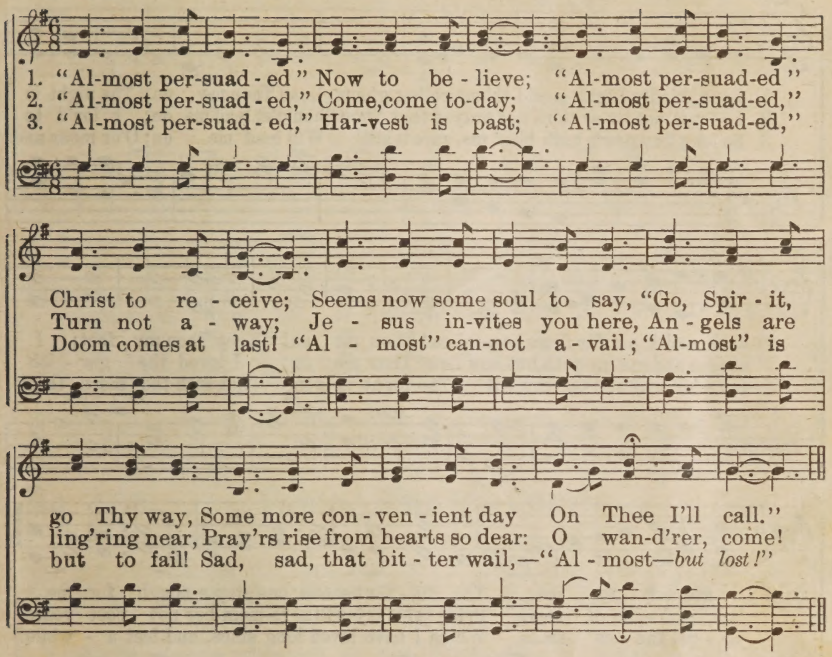
No. 182. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. Used by permission. ELIHU S. RICE.



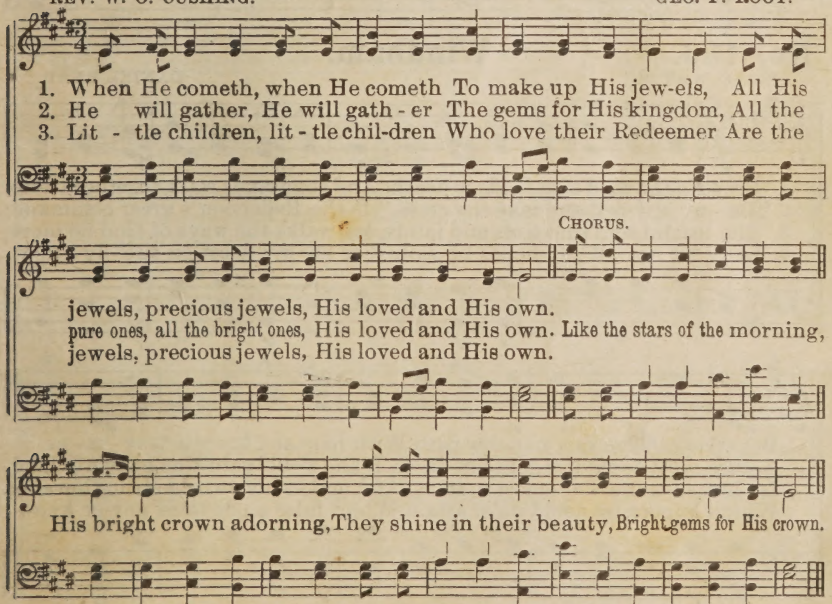
No. 183. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.



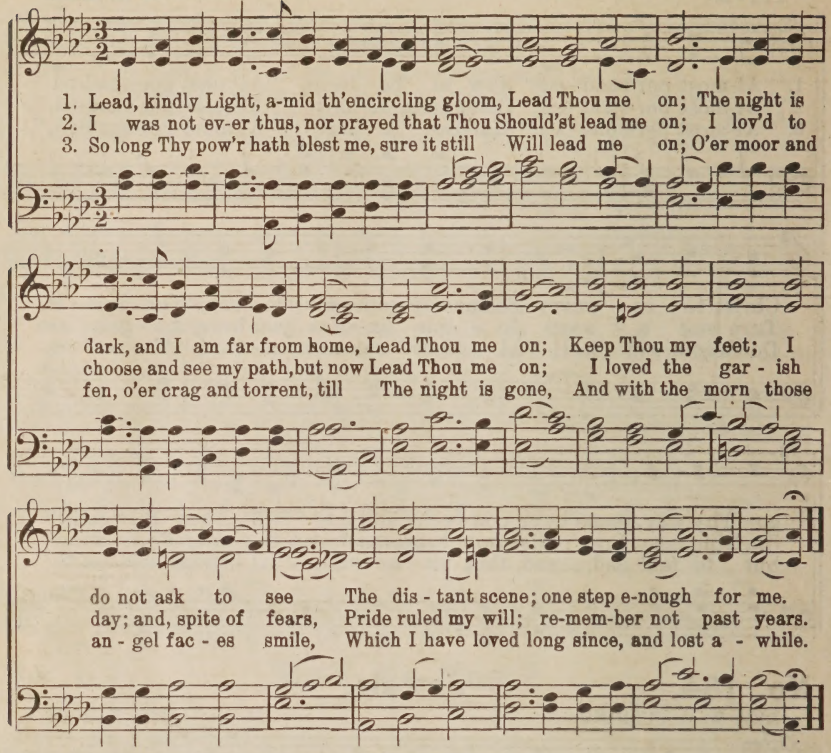
No. 184. Jewels.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



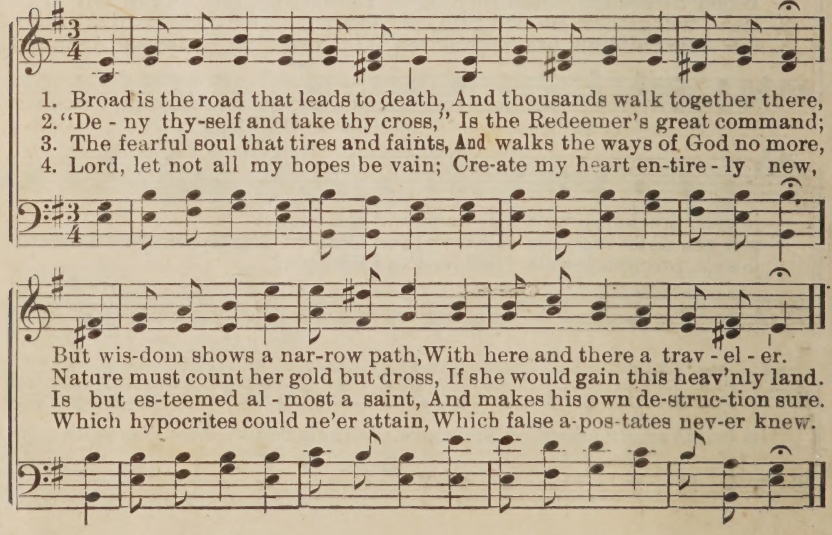
No. 185. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



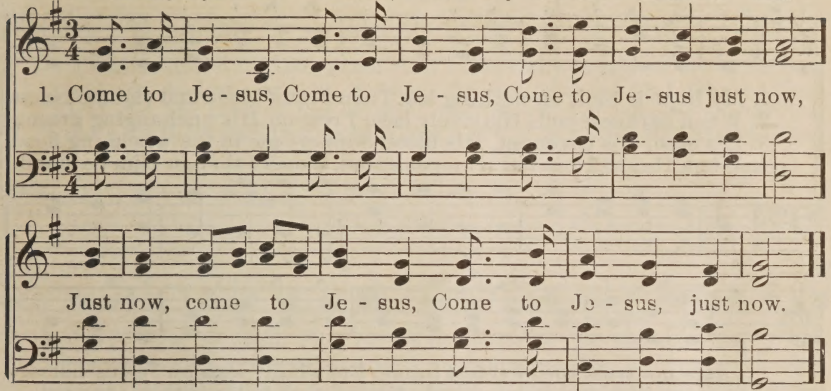
No. 186. Windham.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.



No. 187. Come To Jesus Just Now.

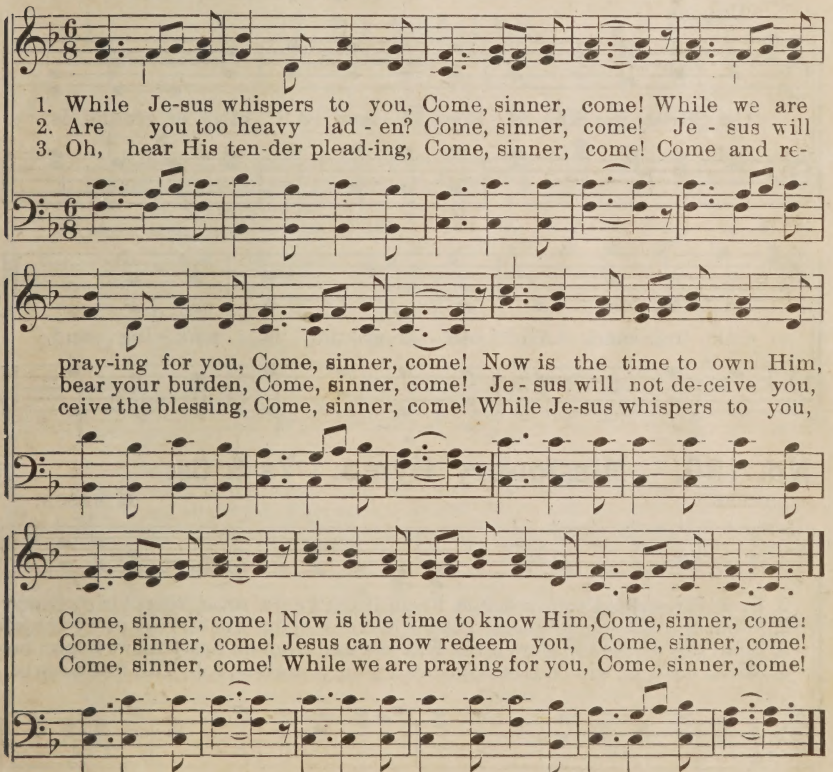
"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts"—HEB. 3. 15. Arr.



2. He will save you. 4. He is willing. 6. O believe Him. 8. Only trust Him.
3. He is able. 5. He is waiting. 7. O receive Him. 9. Hallelujah. Amen

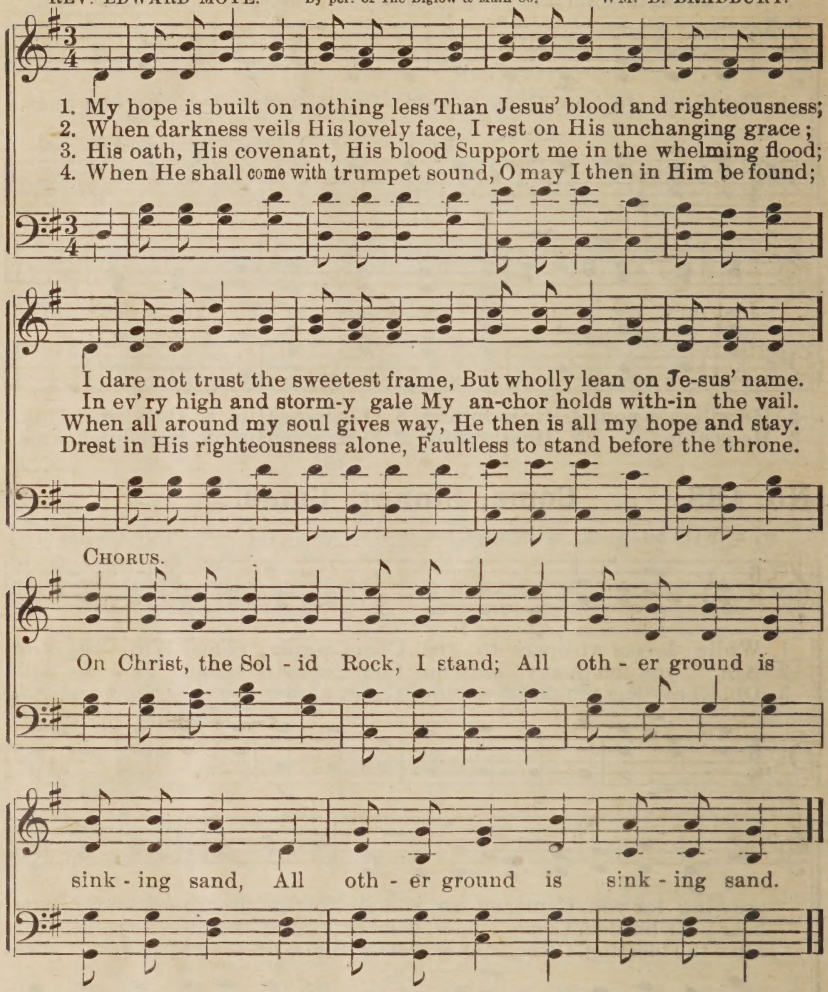
No. 188. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. WITTER. Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. H. R. PALMER.



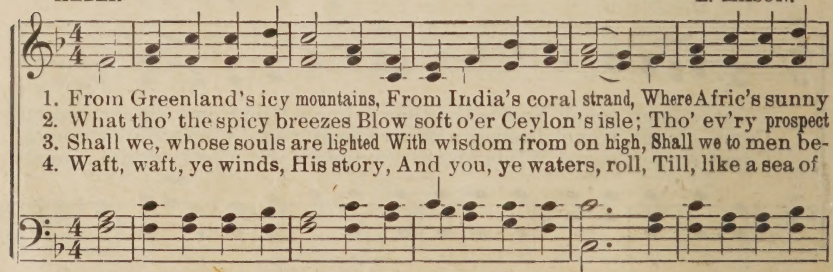
No. 189. The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. By per. of The Biglow & Main Co. WM. B. BRADBURY.

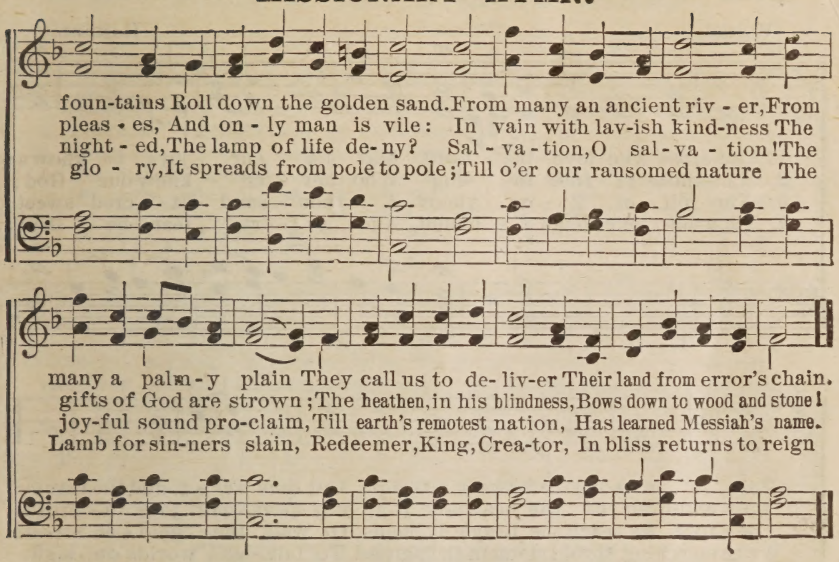


No. 190. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

HEBER. L. MASON.

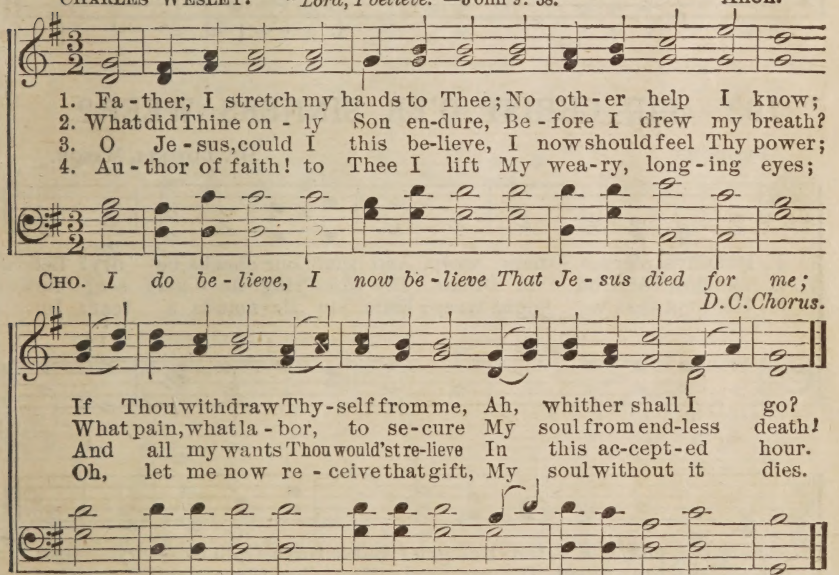


MISSIONARY HYMN.



191. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. Anon.

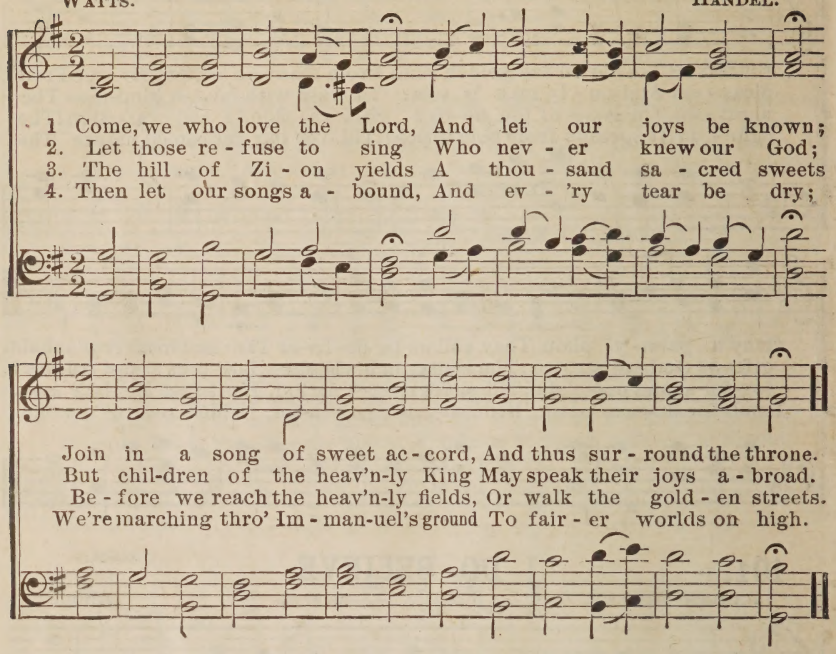


5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

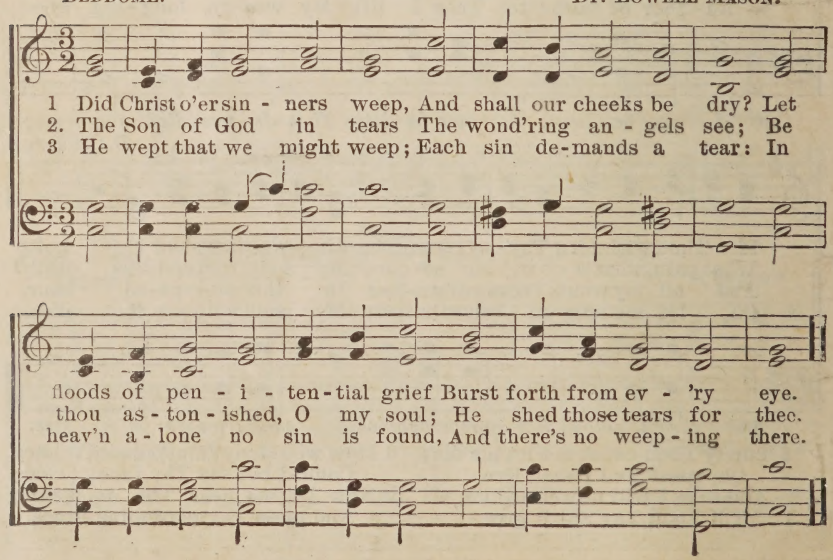
192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.

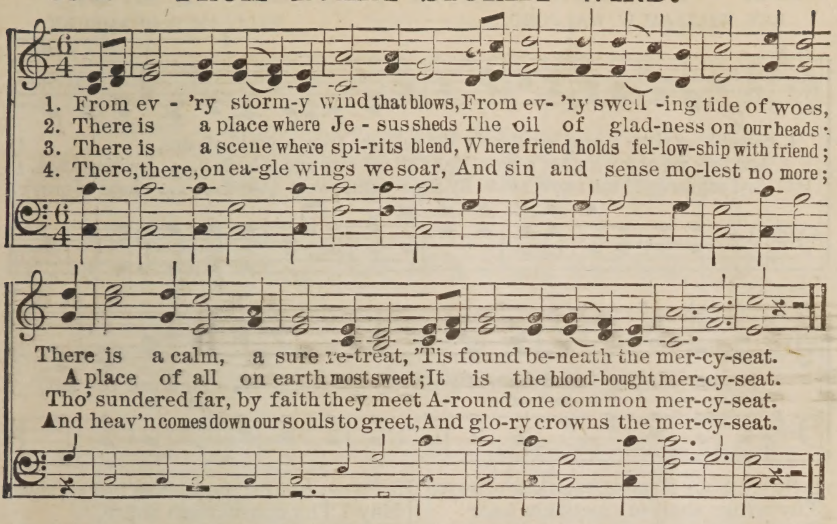


193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

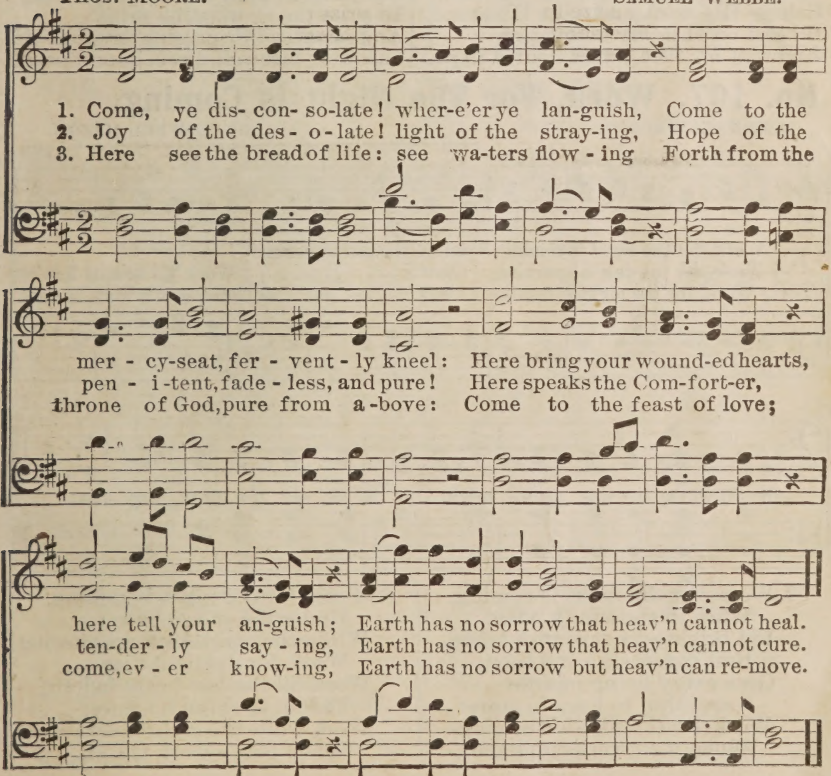


194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.



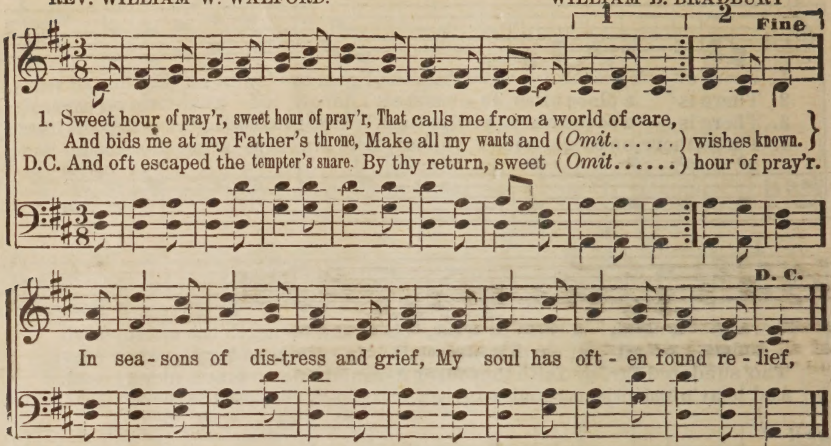
195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

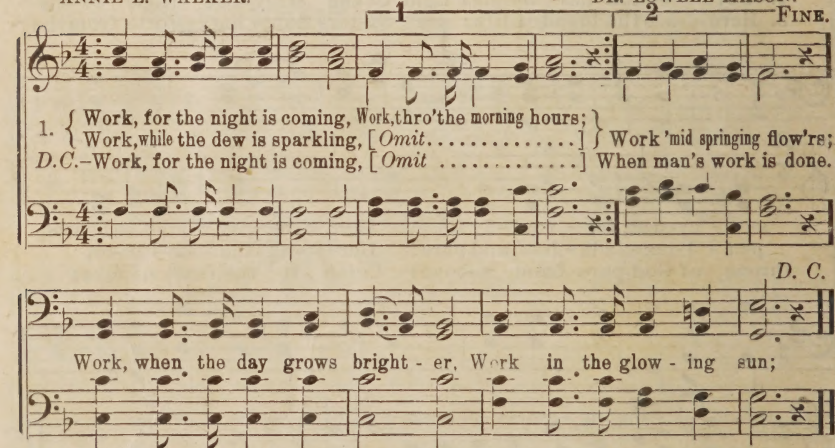


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I Thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 197. Work, For The Night Is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

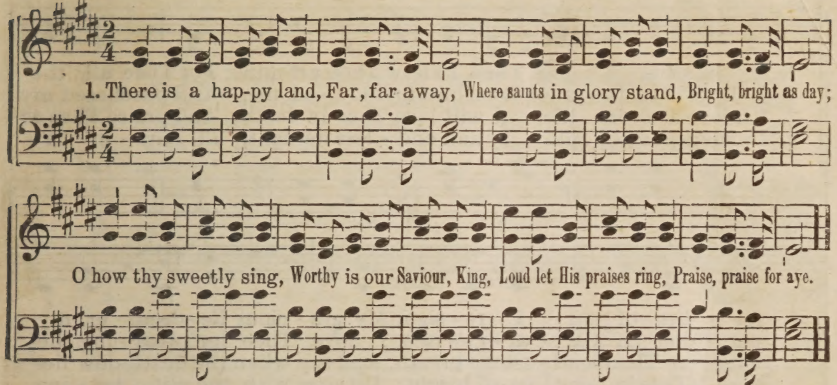


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

198. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Unknown author. (CHILDREN.) Hindoo Melody.



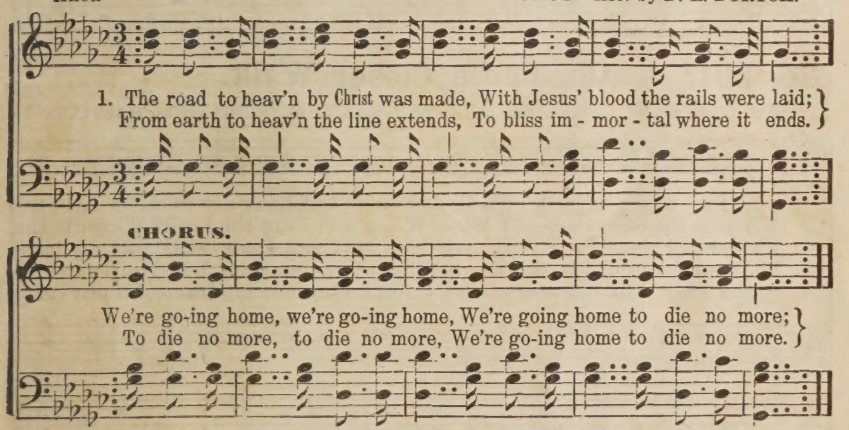
2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
O then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,
Our souls to bless;
No sin can there be found
Us to oppress.
Jesus will keep us there,
Ever blooming, ever fair;
Come then and glory share
Eternally.

199. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
The fare for every one is paid
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

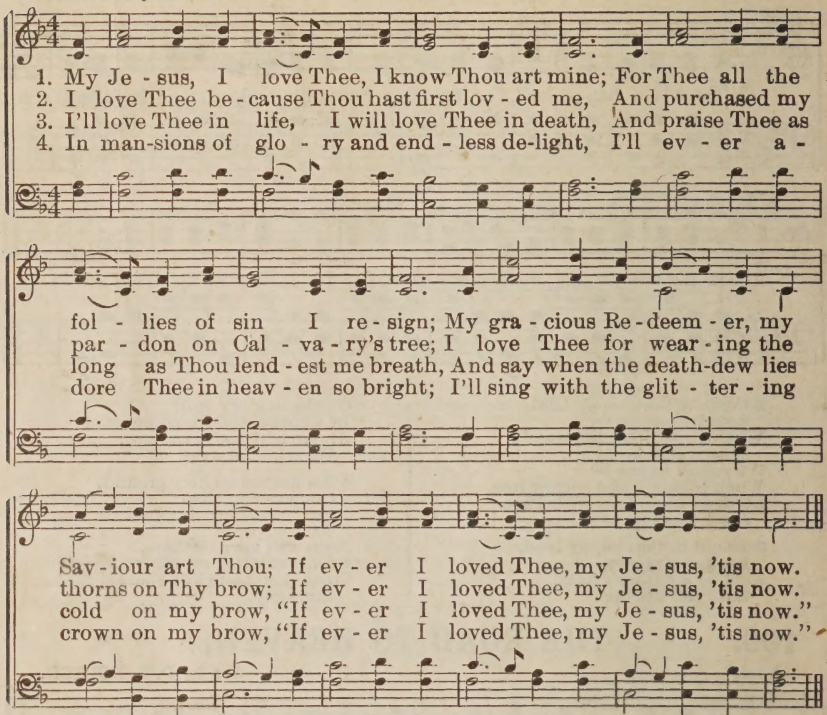
4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day,
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

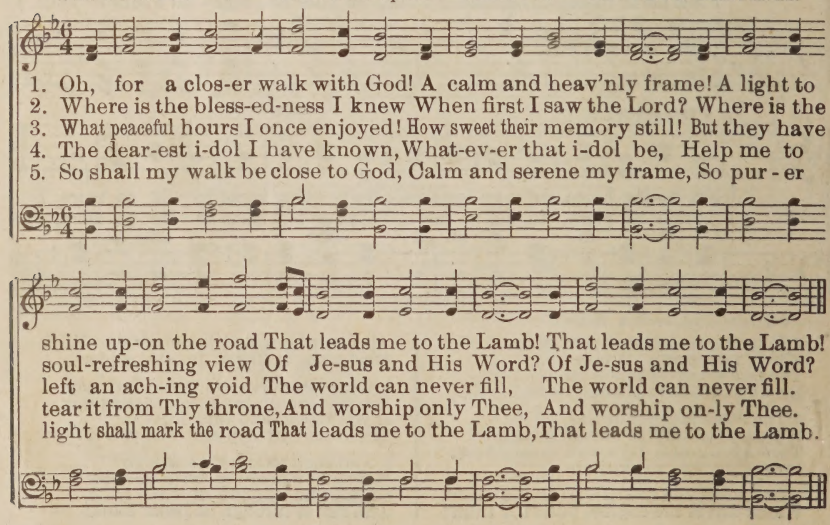
No. 200. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



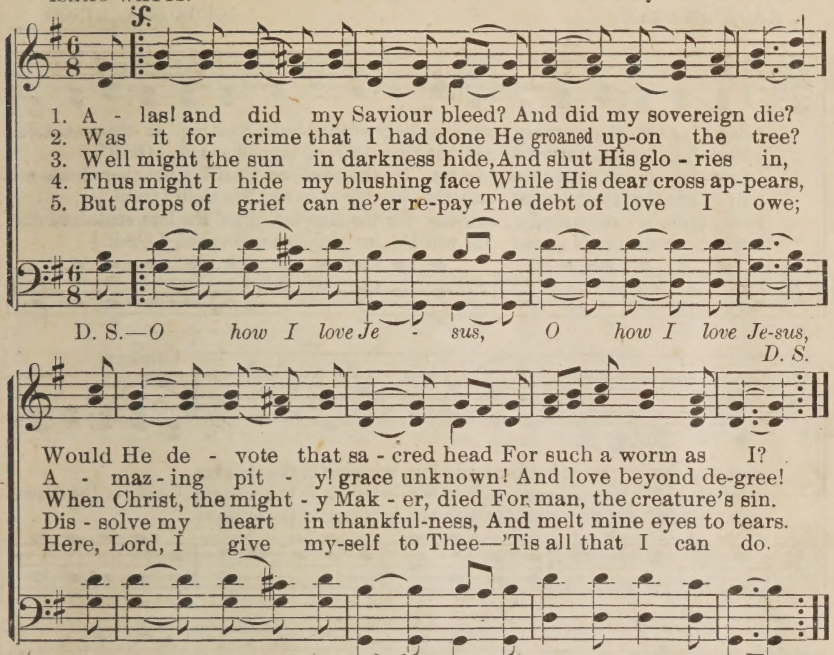
No. 201. Oh, For a Closer Walk.

WM. COWPER. "Walk in the Spirit."—GAL. 5: 16. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 202. O How I Love Jesus.

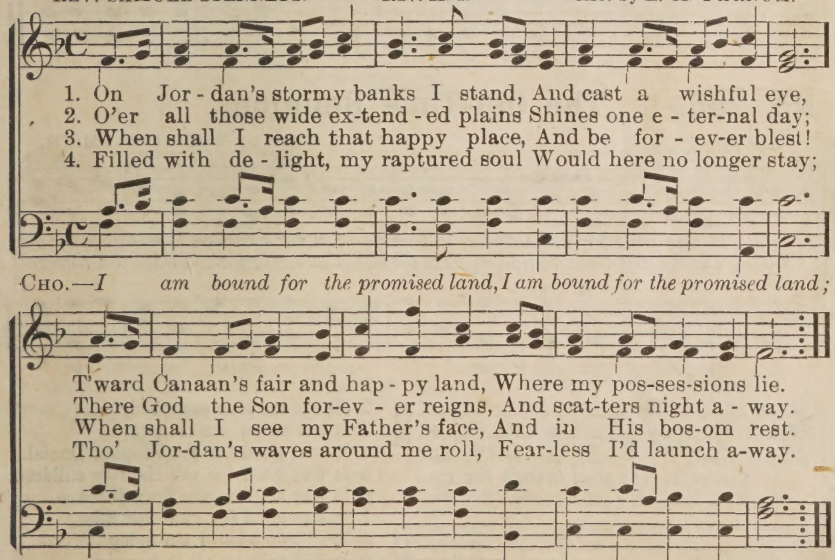
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by J. A. BROWN.



No. 203. I Am Bound For The Promised Land.

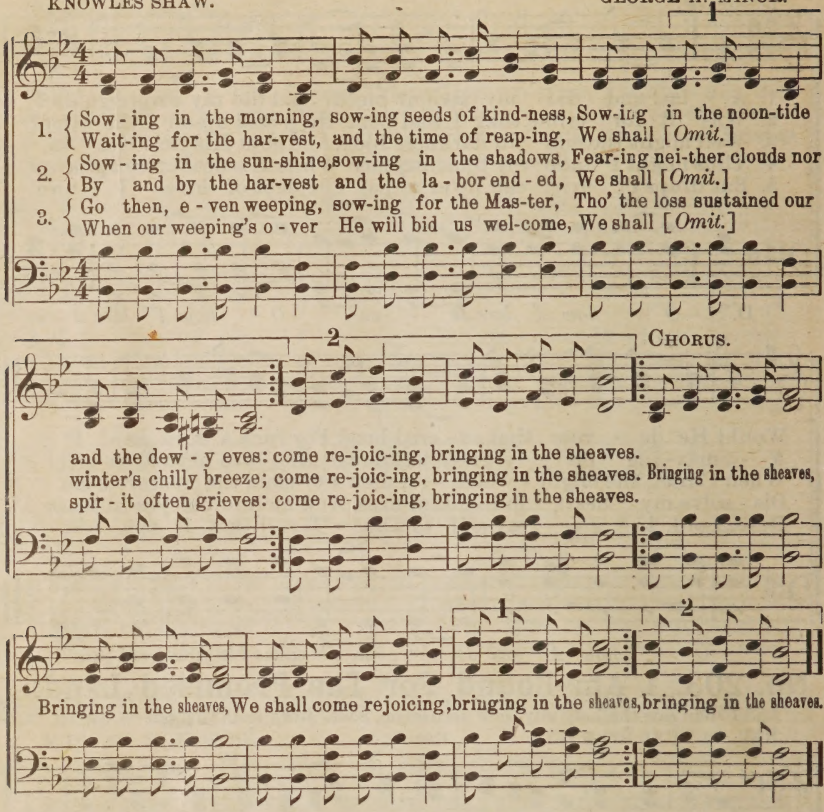
"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—REV. 21: 2.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by E. M. PARNUM.



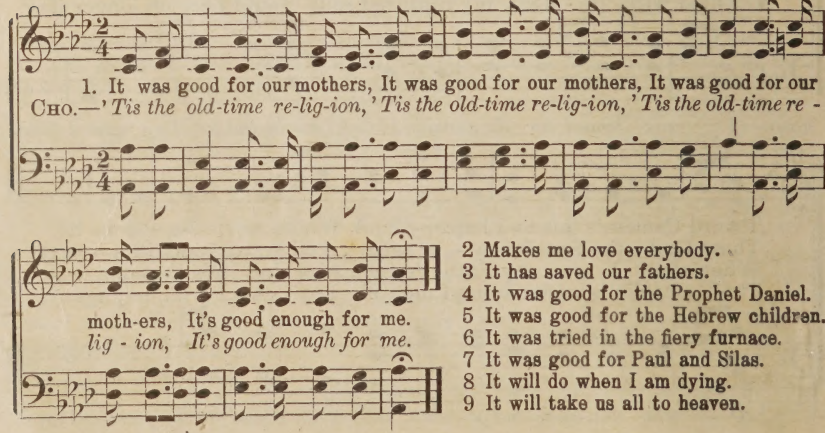
No. 204. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.



No. 205. The Old-Time Religion.

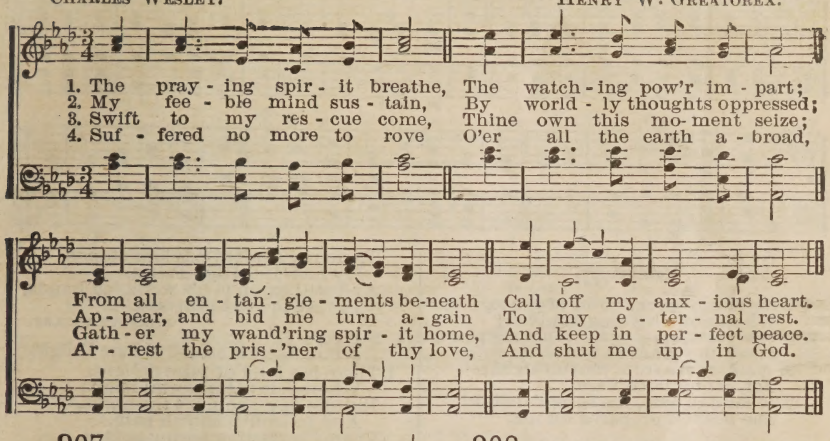
ANON. Arr. by WOODIE W. SMITH.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

208. How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

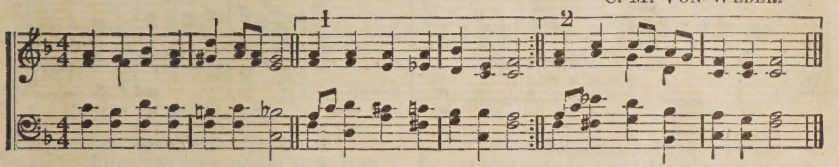
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

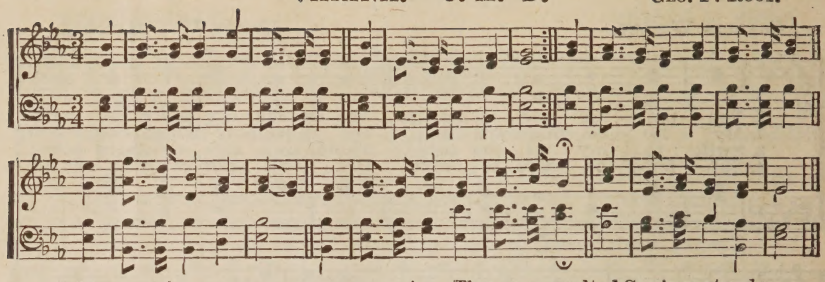
2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past:
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

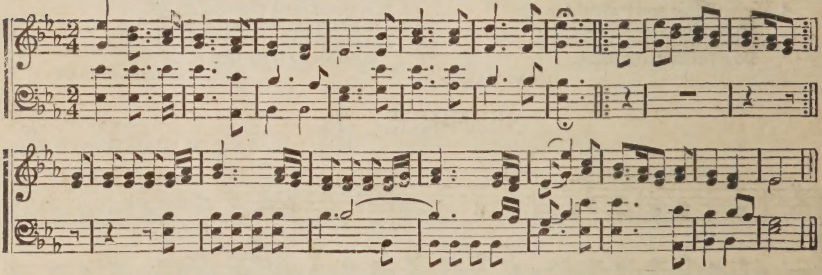
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



213. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

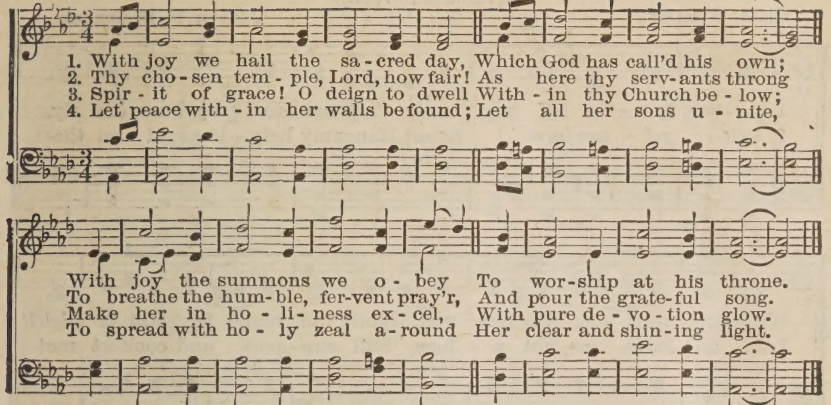
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

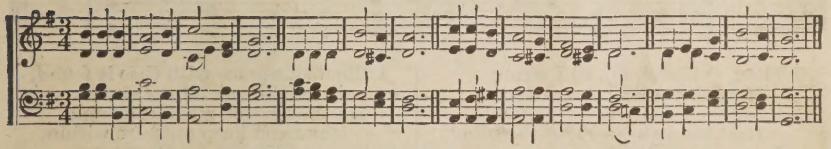
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

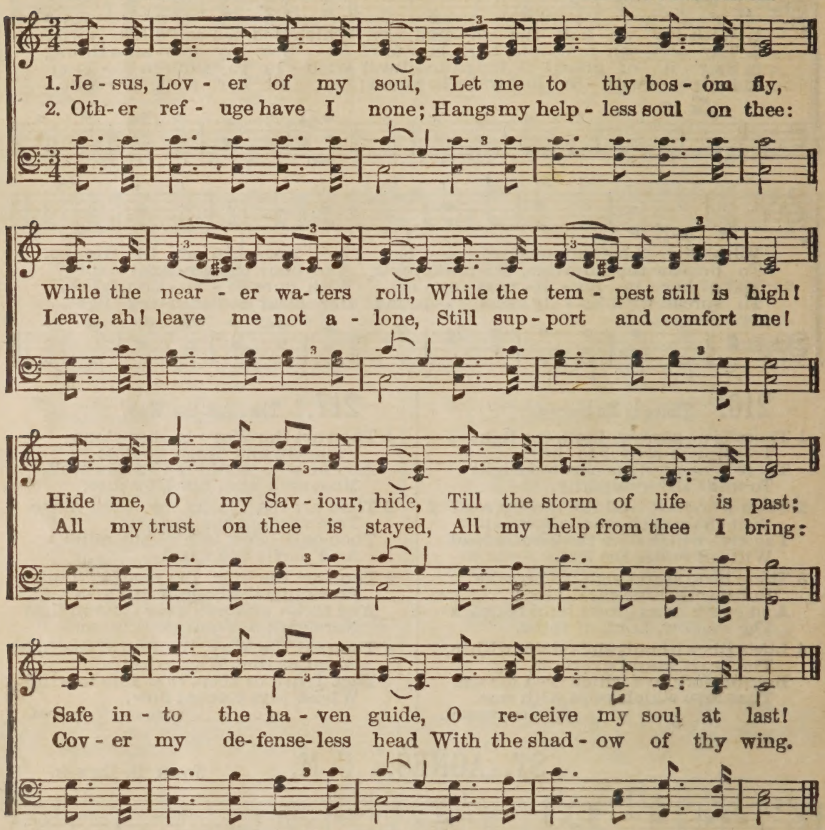
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

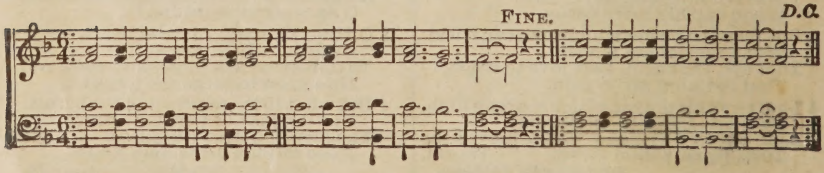


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

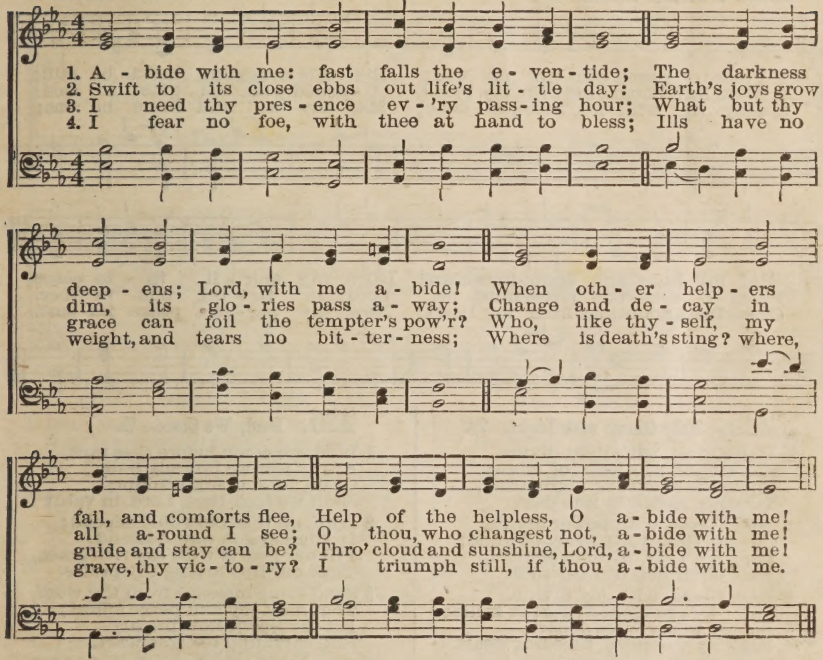
221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



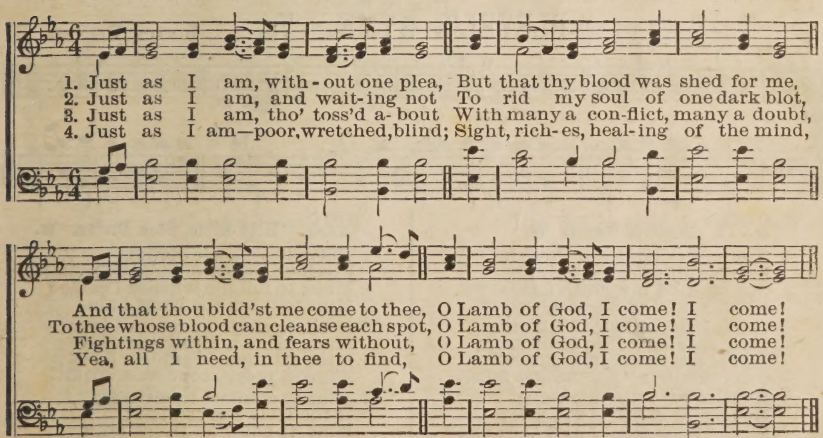
222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



223. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

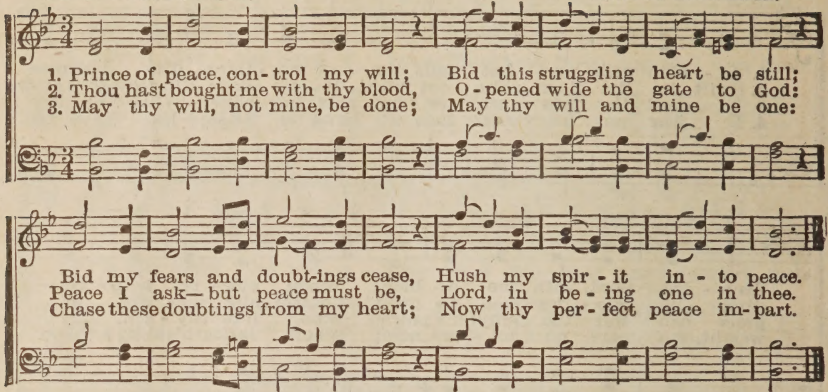


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

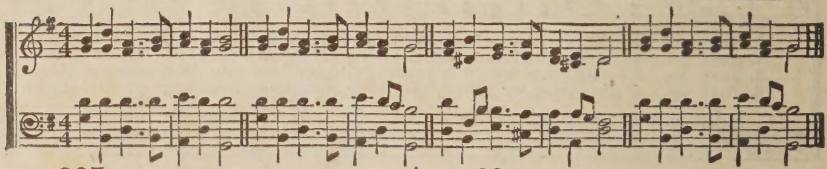
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

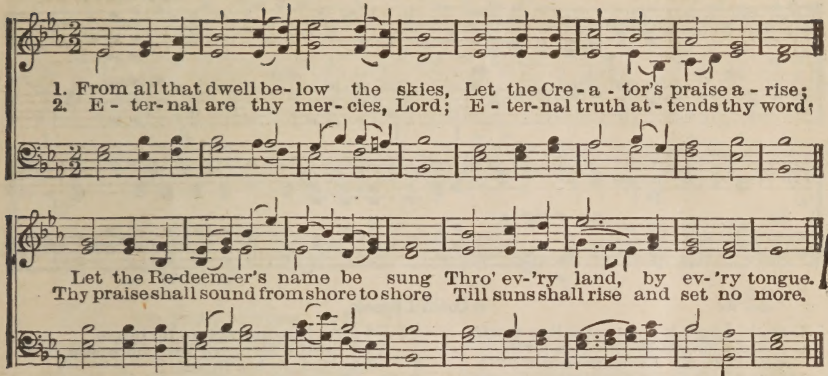
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, 8th.

229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

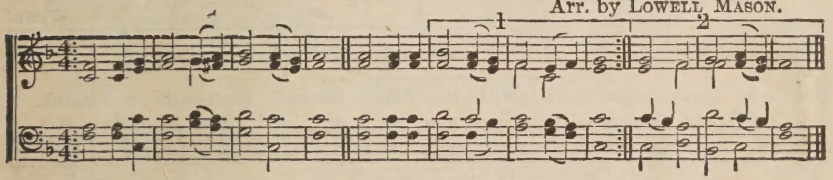
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

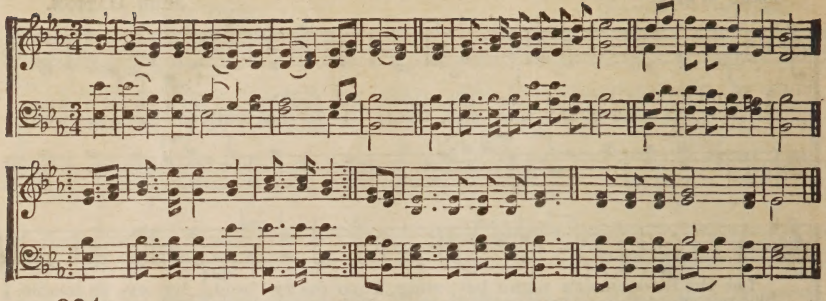
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



234. O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

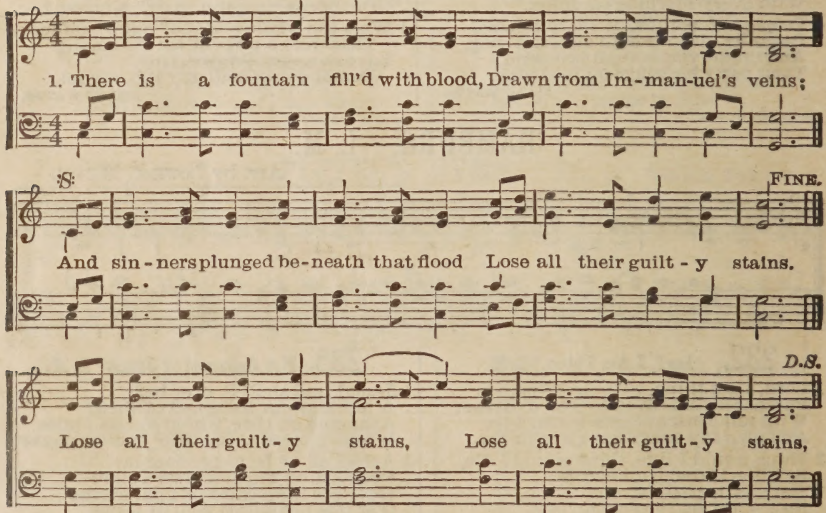
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

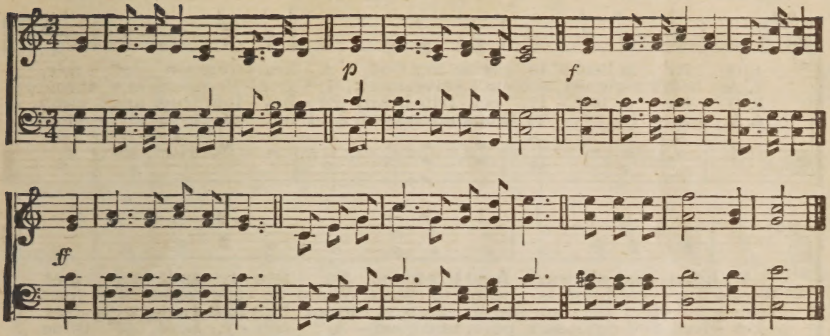
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

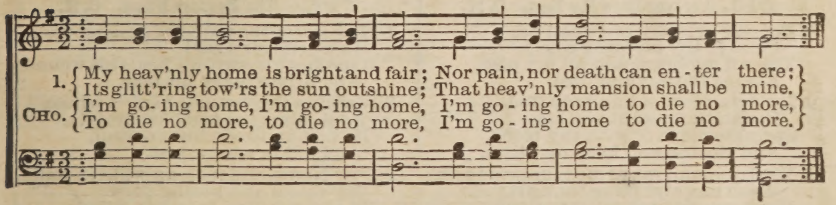
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

239. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.



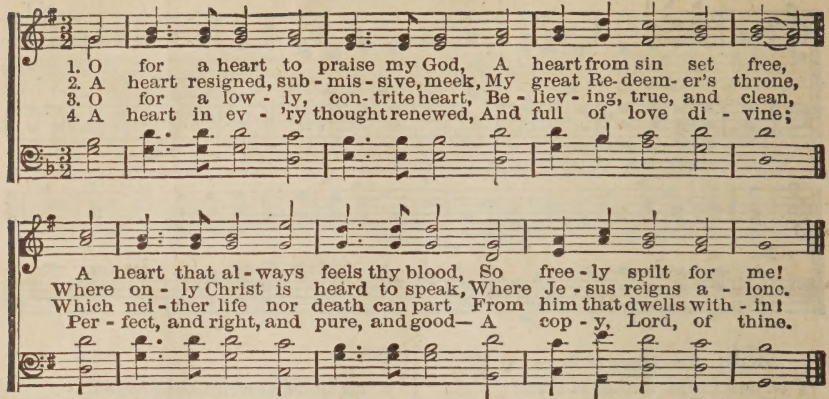
2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



241. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

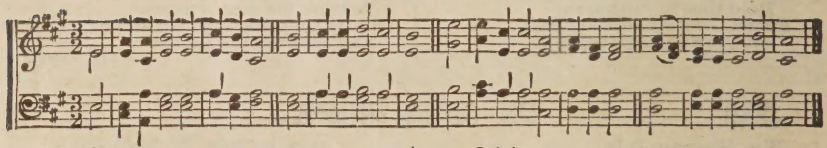
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

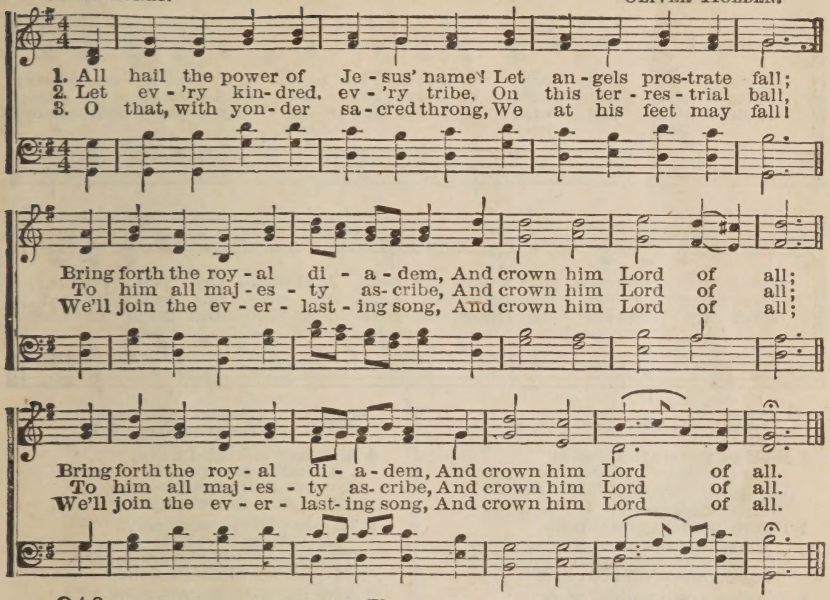
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

245. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



246.

O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

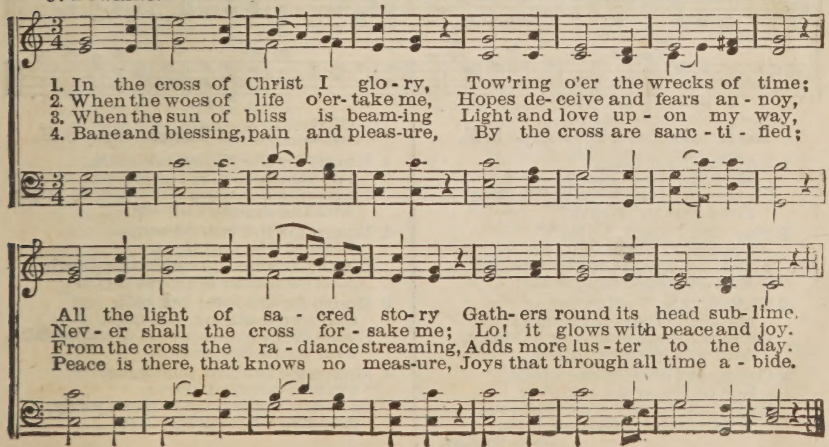
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

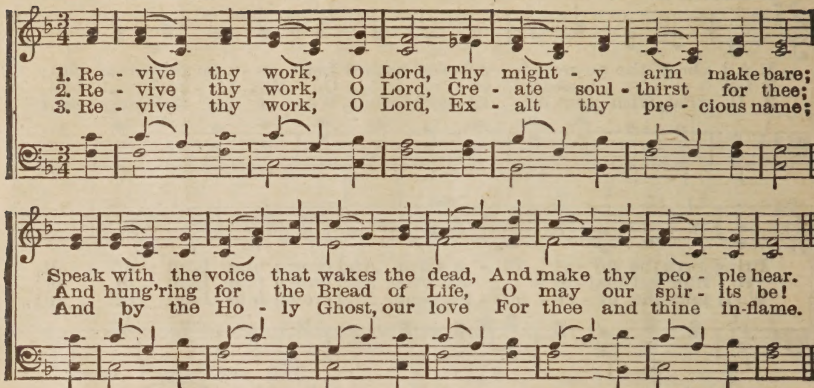
247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

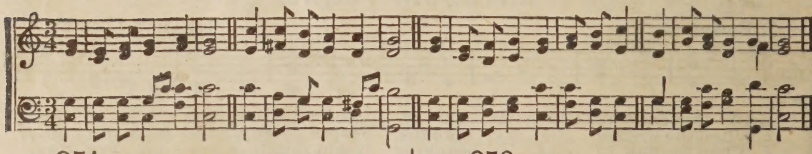
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

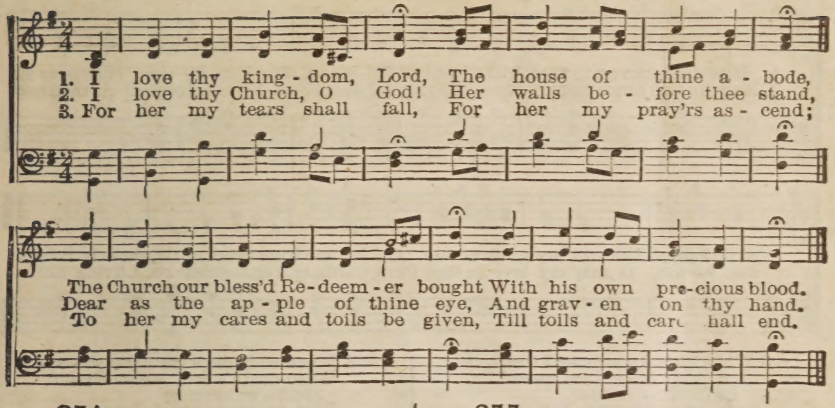
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

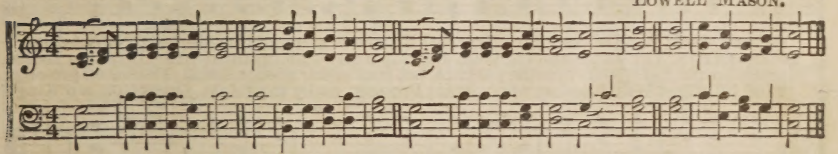
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



256. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

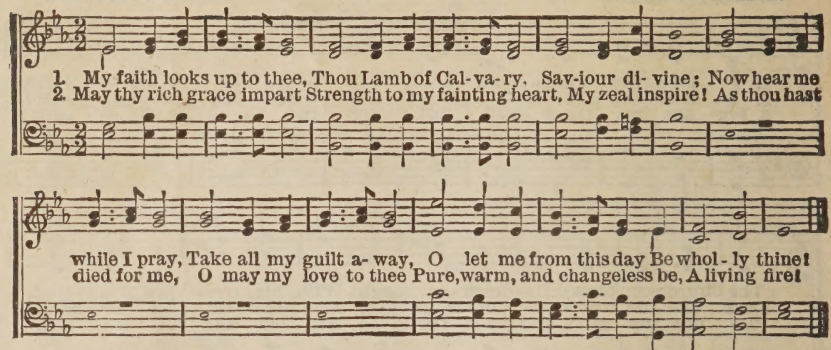
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

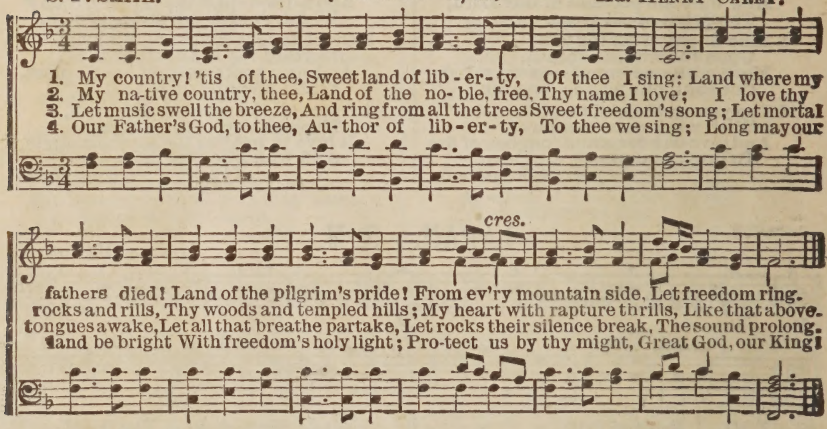


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

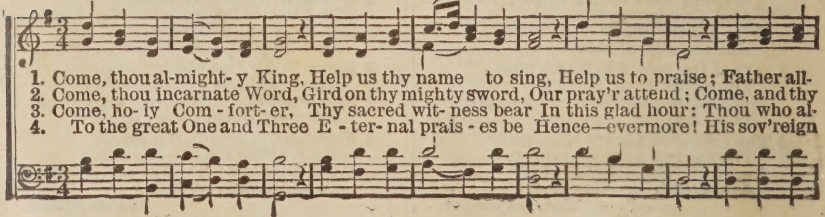
259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

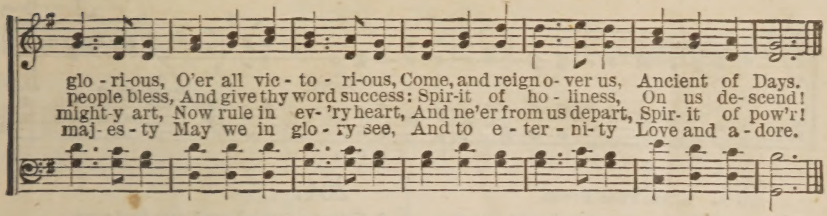


260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

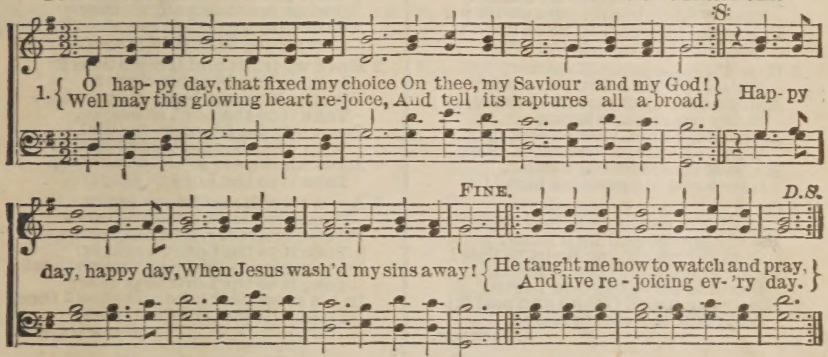


COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

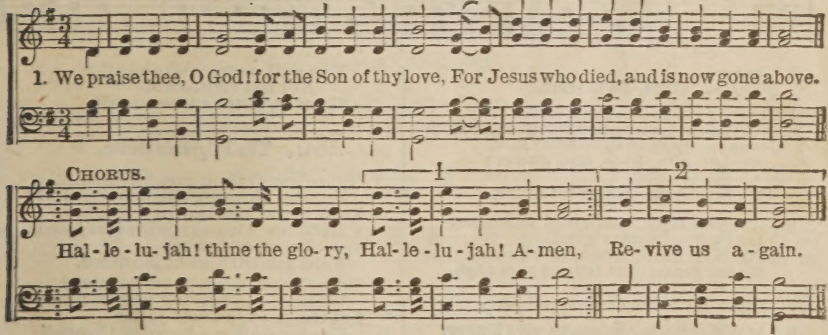


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

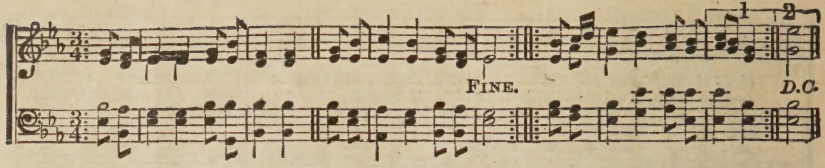
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



263. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

264.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

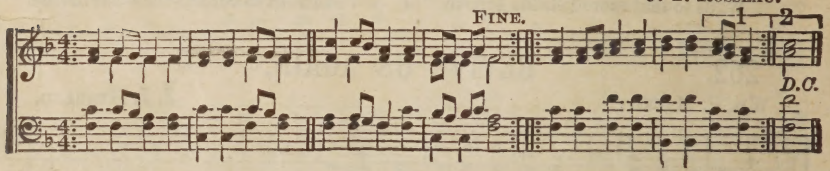
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



265. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

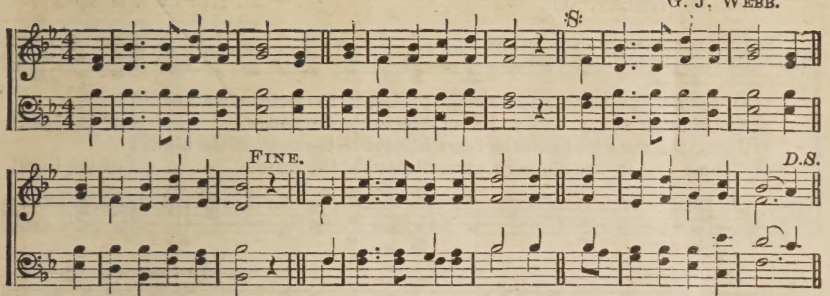
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



267. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

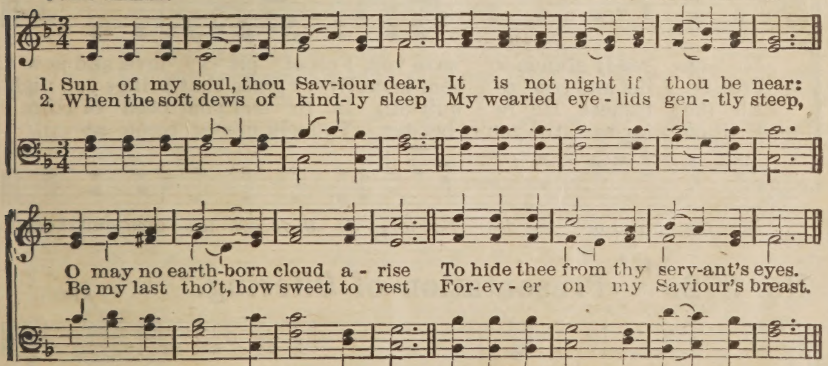
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.

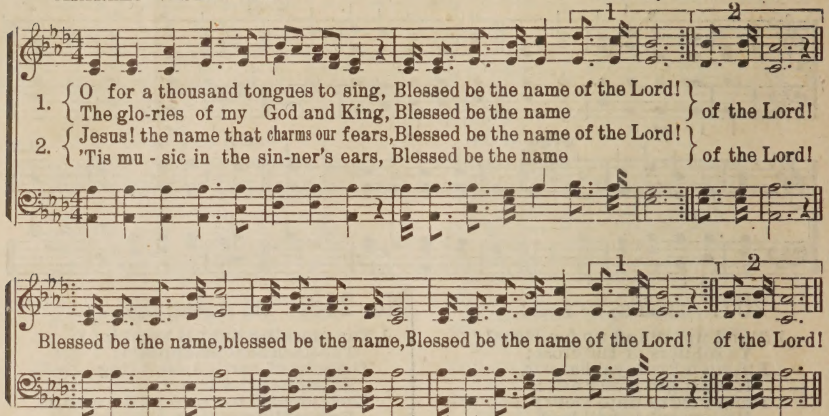


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 270. Blessed Be the Name.

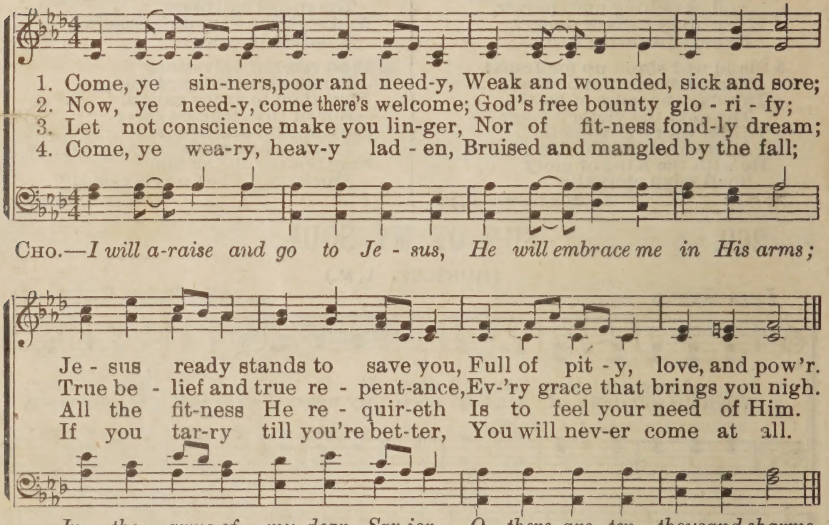
CHARLES WESLEY. Alt. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be, etc.
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be, etc.

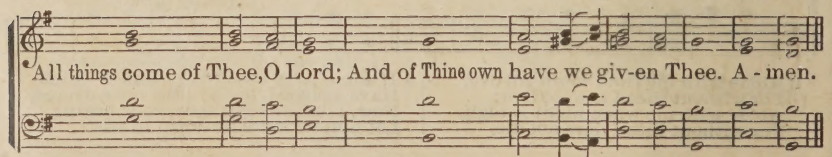
4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be, etc.

No. 271. I Will Arise.



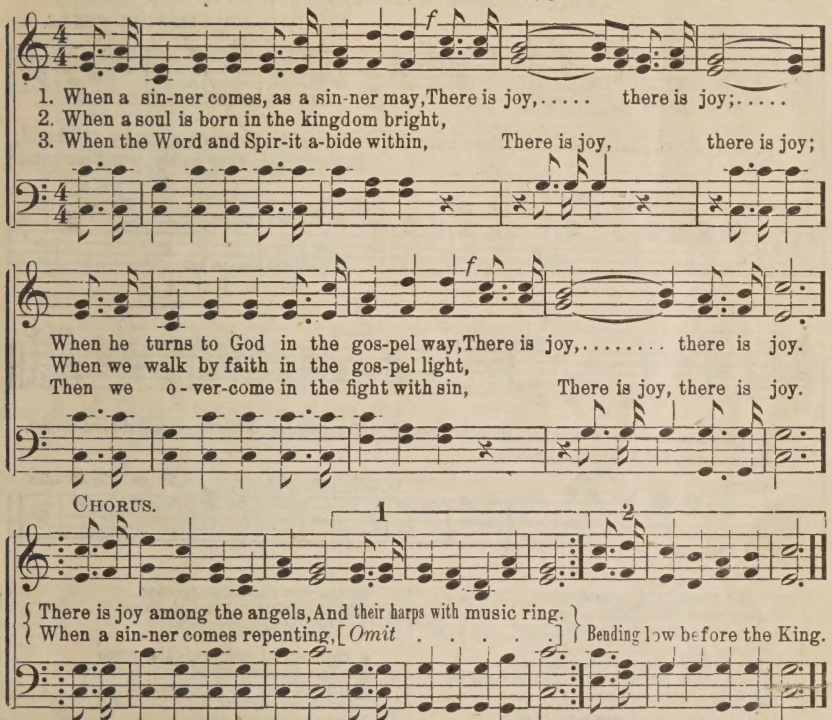
No. 272. Presentation of Offering.

ANON.



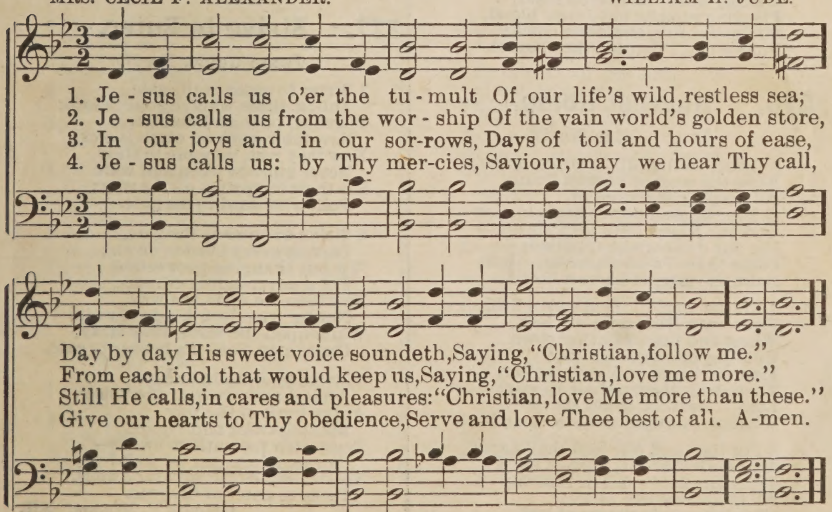
No. 273. There Is Joy.

MARGARET MOODY. Silver Burdette Co., owners. Used by per. W. A. OGDEN.



No. 274. Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

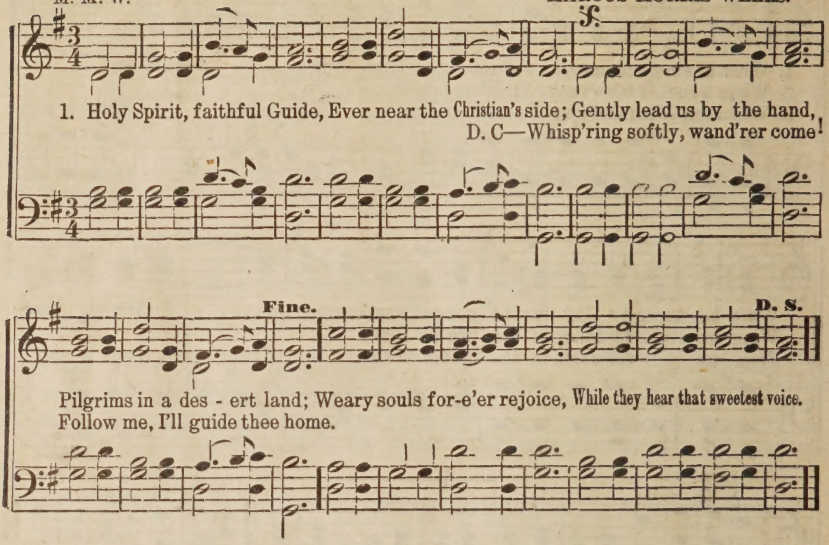
MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. WILLIAM H. JUDE.



275. GUIDE. 7s, D.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 32: 8.

M. M. W. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

276. Harvest Home.

Tune: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home,
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever purified.
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thy angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,

Henry Alfred

277. Strive to Enter.

Tune: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,
Follow those who've gone before;
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,
Now their work on earth is o'er.
Now they rest, no more to stray,
Never more to weep and wait:
See their footprints on the way;
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,
Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
For a never-fading crown.
Few there be upon the way,
Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,
Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way
Bidding enter and rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,
Haste to enter at the gate.

George P. Morris. Alt.

278. HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

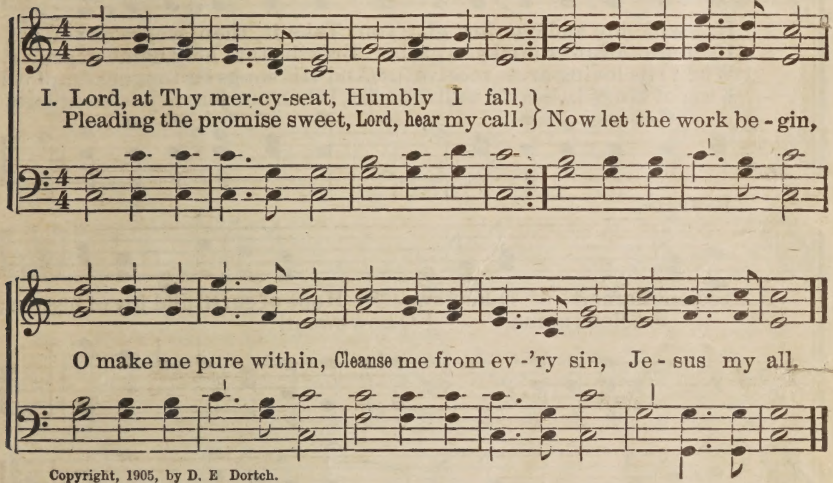
2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again;
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279. CROSBY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
O how I pine for Thee,
'Tis all my hope and plea,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,
O wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
O wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,
O wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
O wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God now is glorified,
O wondrous love!

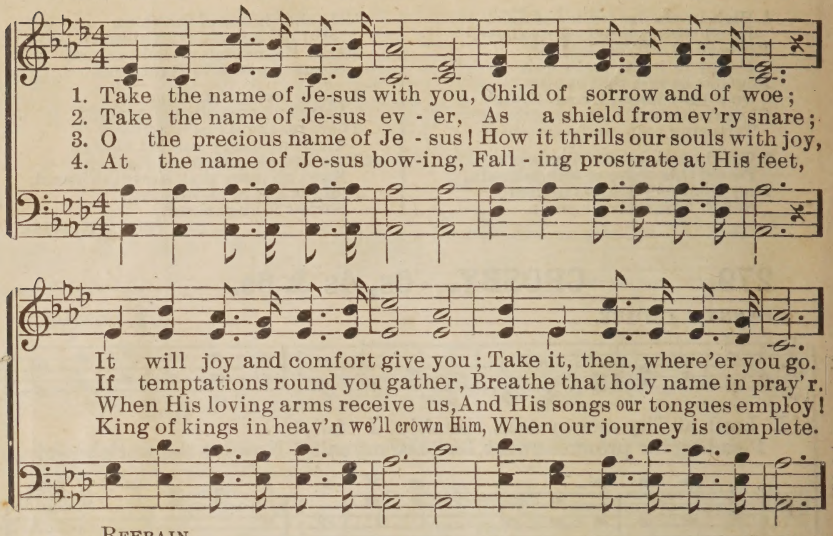
3 There, there at God's right hand,
O wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
O wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
O wondrous love!

4 He'll give me needful grace,
O wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
O wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, heaven for evermore,
O wondrous love!

F. W FEY.

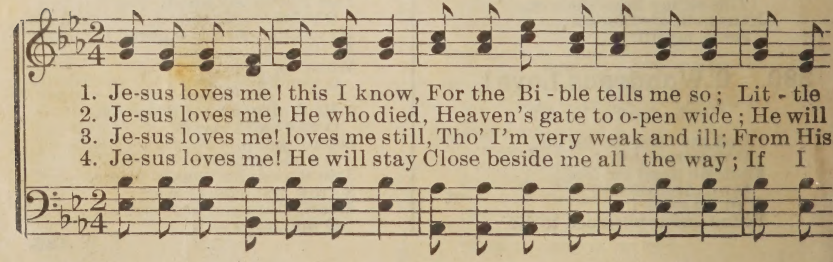
No. 281. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

LYDIA BAXTER. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

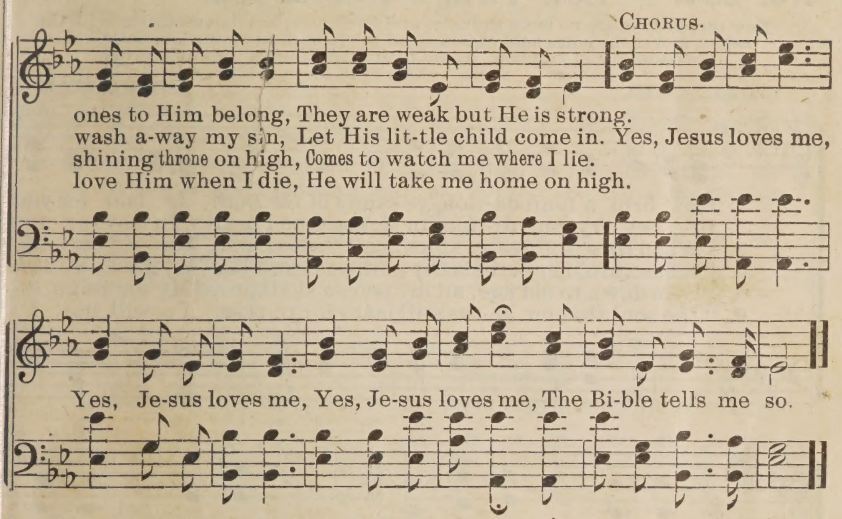


No. 282. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

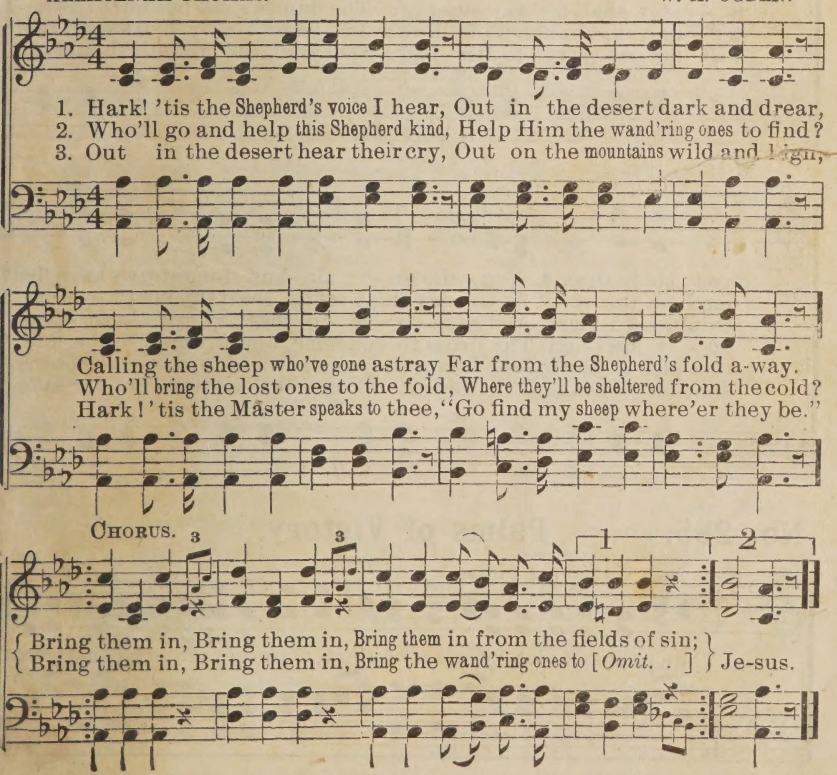


Jesus Loves Me. Concluded.



No. 283. Bring Them In.

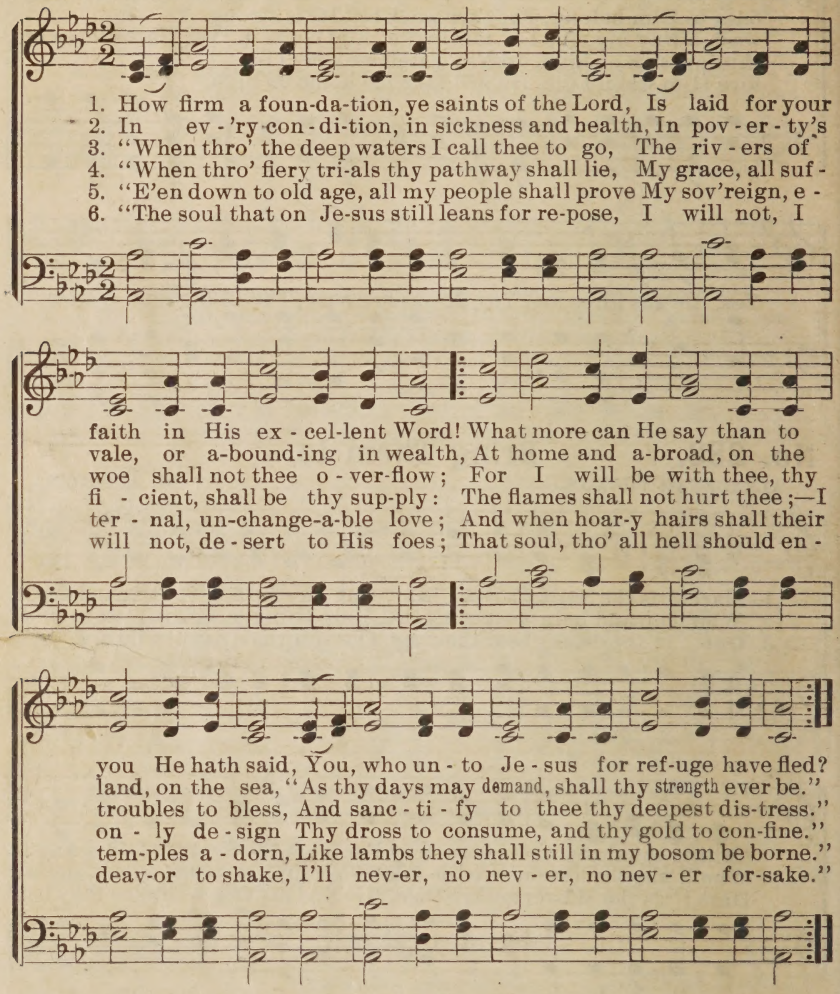
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



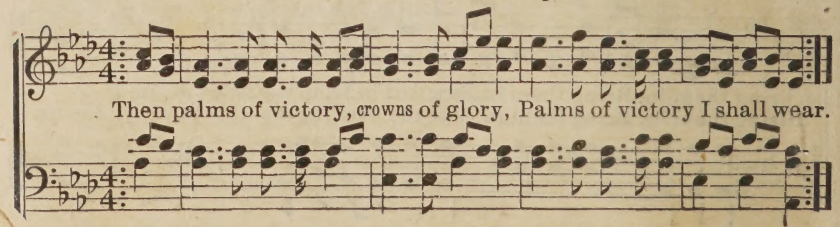
No. 284. How Firm a Foundation.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. And ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



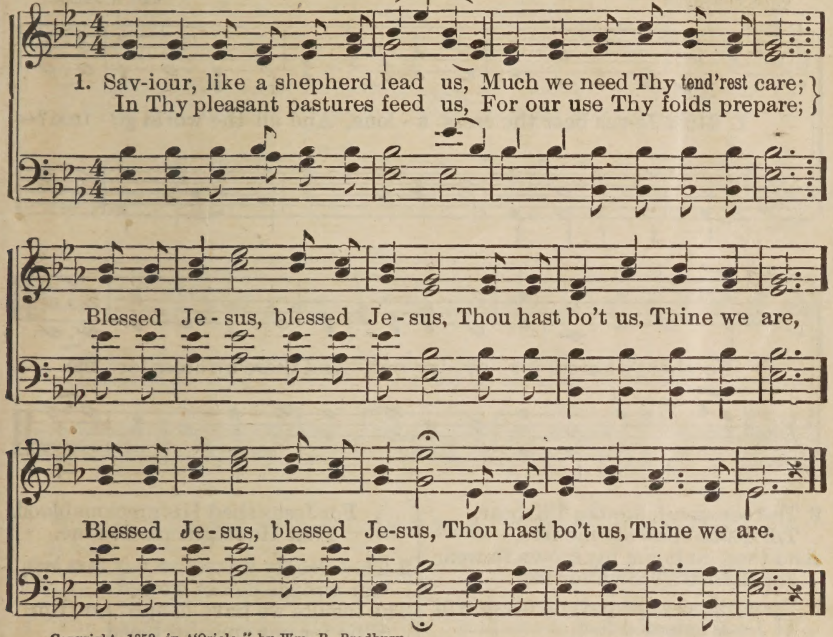
No. 285. Palms of Victory.



286. SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



Copyright, 1859, in "Oriolo," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 We are Thine do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

287. Angels from the Realms.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

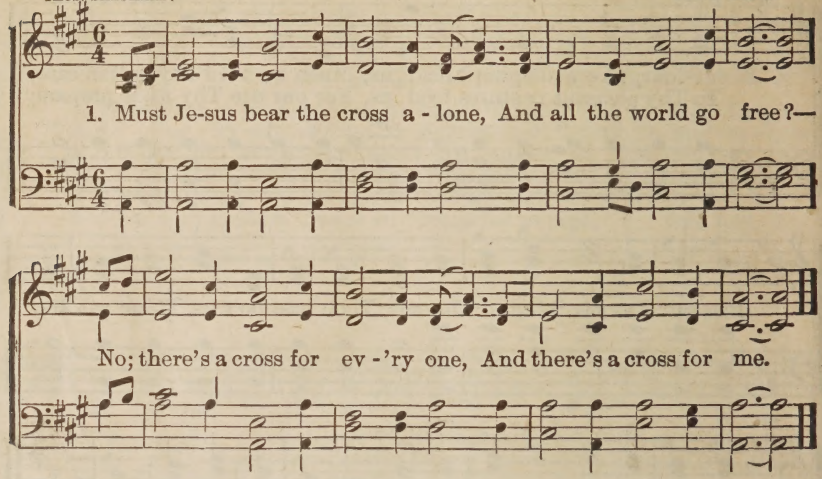
5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 288. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 289. *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

4 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

No. 290. *See music above.*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His Spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. KNAPP. Used by per.

No. 291. *See music above.*

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

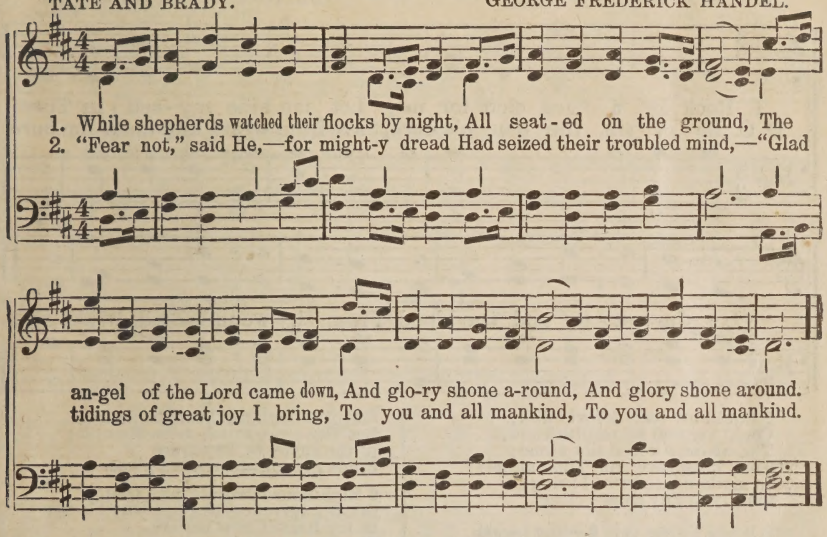
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

292. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2: 10.

TATE AND BRADY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
‖: And this shall be the sign. :‖

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
‖: And in a manger laid." :‖

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
‖: Who thus addressed their song :‖

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
‖: Begin and never cease." :‖

293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
‖: And feed the pure desire. :‖

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
‖: And give the weary rest. :‖

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
‖: May worship only Thee. :‖

294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

1 Mortals awake with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
‖: To hail the auspicious day. :‖

2 In heaven the rapturous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
‖: And strung and tuned the lyre. :‖

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new;
‖: 'Twas more than heaven could hold. :‖

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
‖: To bear the news to man. :‖

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
‖: Jesus was born to die. :‖

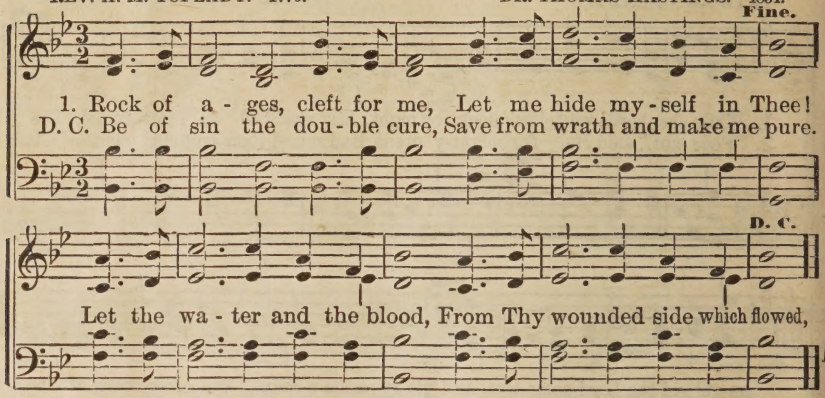
6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
‖: Thy praise shall never end. :‖

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

295. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

296. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

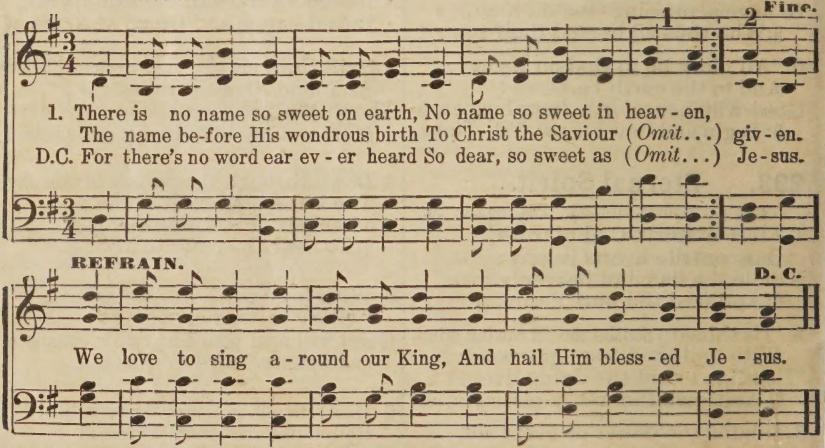
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

Henry L. Morehouse. 1872.

297. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



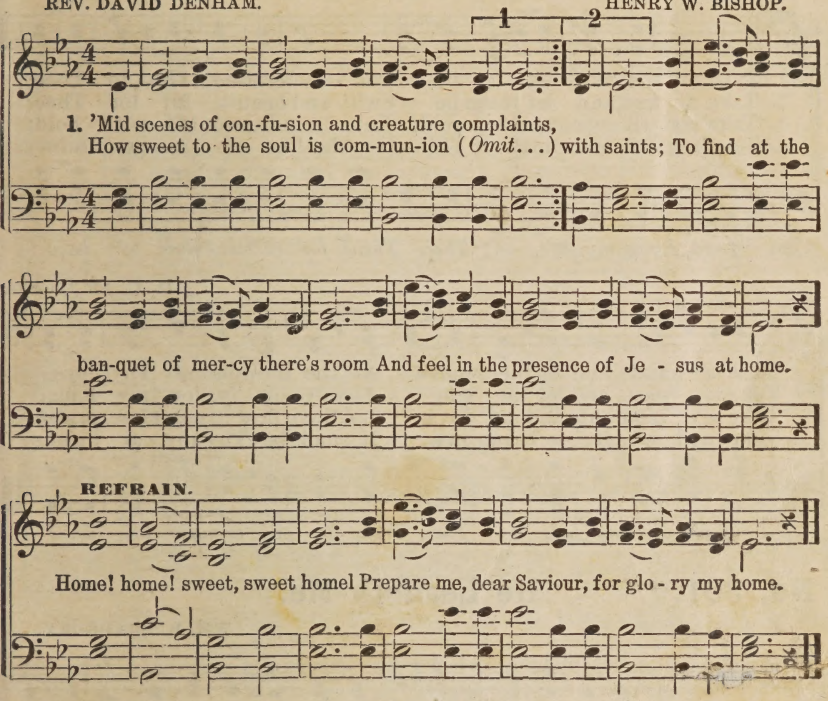
2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—Ref.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Ref.

298. HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM. HENRY W. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

299. Bright Home.

Tune: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture unceasing and high
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.—Ref.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.—Ref.

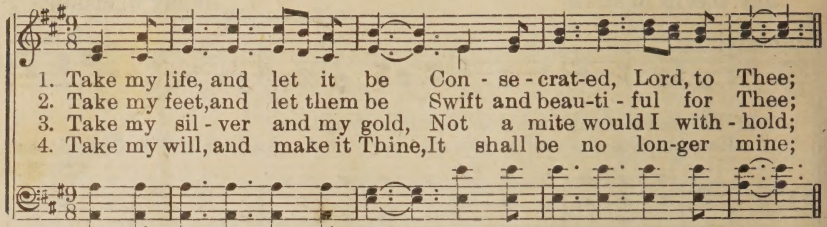
3 The home that my Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—Ref.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—Ref.

—Unknown.

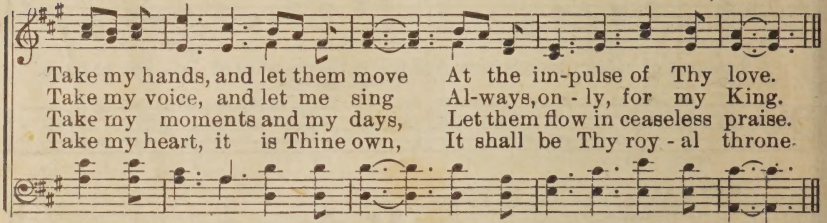
No. 300. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B. BRADBURY.



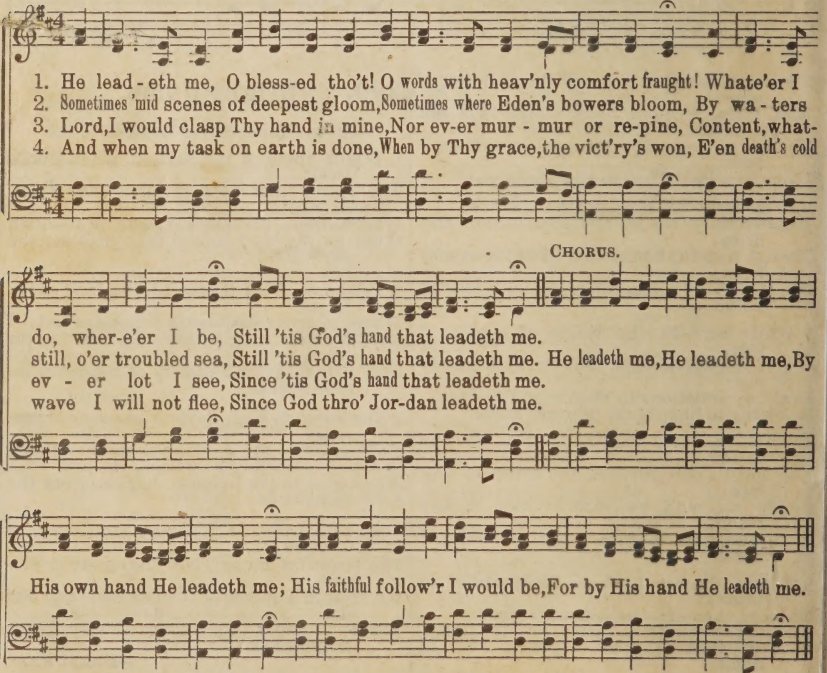
CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for ev - er - more to be;*

D. C. for Chorus.



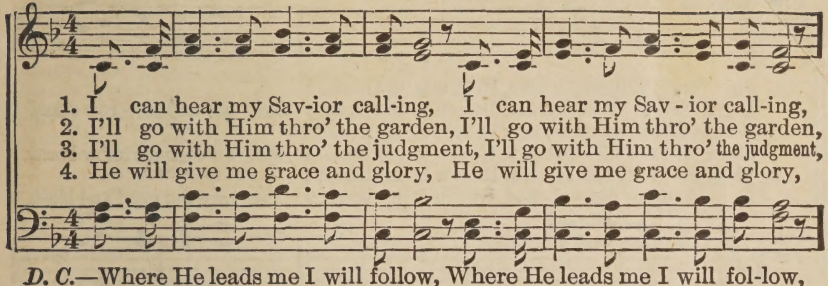
No. 301. He Leadeth Me.

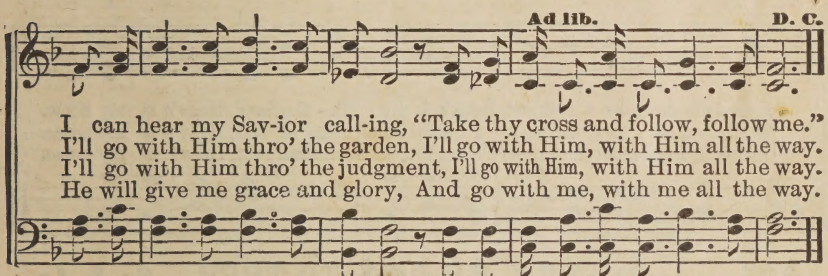
J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



302. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

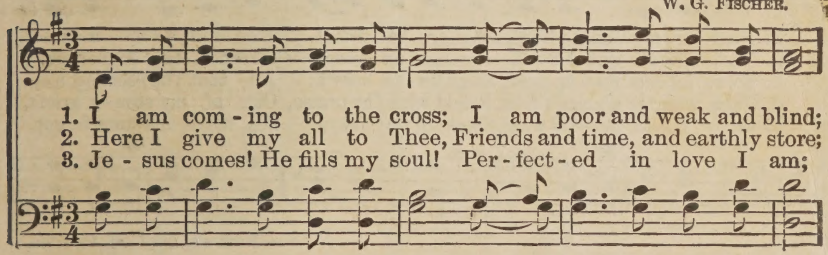
Arr.

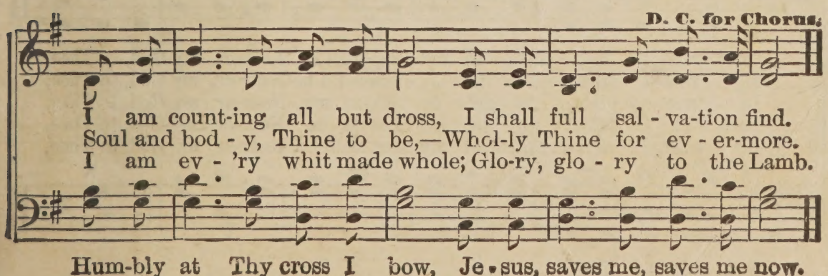




303. I AM COMING.

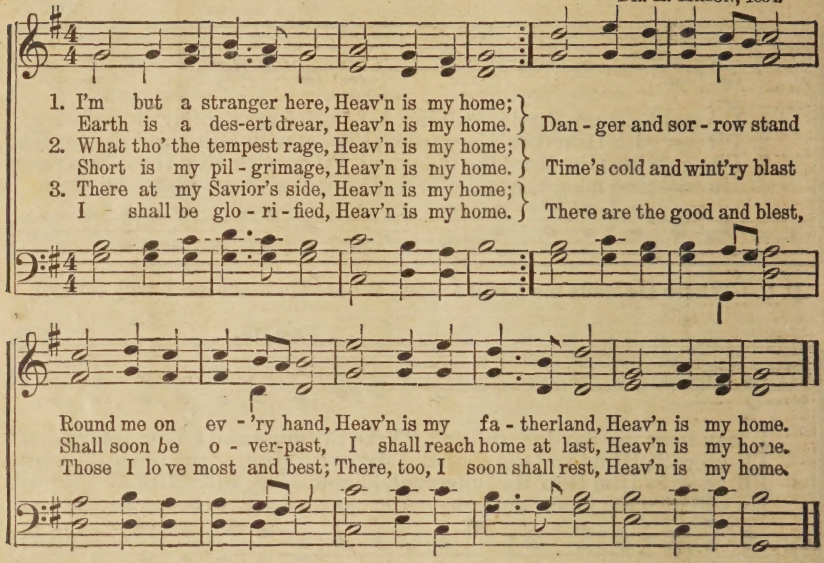
W. G. FISCHER.





304. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

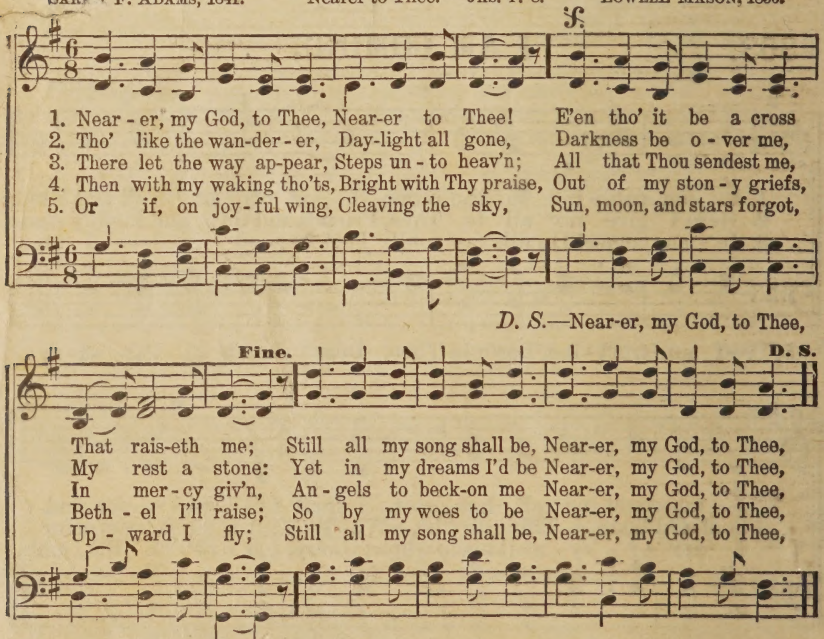
DR. L. MASON, 1834.



305. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



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